JENKINSON'S

PRACTICAL GUIDE

TO THE

ISLE OF MAN

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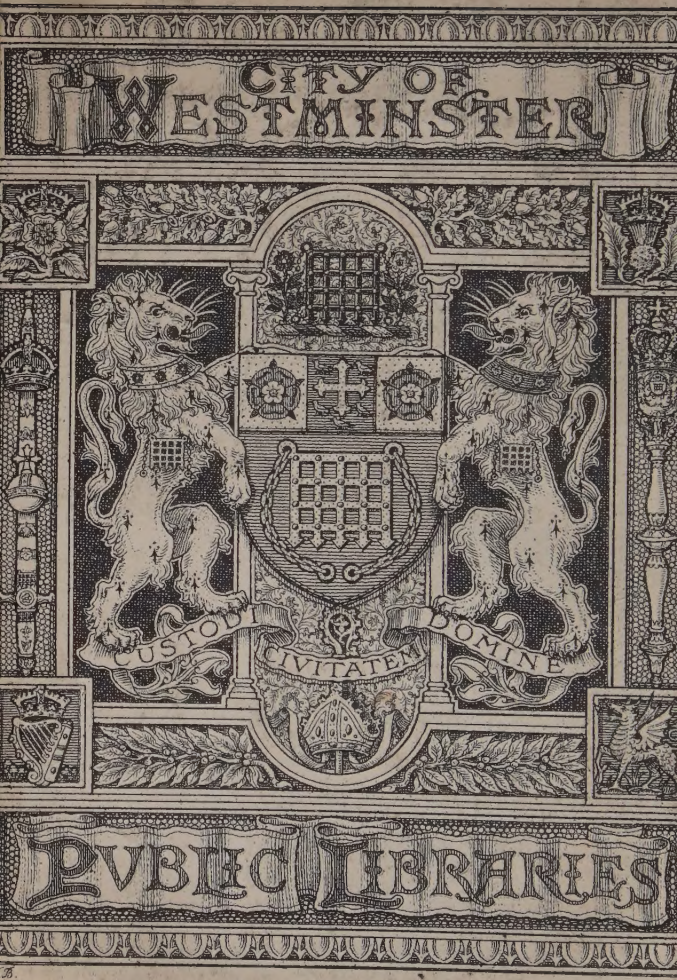
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JENKINSON'S

PRACTICAL GUIDE

TO THE

ISLE OF MAN.

BY

HENRY IRWIN JENKINSON, F.R.G.S.,

AUTHOR OF 'PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT,' 'PRACTICAL GUIDE TO NORTH WALES,' 'PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT,' 'PRACTICAL GUIDE TO CARLISLE, GILSLAND, ROMAN WALL AND NEIGHBOURHOOD,' AND 'EPITOME OF LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.'

THIRD EDITION, WITH MAP.

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PREFACE.

HAVING written Guide Books which have been well received by the public, and having been requested by numerous friends and tourists to turn my attention to the Isle of Man, I visited the place, and found that by producing a really *practical* Guide, a want much felt by the numerous visitors to the island would be supplied. The consequence was I at once undertook the task, and in order to make the book as exhaustive and accurate as possible, I have spared neither time nor labour.

I have endeavoured to produce a work which would be useful to both Manxmen and strangers, above all, striving to make it in every way a practical book for the tourist; and with that object in view I have travelled on foot over every inch of ground, and made memoranda on the spot.

For the historical facts and legendary lore numerous works have been consulted, and valuable information gleaned from the Manx Society's excellent publications, from Train's 'History of the Isle of Man,' and from the works of the late Rev. J. G. Cumming, formerly Vice-Principal of King William's College, Castletown, Isle of Man.

I have associated as much as possible with the peasantry, all of whom were remarkably kind and hospitable, and have made myself at home in the farmhouses and out of the way districts. Many of the clergy and gentlemen on the island have rendered

me assistance, and obligingly glanced over portions of my manuscript, and thus I hope the book may be looked upon as authentic and trustworthy.

Being myself fond of mountains and glens and rugged coast scenery, and observing that the great majority of visitors kept on the beaten highways, leaving entirely unnoticed the most beautiful spots on the island, I have endeavoured to arrange the tours so that the whole may be explored, and in such a manner as to satisfy every variety of taste.

If the traveller will make this manual his constant companion, he will, I trust, obtain a thorough knowledge of the island, and have many a delightful excursion to spots which hitherto have remained almost unnoticed.

I take this opportunity of thanking those who have lent me their aid; and of expressing a hope that, should readers discover errors, or think of anything which would tend to improve future editions, they will have the goodness to communicate with me.

HENRY IRWIN JENKINSON.

KESWICK, CUMBERLAND.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Isle of Man is situated in the midst of the Irish Sea, in the very centre of the British Isles, and is, perhaps, unsurpassed as a place of summer resort and recreation.

Every week during the tourist season thousands of people arrive from the great hives of industry in Lancashire and Yorkshire, the bulk travelling from Liverpool by the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's fine fleet of vessels, consisting of the 'King Orry,' 'Tynwald,' 'Douglas,' 'Snaefell,' 'Mona's Isle,' 'Ben-My-Chree,' 'Fenella,' and 'Ellan Vannin.'

The distance from Liverpool to Douglas is 75 miles, the average sea passage during summer occupying five hours. The vessels leave Liverpool daily (Sundays excepted) at 1 P.M., and return from Douglas at 9 A.M. During part of July and August there is a double service between Liverpool and Douglas, a boat leaving each port morning and afternoon. Fares:—cabin, 6*s.*; steerage, 3*s.*; return tickets, available for two months, 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 6*d.* In winter these fares are increased to 8*s.*, 4*s.*; 12*s.*, and 6*s.* A weekly steamer sails to and fro between Liverpool and Ramsey.

Another route, which is yearly gaining in favour, is that from Barrow-in-Furness. The steamers 'Manx Queen,' 'Manxman,' and 'Herald' sail daily in summer (Sundays excepted) from Barrow (Ramsden Dock), a little after midday, on the arrival of trains from the Manchester and Leeds districts, and returns from Douglas at 8 A.M. During July and August there is *an extra* service every weekday, leaving Douglas at 11 A.M., and Barrow 5.30 P.M. The distance is 50 miles, and the average sea passage occupies about 3 hours. Fares:—cabin, 6*s.*; steerage, 3*s.*; return tickets, available for two months, 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 6*d.* By this route tourists

may combine, during their annual holiday, a visit to the English Lake district, and to the Isle of Man, and thus have a delightful union of sea and mountain scenery.

Visitors from Lancashire and Yorkshire may also reach the Island by steamers, which sail daily in summer (Sundays excepted) between Fleetwood and Douglas, a distance of 52 miles, and the average sea passage occupies 3½ hours. The fares are the same as from Liverpool, and the steamers leave Fleetwood after the arrival of the 2 P.M. train.

The route from Whitehaven is a favourite with some, as it has the advantage of being the shortest sea voyage; the distance from Whitehaven to Ramsey is 30 miles, and the sea passage occupies 2½ hours. One of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's vessels leaves Ramsey every other Tuesday, and returns from Whitehaven the same or following day. Fares:—cabin, 6*s.*; steerage, 3*s.*; return tickets, available for two months, 9*s.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*

From Scotland visitors often reach the Isle of Man, viâ Silloth, by the North British Steam Packet Company's steamers (in connection with the North British Railway Company), which proceed to Dublin, and call at Douglas on the voyage, each way, during the summer. They sail twice a week. The distance from Silloth to Douglas is 66 miles, the average sea passage being 5 hours. Fares:—cabin, 10*s.*; steerage, 5*s.*

Some visitors arrive from Glasgow by one of the Isle of Man Company's steamers, which sail weekly during the summer months, the distance being 120 miles, and time occupied 10 hours. Fares:—cabin, 10*s.*; steerage, 5*s.*; return tickets, available for two months, 15*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.*

From Ireland a great many are carried by the steamers which sail from Dublin to Silloth, and call at Douglas, the distance being 94 miles, and time occupied 8½ hours. Fares:—cabin, 10*s.*; steerage, 5*s.*

The climate of the Isle of Man is mild all the year round, and the air remarkably pure and healthy. Owing to the island being surrounded by an ocean which is warmed by the Gulf Stream, and the water of the ocean being more equable

than land, it is seldom oppressively hot in summer or covered with snow in winter. The mean annual temperature (48·789° Fahrenheit) is higher than that of any country in Europe of the same degree of latitude; and the mean winter temperature (41·953°) is as high as that of the Isle of Wight and the south coasts of England. Though the climate is damp, and the sky very much overclouded, the mean annual fall of rain is not more than 30 inches.

Before the Isle of Man was much frequented by strangers, living was very cheap, and even now it is possible to find accommodation at a reasonable rate; but those who want luxuries will have to pay about the same as at other sea-side haunts.

Horses and conveyances can be had at moderate charges, and there are few watering-places where the tourist can have so many pleasant drives, or where he can while away his time more agreeably with boating, fishing, and pedestrian excursions.

Mona is sparingly clothed with trees, and it cannot lay claim to lakes, or to wild rocks and glens, equal to some to be met with in the surrounding countries; but the rocky coast scenery, and the charm of the sea, in a great measure compensate for their absence.

The greatest length of the island is 33 miles, and greatest breadth 12 miles. The total area is 145,325 acres, and the population on the 4th April, 1881, was 53,558. In so small a compass there is a pleasant variety of level and upland, hill and dale; and in some places there are wild, and in others lovely, bits of scenery.

A land that can boast of the waterfalls of the Dhoon, Ballaglass, Spooyt Vane, Rhenass, and Glen Meay; the wild Glen of Sulby, and the beautiful recesses of Glen Helen, Ballure, and Glen Aldyn; the sublime coast scenery around Spanish Head, the Calf, Brada Head, and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the latter rising sheer from the ocean to the height of 1449 feet; and a fine mountain range extending the whole length of the island, averaging 1500 feet high, and culminating in Snaefell at a height of 2034 feet; a land that can

boast of excellent mountain roads to a height of 1400 feet, commanding, from almost every point, a view of a vast expanse of ocean, and the opposite coasts; of fine ruins, such as those of Peel and Rushen; of a beautiful and a wild sea-coast, of a good bathing-ground, and of pleasant resting-places, such as Douglas, Ramsey, Castletown, and Port Erin, will always be a favourite resort, more especially when it is only a few hours' sail from our great commercial centres. These, however, are not all the attractions to be met with in the Isle of Man. This interesting land, be it remembered, has a language still lingering in every corner, as unknown as Greek to the majority of Englishmen, with old manners and customs here and there, carrying us back to the 14th or 15th century, while every nook and corner is associated with romantic legends and ghost tales. It is a country full of rude monuments of races long since passed away, where the Christian religion was planted before it reached the territory of the Anglo-Saxons; a little kingdom in itself, an epitome of the English kingdom; complete, with Governor, Council (House of Lords), and House of Keys (House of Commons); separate laws, civil and ecclesiastical; the oldest bishopric in Britain; and, moreover, a Tynwald Hill, where the people still meet as did those of the ancient Scandinavian and other nations of Northern Europe, far back as history can trace, and which is the only relic of the custom that remains in Europe. Such, in brief, are some of the points of interest connected with the island, and the writer hopes that all who visit *Ellan Vannin veg veen* (dear little Isle of Man) will find this book a useful and pleasant companion.

DIVISIONS OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

The island is civilly divided into two districts, a northern and a southern, each having its own Deemster or judge. Each of these districts is again subdivided into three sheadings (or sheriffdoms), the name being derived from the Manx "shey" (six) and "rheym" (division or distribution). Each sheading forms a coroner's district, and contains, with one exception, three parishes. They are designated as follows :—

Glenfaba sheading, which takes precedence, as does its coroner, who has the peculiar right to exercise his office in any part of the island, and to make summonses upon, and enforce judgments against, the other coroners in case of need. It is in the south division, and contains the parishes of Patrick, German, and Marown.

Michael sheading is in the north division, and contains the parishes of Michael, Ballaugh, and Jurby.

Ayre sheading is in the north division, and contains the parishes of Lezayre, Andreas, and Bride.

Garff sheading is in the north division, and contains the parishes of Maughold and Lonan.

Middle sheading is in the south division, and contains the parishes of Onchan, Braddan, and Santon.

Rushen sheading is in the south division, and contains the parishes of Malew, Arbory, and Rushen.

Previous to 1796 Onchan was in the Garff sheading, and Marown in the Middle sheading.

Douglas is in Onchan parish.
Castletown is in Malew parish.
Peel is in German parish.
Ramsey is in Maughold parish.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, COUNCIL, AND HOUSE OF KEYS.

THE *Lieutenant-Governor* is appointed by the Crown. He is the Representative of the Sovereign, Captain-General of the military forces of the island, and also sits as Chancellor in his proper court. On admission to office he makes oath to "deal truly and uprightly between our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and her people, and as indifferently betwixt party and party *as this staff now standeth*," holding at the same time the ensign of his authority in the most erect position.

The Council (Upper House, or House of Lords) consists of the Bishop, the Attorney-General, the two Deemsters, the Clerk of the Rolls, the Water-Bailiff, the Archdeacon, and the Vicar-General. They are appointed by the Crown, with the exception of the Vicar-General, who receives his appointment from the Bishop.

The Bishop is the highest member in the Lower House of the English Convocation. He has a seat in the House of Lords within the bar, apart from the other Bishops, but no vote.

The Attorney-General sits in all courts for the profits of the Crown. He is Public Prosecutor, and it his special duty to plead the causes of all widows and orphans.

The Deemsters are the judges of the island. The name is equivalent to "The pronouncers of doom or sentence." The first institution of this office is lost in the darkness of remote antiquity. In ancient times the Deemster's presence, whether walking or riding, constituted a court; and a plaintiff meeting his opponent when the officer was in view, might drag him to an instant tribunal, and hold him till the case was decided. The warrant issued by the Deemster, either for the citation or apprehension of the delinquent, was a bit of stone or slate having the initials of his name scratched on it. These stone-tokens for charges and executions were not finally laid aside till the middle of the last century. When the Deemster enters upon this office, he takes the following oath: "By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful

works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven and on the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect or favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of the isle justly betwixt our Sovereign Lady the Queen and her subjects within the isle, and betwixt party and party as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish." The object of this oath was, that the Deemster's daily food (for in former times no doubt it was so) might put him in mind of the obligation he lay under to give impartial judgment.

There are two Deemsters. The first Deemster is for the Southern division of the island, and resides at Douglas; the second Deemster is for the Northern division, and resides at Ramsey.

The Clerk of the Rolls has the custody of the records of the island, and enters all pleas in the several courts of law.

The Water-Bailiff is in the nature of Admiral of the island, and sits judge in all maritime affairs. He has the care of the customs, fishing, wrecks, &c.

The Archdeacon is the second spiritual magistrate, and has, in all inferior cases, alternate jurisdiction with the Bishop. He enjoys many privileges, both temporal and spiritual, and he holds his courts either in person or by his official, as the Bishop does by his Vicar-General; but the usual appeal lies from all these courts to the Metropolitan, the Archbishop of York; and in all temporal and civil affairs to the staff of Government.

The Vicar-General is judge (as representative of the Bishop) in all ecclesiastical matters, and the estates of deceased persons.

The House of Keys (the Lower House, or House of Commons) consists of twenty-four men of the isle, elected in sheadings (counties) by owners of real estate of 8*l.* annual value, and by occupiers of not less than 12*l.*; and in towns by owners and occupiers of not less than 8*l.* annual value. No person has a right to vote for a sheading member in respect of property in a town, or for a town member, except in respect of property within the town.

The following are the names of the present members:—

Glenfaba sheading—John Joughin, William James Anderson, William Farrant.

Michael sheading—John Kelly, John Cottier, Daniel Cormode.

Ayre sheading—Thomas Martin, Edward Curphey Farrant, John Robert Cowle.
Garff sheading—Richard Rowe, Thomas Vondy, John Allen Mylrea.
Middle sheading—Paul Henry Leece, Richard Penketh, William Dalrymple.
Rushen sheading—John Thomas Clucas, John Quayle, H. J. Watterson.
Douglas town—John Senhouse Goldie Taubman, James Spittall, Robert Swan Stephen.
Castletown town—William Baring Stevenson,
Ramsey town—William Crennell.
Peel town—Thomas Edward Stevenson Moore.

POPULATION OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

Towns and Parishes.	1726.	1757.	1831.	1841.	1851.	1861.	1871.	1881.
Douglas .	810	1,814	6,776	8,647	9,880	12,389	13,846	15,719
Castletown.	785	915	2,062	2,283	2,531	2,365	2,318	2,243
Ramsey .	460	882	1,754	2,104	2,701	2,839	3,861	4,025
Peel . .	475	805	1,722	2,133	2,342	2,818	3,496	3,829
Patrick . .	745	954	2,195	2,768	2,925	2,778	2,888	2,626
German .	510	925	1,791	1,896	2,168	1,924	1,762	1,691
Marown .	499	658	1,216	1,318	1,364	1,161	1,121	990
Michael .	643	826	1,317	1,376	1,416	1,314	1,231	1,101
Ballaugh .	806	773	1,416	1,516	1,392	1,228	1,077	970
Jurby . .	483	467	1,097	1,068	985	911	788	661
Lezayre .	1,309	1,481	2,657	2,323	2,468	2,526	1,620	1,486
Andreas .	967	1,067	2,217	2,332	2,165	1,955	1,757	1,482
Bride . .	612	629	1,039	1,153	1,053	918	880	741
Maughold .	525	759	1,341	1,585	1,762	1,654	1,433	1,147
Lonan . .	547	869	1,923	2,230	2,607	2,909	3,741	3,277
Onchan . .	370	434	1,482	2,589	3,400	2,174	1,620	1,508
Braddan .	780	1,121	1,927	2,122	2,405	2,298	2,215	2,071
Santon . .	376	507	798	769	714	694	628	593
Malew . .	890	1,466	2,778	3,085	3,260	2,692	2,466	2,597
Arbory . .	661	785	1,511	1,615	1,593	1,408	1,350	1,274
Rushen . .	813	1,007	2,732	3,079	3,256	3,297	3,665	3,527
Total .	14,066	19,144	41,751	47,991	52,387	52,252	53,763	53,558

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

	Douglas.									
Ballasalla	7½	Ballasalla.								
Castletown	9¾	2½	Castletown.							
Kirk Michael	14¾	13¾	16	Kirk Michael.						
Laxey	7½	15	17½	18⅔	Laxey.					
Peel	10¾	9⅝	11⅞	6⅜	18½	Peel.				
Point of Ayre	24	31	33½	17½	17	23½	Point of Ayre.			
Port St. Mary	14	6¾	4½	20½	21¾	16	37½	Port St. Mary.		
Ramsey	16½	23½	25½	9½	9	16	8	30	Ramsey.	
St. John's	8½	7⅛	9⅜	7	15¾	2½	24¼	13½	16½	St. John's.

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS.

	Feet.		Feet.
Snaefell	2034	Slieu Monagh	1257
North Barrule	1842	Slieu Curn	1153
Slieu Choar	1808	Slieu Dhoo	1139
Pen-y-Pot	1772	Mount Karrin	1084
Slieu Farrane	1602	Cairn Sleiu Whallin	1093
Colden	1599	Slieu Whallin	900
South Barrule	1585	Brada Head	766
Slieu Reay	1570	Peel Hill	501
Sartfell	1560	Mull Hill	466
Carraghan	1520	Calf of Man	421
Slieu Lhean	1515	Bank's Howe	393
Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa	1449	Maughold Head	373
Greeba	1383	Douglas Head	320

CHARGES FOR PORTERS AND CONVEYANCES.

Every porter and car-driver in Douglas is licensed and numbered by the Town Commissioners, and carries his badge and number on his right arm, above the elbow; and each car is also numbered. The bye-laws are very strict, and the stranger can never be imposed upon if he remembers that the driver must always be able to produce a copy of his certificate, and a copy of the bye-laws and authorized fares.

The following is a copy of the printed scale of charges for cars, &c., the driver's fee being included. There are no toll-gates on the island.

One child under seven years of age is free; two such children being charged as one adult. The distances are computed from the stand or place where the vehicle is hired. Luggage left in vehicle has to be taken by the car-driver to the police-station, where the loser can claim it.

Charges for Porters.

For every box, portmanteau, trunk, or other large package, to or from on board of any steamer or boat to or from the car-stand used on the arrival or departure of the steamers, 3*d*.

For every hat-box, gun-case, or other small package, to or from the above-named places, 1*d*.

For every such large package to or from any place within the boundaries (named in the note to the Table of Fares) within which for a car or carriage drawn by one horse the sum of one shilling and sixpence is payable, 6*d*.

For every such small package to or from any place within such boundaries, 2*d*.

For every such large package to or from any place within the town outside of such boundaries, 9*d*.

For every such small package to or from any place within the town outside of such boundaries, 4*d*.

Names of Places.	For a Car or Carriage drawn by One Horse, to carry 4 Persons and the Driver.			For a Carriage and Pair, to carry 6 Persons and the Driver.			For a Wagonette or other Conveyance to carry 8 Persons and the Driver.			For a Sociable or Long Car to carry 10 Persons and the Driver.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Ramsey, *viâ* Kirk Michael, or Sulby and Keppel Gate, returning by Laxey, or *vice versâ*	1	0	0	1	8	0	1	13	0	1	18	0
To and Back—												
Ramsey, *viâ* Laxey	0	17	6	1	4	0	1	8	0	1	12	6
Laxey	0	11	0	0	16	6	0	13	6	1	2	6
Kirk Michael	0	16	6	1	2	0	1	4	0	1	7	0
Kirk Michael and Rhenass	0	16	6	1	2	0	1	4	0	1	7	0
Peel	0	11	0	0	17	6	0	19	0	1	2	0
Peel and Glenmeay	0	14	6	1	1	6	1	4	0	1	6	0
Peel and Rhenass	0	14	6	1	1	6	1	4	0	1	6	0
Glenmeay	0	12	0	0	18	0	0	19	6	1	2	6
St. John's	0	11	0	0	16	6	0	18	0	0	19	6
Injebreck	0	11	0	0	16	6	0	18	0	0	19	6
Rhenass	0	11	0	0	17	6	0	19	0	1	2	0
Peel and Castletown	0	17	6	1	4	0	1	8	0	1	12	6
Peel, Port Erin, Port St. Mary, and Castletown	1	0	0	1	8	0	1	13	0	1	18	0
The same, *viâ* Dalby	1	2	6	1	11	0	1	16	0	2	1	0
Foxdale	0	12	0	0	16	6	0	18	0	1	1	0
Snaefell	0	12	0	0	16	6	0	18	0	1	1	0
Keppel Gate, Snaefell, and Laxey	0	17	0	1	4	0	1	6	0	1	8	0
Castletown	0	11	0	0	17	6	0	19	0	1	2	6
Castletown, Port St. Mary, and Port Erin	0	15	0	1	3	0	1	6	0	1	8	0
Ballasalla	0	10	0	0	16	6	0	17	0	0	19	6
Port Erin & Port St. Mary, or to either place	0	15	0	1	2	0	1	6	0	1	8	0
Port Soderick	0	7	0	0	9	0	0	12	0	0	14	0
Baldwin Village	0	7	0	0	9	0	0	12	0	0	14	0
N.B.—If detained more than 2½ hours, the fare to be charged by time.												
Onchan Village	0	3	0	0	5	0	0	6	0	0	7	6
N.B.—If detained more than 2 hours, the fare to be charged by time.												
Injebreck and Pen-y-Pot, by Baldwin Village, and returning by Keppel Gate	0	15	0	1	2	0	1	4	0	1	7	0
By Distance—												
For One Mile	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	3	0	0	4	0
For every additional Mile, or Part of a Mile	0	1	0	0	1	6	0	1	6	0	2	0
By Time—												
For the First Hour, or fraction of an Hour	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	3	0	0	4	0
For every additional half hour	0	1	0	0	1	6	0	1	6	0	2	0

For a Car or Carriage, drawn by One Horse, to or from the Stands used by Hackney Cars or Carriages on the arrival or departure of the Steamers, to or from any part of the Town within the limits named in the following boundaries, *viz.* :—Along the North Quay, up Bridge Hill, along Athol Street, Prospect Hill, Finch Road, and Church Road, to the Shore, along the Shore to the Pier, including any of the above-named Streets, the sum of 1*s.* 6*d.*; and to or from any part of the Town outside the above-named boundaries, except the Crescent Road northward beyond Castle Mona, and except Victoria Road northward beyond the Bridge next Marathon, the sum of 2*s.*; and to or from any part of the Crescent Road between Castle Mona and the extreme limits of the Town, or to or from any part of Victoria Road between the Bridge next Marathon and the extreme limits of the Town, the sum of 2*s.* 6*d.* No extra charge for Luggage. Double the Fares for two Horses.

HOW BEST TO MAKE A FLYING VISIT TO THE ISLE OF MAN.

THOSE who cannot devote time for more than a brief visit to the island are recommended to take the one day's drive from Douglas to Port Erin, Port St. Mary and Castletown; commencing early in the morning, in order to allow time for a visit from Port St. Mary to the Calf Islet. See pages 73, 88, and 154. Instead of driving to the places mentioned, some visitors will avail themselves of the railway.

If the tourist stay in Castletown over night, he may proceed the second day to Peel, by Foxdale and St. John's; or by the Round Table and Glen Meay, and ascend South Barrule. If he return to Douglas from Castletown, he may travel by railway from Douglas to St. John's, visit the Tynwald Hill, go by 'bus to Glen Helen, and thence to Peel and Glen Meay, and back by train to Douglas; or the day might be occupied with a drive to St. John's, Peel, Glen Meay, Foxdale, and St. Mark's. See page 90.

The third day could be devoted to the "long round" by Kirk Michael, Ramsey, and Laxey. See pages 107 and 115.

If time could be spared for a fourth day, a most agreeable change might be had by driving along the mountain road to Snaefell, ascending to the summit, and thence returning to Douglas by Injebreck and the Baldwin valley. See page 120.

The railways from Douglas to Castletown, Port Erin, Peel and Ramsey enable the tourist to see most of the island in a very short time, and without much expense.

VOYAGE ROUND THE ISLAND.

DURING the summer months, one of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's vessels makes a voyage round the island once or twice a week, and the excursion is one which is most enjoyable, if the day be fine and the sea calm. The steamer generally leaves Douglas at 10 A.M., and returns at about 3 P.M.; sometimes taking a northerly and sometimes a southerly course, according to the state of the tide. Fares:—saloon, 3*s.* 6*d.*; steerage, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Steaming from the harbour in a northerly direction, the town and bay of Douglas have a fine effect, with a long range of mountains in the rear. Presently, Bank's Howe is passed, and the pleasant little creek of Groudale attracts attention, with the rugged rocks stretching thence to Clay Head. On rounding the latter promontory Douglas is lost to view, the coast bursts into sight as far as Maughold Head, and Laxey Bay is entered. The houses of the village are observed pleasantly situated on each side of the Glen, and Snaefell occupies a prominent position in the background. After skirting close to the shore at Bulgum and Dhoon Bays, a good view is had up the Cornah Glen to the summit of North Barrule; and then Maughold Head is passed, and a fine bay is entered, with Ramsey situated in the centre, and the low sand cliffs are seen stretching away to the Point of Ayre.

The steamer sometimes waits opposite Ramsey for a few minutes to take up passengers.

When round the Point of Ayre, where the lighthouse is a prominent object, the north-western coast of the island is seen as far as Blue Point, and the Scotch coast will be well displayed if the day be fine, and the air clear, also some portion of the coasts of Cumberland and Ireland will be visible. Now the western mountains of the island near Kirk Michael begin to attract attention, and when Jurby Point is reached the coast is seen as far as Peel, but for some miles here there is little of special interest. When near Peel Castle the enthusiasm of the passengers is aroused, for the ruins have a very picturesque effect, and the cliffs at once begin to assume an extremely wild aspect, with birds flying overhead or resting on ledges and pinnacles of rock. There are so many objects of interest that too quickly the steamer, after sounding the gong for the echo, glides past Corrin's Hill, Glen Meay, and Niarbyl Point, to the high sloping sides of Cronk-

na-Irey-Lhaa and the Carnanes, which rise direct from the ocean to a height of 1448 feet. In front are observed the Calf of Man and Brada Head, jutting boldly into the sea and forming beautiful bays. When past Fleshwick Bay the rocks of Brada Head are in the highest degree wild and picturesque, and then a charming view is had of Port Erin. On rounding the southern point of the Calf of Man the bold perpendicular front of Spanish Head will engage the attention of the traveller, and before he is aware the south-eastern part of the island around Castletown will have come in sight. During the remainder of the voyage to Douglas there are many fine views, and the coast presents wild headlands relieved by the charming creeks of Greenwick and Port Soderick.

For a more full description of the coast scenery the reader must refer to the "Walk round the Island," given at page 200.

LOCAL NAMES.

While the origin of the name of the island itself has formed a fertile theme for discussion among the historians of the country, no methodical attempt, so far as the writer is aware, has yet been made to classify and elucidate the names of its places. In the following pages no pretensions are made to supply this want, nor, indeed, to deal with the subject in a manner that may be considered at all comprehensive or exhaustive; at best the writer can only hope that his labours may be looked upon as a slight contribution to an unwritten but valuable chapter of Manx history. His more immediate aim has been to render into language intelligible to English readers what must appear to the great majority of visitors a mere jargon of barbarous and meaningless sounds. For the purpose of imparting an interest, however slight, to a subject at all times considered dry and tedious by the generality of readers, a classifying plan has been adopted in preference to drawing up a mere list of names and their significations in alphabetical order. This may appear not so well adapted for the purpose of ready reference; but its advantages in other respects outweigh the inconveniences arising from a want of alphabetical arrangement only; besides, it enables the different roots from which the more prevalent names are derived, together with their corresponding terms in other languages or dialects, to be set forth in a form more compendious than could otherwise have been done. With scarcely a single exception the whole of the older Manx local names are referable to two sources, viz., the Celtic, and Old Norse, or Icelandic. Those of Celtic origin vastly preponderate over the other, though from ancient documents still extant it may be regarded as almost certain that during the occupation by the Northmen, and probably for a considerable length of time subsequently, the proportionate difference was much less than at present. The Celts, it may be observed, were divided into two main branches which followed each other at a considerable interval

of time in their passage across Europe from the East. From a comparison of Celtic terms still existing in the names of rivers and mountains in Continental Europe, the tracks of their migration have been pretty clearly marked out. The earlier comers appear to have turned northwards and descended along the course of the great river valleys of Northern Germany, and to have finally reached the northern part of the British Isles, thus peopling Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. They have been distinguished by the term the Gadhelic or Hiberno-Celtic branch. Their language survives in the Gaelic of Scotland, the Erse or Irish, and the Manx. The other branch apparently followed a more southern course, spread themselves along the seaboard of the Mediterranean, peopled ancient Gaul, and eventually reached the southern portion of Great Britain. They have been distinguished by English philologists as the Cymric or Cambrio-Celtic; their language still survives in the Welsh and the Armoric, or the language spoken in Brittany, in the north-west angle of France. While the Gaelic, Erse, and Manx dialects bear such similarity to each other as to enable the natives of the West of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and of the Isle of Man to understand each other orally without much difficulty, the similarity between the representatives of the Gadhelic and Cymric languages, e. g., the Welsh and Manx, is less than that between Latin and Greek or between modern English and German, though doubtless they were originally from the same stock. From the entire absence of all Cymric roots in the names of places it would appear that no settlement was ever effected in the Isle of Man by the Cambro-Celts from the opposite coast of Wales, though traditional accounts, which must be regarded as fabulous, have been handed down to the contrary.

Before closing his remarks the writer must observe that in drawing up the subjoined classification of names he has consulted the most recent and trustworthy authorities accessible to him. The names have been taken from the 6-inch Ordnance survey-sheets, and the orthography therein adopted has been followed. Excluding the modern names and a few hybridisms, the number of names found on these maps amounts to about 1350. Of these nearly 450, or one-third of the whole, are composed of the most characteristic of all Gadhelic test-words, *Bulla;* but it must be noticed that this term, in Manx, is used not only to signify a village, hamlet, or single homestead, but also an estate. The names

prevailing next to *Balla* are compounded of *Creg*, *Cronk*, *Glen*, *Kil*, and *Slieu*. The whole of the names under those several heads have not been attempted to be dealt with. Where any uncertainty or difficulty has been felt with regard to the proper or probable derivation of a local name it has been omitted. Whether a full elucidation of Manx names of places can hereafter be given, or whether the remarks of Train, in his history of the island, that "the names of places often outlast the language of the country at the time they were given;" and that "*some of these hard-sounding words are beyond our ken*," are possessed of much force in this instance, must be left for some one more perfectly acquainted with the Manx language to determine.

LOCAL NAMES OF CELTIC ORIGIN.

Balla, Celtic, an abode, an estate, a village. Its Saxon analogue is *ton;* the Dansk and Old Norse or Icelandic is *by;* and the Cymric, *tre*. The Ordnance maps give no fewer than 450 names of places in the Isle of Man into which this term enters, and in its Erse forms of *Bal*, *ball*, *bally*, and *baile*, all signifying either a town, village, township, or townland, it is found in the names of about 2000 places in Ireland, while it does not occur once in Wales or Brittany. On the other hand, its Cymric equivalent, *tre*, exists in more than 1000 local names, including homesteads and villages, in Cornwall; and also in a few instances in Wales, but it is never found in names derived from the Gaelic, Erse, or Manx. A few of the more important examples are here given—*Balla*-Chastal, the Manx name of Castletown; *Balla*brooie (2), the place of river banks; *Balla*creggan, the rocky or stony place (8); *Balla* Crink or Chrink (23),* see *Cronk;* *Balla*callin (2), the place of the hazel wood; *Balla*-cooil (2), cooil, a hiding-place, also a nook or corner; *Balla*glass, glass, gray, bright, green; *Ball*augh (2), the village by the lake; *Balla*lough (2), ditto; *Ball*aughton; *Balla*droma, droma, the rise of a hill; *Balla* Kelly (4), the settlement in the wood; *Balla* Killey (2), the homestead by the church; *Balla*-Keill-Moirey, the place of Mary's Cell or Chapel; *Balla*salla, in the ancient documents of the boundaries of Church lands, *Bally*-sallach, Manx—shellagh, Erse—saillach, the willow or sallow: therefore, the village by the willows; *Balla*kilmartin, an estate near Church Martin, in Onchan.

Bane, fem. vane, white. Examples: Balla*bane*, white residence; Cronk*bane* (4), white hill or mound; Cooil*bane* House, white nook

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* The numerals in brackets refer to the number of times the name occurs: thus, there are 23 places of the name of Balla Cronk.

or corner; Claghbane (4), white stone; Ellanbane, white island; Magherbane, white field; Traie Vane (3), white strand; Spooyt Vane, white spout, the name of a well-known waterfall.

Beg, veg, little. Occurs in more than forty local names in Man, and in accordance with the idiom of the Manx language, which places the adjective after its noun, is invariably used as a suffix. Examples: Ballabeg (5), little village, &c.; Cregbeg, little rock; Glenbeg, little glen; Knockbeg, little hill; Port Veg, little port; Ooigbeg, little cave.

Creg, plur. creggyn, a rock; creggagh, rocky; creggan, rocky or stony ground; common both to the Cymric and Gadhelic dialects; Erse form, Carrick, e. g., Carrickfergus; Gaelic, Craig, e. g., Craig of Ailsa, Welsh Craig and Crag, the latter of which forms is in use throughout the whole of the English Lake District. This term enters into forty local names in Man as a prefix, and at least a dozen as a suffix. Examples: Creggan Dhoo, black rocks; Craig y Cowin, (2), rocky valley; Cregghonny, barren rock; Creg Leanyr, long rock; Creg Mooar (3), great rock; Creg Whuallian, whelp rock; Creg Veanagh, middle rock.

Cronk, a mountain, hill, or mound; plur. forms, *crink, chrink*, and *cruink*. Occurs in more than sixty local names, and is applied indifferently to designate either a mountain or a mound. Examples: Cronk-ny-Arrey-Lhaa, the hill of the watch by day; Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the hill of the rising day; Cronkbane, the white hill; Cronk y Cluve, the hill of the sword; Cronk Darragh, the hill of the oak; Cronkdhoo, black or dark hill; Cronk ny Fannag, the hill of the crow; Cronk-e-Dooney, the Sunday hill; Cronkgaroo, rugged hill; Cronkglass, green hill; Cronk-grianah, sunny hill; Cronk na Maroo, the hill of the dead; Cronk-Keillown, the hill of John's Church, better known as Tynwald Hill; Cronk Mooar, great hill or mound, called by the natives Fairy Hill—this is the largest sepulchral mound or barrow in the island; Cronk y Samarch, the hill of the primrose; Cronk Shynnagh, the hill of the fox, or Fox-how; Cronk Ruy, red hill; Cronk Urleigh, the hill of the eagle; Cronk Troddan, the hill of contest; Cronk Vane, white hill; Cronk y Voddy, the hill of dogs.

Dhu, Celtic, black, dark brown; Manx, *Dhoo* or *Doo*. Examples: Douglas, Manx, *Doo*ghlass, i. e., the dark or black stream, a name descriptive of the river, on the left bank of which the old part of the town stands. Creggyn *Doo*, black rocks (on the coast); Rhen*doo*, the black ridge. See also examples given under various other heads.

Ghaw, or *giau*, a creek or cove. Applied to the names of a few spots round the coast. *Ghaw* Cam, winding creek; *Ghaw* Dhoo, black or dark creek; *Ghaw* Jeeragh, straight creek: *Ghaw* ny Spyrrid, haunted creek; *Ghaw* Yiarn, iron creek.

Glen. A glen, valley, or dale. The pure Manx form is *glione*. *Glen* Aldyn, the valley of brooks; *Glen* Cam, the crooked glen;

Glen Crutchery, the harper's glen; *Glen*darragh, oak vale; *Dhen* Dhoo, dark glen; *Glen* Feeagh, the glen of the raven, or Ravensdale; *Glen* Grenaugh, sunny vale; *Glen* May, the vale of fertility; *Glen* Maarliagh, the robber's glen; *Glen* Mooar, great glen; *Glen* Ruy, red glen; *Glen*tramman, the vale of the elder-tree; *Glen* Veg, little glen; *Glen* Wyllin, mill vale or glen.

Gob, beak, neb, bill, and, in contempt, the mouth. Is found about thirty times in the names of promontories and headlands on the coast. *Gob* ny Chassan (ny Chassan, the path); *Gob* na Geay, windy headland; *Gob* ny Creggan, *Gob* y Creg, and *Gob* y Creggah; *Gob* Lhiack (Lhiack, a large stone); *Gob* y Skeddan (Skeddan, herring); *Gob* yn Ushtey (Ushtey, water); &c., &c.

Kione, a head, hence a mountain, also a cape, promontory, &c. This is the Manx form of the Cymric or Welsh term *pen*, and the Gadhelic terms *ben* and *cen*, all signifying primarily a head, and by metonymy, a mountain, cape, or headland. It prevails largely in the form of *pen* throughout Wales and Cornwall, and is also common in its Gadhelic form of *ben* in Scotland. Examples: *Kione* Doolish, Douglas Head; *Kione*droghad (2), Bridge End; *Kione* garee (swampy, boggy); *Kion*lough, the head of the lake; *Kion* meanagh, the middle mountain; *Kione*beg, little mountain; *Kion*sleau, the mountain head. In Bein y Pot, pronounced pennee pot, the name of a well-known mountain, and in one or two other instances the Gadhelic form *ben* still exists in Man.

Kerroo, a quarter, the fourth part, as *Keiroo*-Balle, the quarterland, i. e., ploughed land of about 100 acres. Examples: *Kerroo* Mooar (3), *Kerroo* Dhoo (2), *Kerroo* Garoo (garoo, rough); *Kerroo* glass (glass, green); *Kerroo* ny clagagh, stony quarterland; *Kerroo* ny garee (garee, boggy, marshy); *Kerroo* Cruin (cruin, trees); *Kerroo* Keill (Keyll, a wood, a grove).

Knock, a hill. The pure Manx form, like that of the Erse, is *cnoc*. Examples: *Knock*-e-Dooney, the Sunday hill; *Knock* Ean the hill, of John; *Knock* beg (little); *Knock* Mooar (great); *Knock* e vriew, the Deemster's or Judge's hill, &c.; *Cnoc*-y-troddan, the hill of contest.

Kelly, *keeyl*, *kil*, a wood, a grove. This root enters into the names of more than fifty places in the Isle of Man. It is also often found in local names in Scotland. In Ireland it is still more common, as many as 1400 local names having been noted in which it occurs. *Keeyl*, in Manx, it should be observed, also means a church. Probably the primary root is *cooill*, a hiding-place, a corner or place apart, as *cooill*ee, a parlour, a bed-chamber. The earliest missionaries who disseminated a knowledge of the Christian religion in the island, it is well known, were anchorites, who, for the purposes of devotion, built themselves cells and lived apart from the rest of mankind. Many of these cells in after times became the site of a church, hence we find most of the Manx names of the churches and parishes beginning with *Keeyl*, as *Keeyl*-Charmane, St. German's, &c.

Examples: Balla *Kelley* (4), the settlement in the wood; Balla *Killey* (4), the homestead near the church; Knock-e-*Kelly*, the hill of the wood; *Kelly* in Michael, and Airy *Kelly* in Marown, the open wood; East and West *Kella*, Close *Kelly*, *Cooil*-shallagh, willow corner; *Cooil*-bane, *Cooil*-injil, low corner; *Cooil* cam, the crooked corner.

Lough, a lake. Welsh, *llwch*. Scotch, *loch*. Examples: *Lough*-doo, *Loch*drughaig (drughaig, the hip thorn); *Lough*an (an, diminutive); *Lough*an y guiy (guiy, goose). Bal*laugh*, Bal*laugh*ton, Balla*lough*, *Lough* Cranstal, *Lough* Maidjey (maidjey, an oar).

Mooar, *moar*, and fem. *voar*, great. Welsh, *mawr*. Like *beg* this adjective denoting relative magnitude is invariably used as a suffix, and is found in a large number of local names. Examples: Edd Feeagh *Voar*, great raven's nest or haunt; Ooig, Glen *Mooar*, Bradda *Mooar*, Port *Mooar*, Buggane *Mooar* (buggane, a browny, a scarecrow).

Ooig, a cave, cavern, or den. Occurs a few times on the coast, as, *Ooig*yn Doo, the dark caves. *Ooig* Beg and *Ooig* Vooar; Baiy ny *Ooig*, bay of caves; *Ooig* ny Veal, the entrance to the cave; *Ooig* Seyir (seyir, a carpenter, boat-builder).

Rinn, *rhen*, the ridge of a mountain, and since ridges often served as natural boundaries, hence, a division. Examples: *Rhen*doo, the black ridge; Mullagh geay *Rhen*ny (mullagh, the summit; geay, the wind); *Rhen*ass, Ballar*hen*ney, Lhergy*rhen*ny, Bol*ren*ny, *Rens*-cault, *Rhen*ab.

Slieu, a mountain. Irish, *sleive* or *slievh*. The names of more than a dozen of the highest mountains in the Isle of Man bear this prefix. Examples: *Slieu* ny Chiarn, the mountain of the Lord; *Slieu* ny Carnaane, the mountain of the cairn; *Slieu*doo, the dark mountain; *Slieu* ny Fraughane, the mountain of heather; *Slieu* Ouyr, the dun mountain; *Slieu* Ruy, the red or brown mountain; *Slieu*whuallian, the mountain of the whelps.

Traie, the sea-shore, the space between high and low water, the strand. Examples: *Traie* Coon, the narrow strand; *Traie* dullish, the beach of sea-weeds (liverwort); *Traie*, *Traie* Vane (4), white strand; *Traie* Veg, *Traie* ny slat, the low water strand, &c.

LOCAL NAMES OF NORSE AND DANISH ORIGIN.

By, Norse, *byr*, an abode. Its Anglo-Saxon equivalents are *ham*, and *ton*. The word used to denote a farmstead in Iceland is still *boer*, and in Scotland and the north of England a cow-house is termed a *byre*. In England this term is frequently found coupled with a proper name. Examples: Col*by*, Colr, a Norse proper name, signifying helmeted; Cros*by*, the village of the cross; Dal*by*, Dale village, or from Dalla, a proper name; Ivor*by*, Ivor's village;

Jur*by*, anciently Joor*by*, Joar's village; Grena*by*; Kirk*by* (Kirk-by) church village; Bael*by*, Rhea*by*, Rega*by*, Sul*by* (anc. Sale-*by*), Scald*by*, Troll*aby*, probably all from Norse proper names.

Dale, Norse *dal(r)*, a vale or valley. Druid*ale*, Orris*dale*, Ravens*dale*, Foxd*ale*, Rivers*dale*, Harris*dale*. Foxdale is a corruption of Fossdale (Norse) the dale of the waterfall.

Kirk, old Norse *kyrkia*, a church. This prefix to proper names is of a distinctive Norwegian type. The settlements effected on the coasts of the British Isles by these northern sea-rovers can be pretty clearly traced by means of the local names still existing in which it occurs. In the part of England settled by the Danes, known as the Danelagh, sixty-eight places are found bearing the prefix *Kirk*, while in the Anglo-Saxon portions it is scarcely found once. Of the seventeen parishes into which the Isle of Man is divided, fifteen of them are distinguished by the term *Kirk*; it will thus be seen that its Manx synonym is Keeyl. The parish churches, it should be observed, bear the name of the patron saint to whom they are dedicated. Examples: *Kirk* Arbory, *Kirk* Braddan, *Kirk* Bride, *Kirk* Onchan, *Kirk* Lonan, *Kirk* Marown, *Kirk* Santon, *Kirk* Patrick, *Kirk* Maughold, &c.

Ness, Norse, a nose or headland. Lang*ness*, a well-known peninsula in the south of the island; Little *Ness*.

Wick or *Ick;* Norse, *Vig;* a cove, creek, or small bay. The root of this term is said to be found in all the languages of the Aryan family. Thus, Latin, *vicus*, Erse, *fich*, Cymric, *gwic;* all signifying a station, an abode, or village. The modern Manx form appears to be *ghuw*, softened from *guick* or *guiag*. The Northmen applied this term in a sense different from the Anglo-Saxons. In the districts of England settled by the latter it meant a station or abode on land. With the Norwegians and Danes it was a station for ships, and hence it signified a creek or small bay. It is seen in *Vik*ings, i. e., the creekers. There are ten local names in the Isle of Man in which this root is found, viz. Aldr*ick*, Flesh*wick*, Gar*wick*, Green*wick*, Dres*wick*, Per*wick*, Port*wick*, Sand*wick*, Saltr*ick*, Soder*ick* (south creek).

P. Harrison.

CIVIL HISTORY.

THE history of the Isle of Man is extremely interesting and instructive; and we may with truth say, in the words of Pope, as Burke once jestingly did to Dr. Johnson and Boswell, when alluding to some remarkable laws and customs of the island, that "the proper study of *mankind* is MAN."

In the very centre of the British Isles is this little kingdom, which, in many senses, may not inaptly be termed the heart or core of Britain; for here exists at the present, and has existed so far back as history can trace, the nucleus of that combination of liberty and order which appears to be the peculiar birthright of the British nation.

Few persons are aware that Man has its own Governor, House of Lords (the Council), House of Commons (the Keys), Bishop, and Judges (Deemsters); that it enacts its own laws, and imposes its own taxes, the only imperial control being the sanction of the Queen, which is necessary before a law takes effect. Since the purchase of the island from the Duke of Athol in 1765, the British Sovereign represents the ancient Kings of Man, and holds the appointment of the Governor, Council, Bishop, and Judges.

Previous to this transfer Man was to all intents and purposes an independent kingdom, though in recent times owing allegiance to our Sovereign; and now the island in its government and its relationship to England stands on a similar footing to the colonies of Canada, Australia, &c.

It is curious to trace how, through so many ages, it has, in its exposed position, maintained its independence, when nations more powerful have been absorbed by their neighbours, or have had to succumb to despotism or revolution. Perhaps we shall be led to agree with a writer of the 17th century, that "its poverty has been its greatest security."

No less curious is it to note that so far south as this favoured central spot of the Irish Sea, exists, still perfect, in the Tynwald Court, the last and only remnant in the world of the open-air conclave of king and people, of the ancient warlike nations of Northern Europe, the origin of all existing legislative assemblies.

One of the greatest objections that many people raise to the study of Manx history is the insignificance of the country, but this, which appears a defect, when rightly viewed will be

found to be one of its greatest charms; for here is an insular independent kingdom, with a constitution which can be readily studied, and yet large enough for the rehearsal, on a small scale, of all the actions in Church and State, of man individually and collectively, of king and people, which are met with in the histories of more powerful nations.

Just as the chemist by experimenting with the least particle of mineral on the bead at the end of a blow-pipe may ascertain the composition and properties of the great mass of similar minerals existing on the globe, so may the student make the Isle of Man serve the purpose of unravelling the origin and progress of other nations, and of founding what may be denominated a philosophy of history.

The earliest historical notice given of the island is in 'Cæsar's Commentaries,' B.C. 54, where we read, "Midway between Ireland and Britain is an island which is called Mona." Pliny, writing A.D. 23, mentions the islands Mona and Monapia between Hibernia and Britannia. It is generally thought that by Mona he referred to Anglesey, and by Monapia to Man.

There has been much learned disquisition as to the origin of the name of the Isle of Man. Sometimes it is spelt Mann, and in ancient Runic crosses Maun. The natives call it Mannin, and often Ellan Vannin, the *m* being changed into a *v*, and Ellan being the Manx word for island. A favourite expression of theirs is, Ellan Vannin veg veen, or, Dear little Isle of Man. Bede and other old historians have also referred to it as Menavia, and occasionally it is termed Eubonia, the consonants *m* and *b* being interchanged in the Celtic language. We venture to suggest that the name is derived from some Celtic word such as Mân, small, little, fine, petty; Mon, what is isolated; Maen, stone; Mor, sea, ocean.

It is uncertain whether the Romans ever took possession of this island, but it is not unlikely that they did; for it is easy to believe that they would not navigate the surrounding sea and occupy the neighbouring coasts without planting their standard on land occupying so convenient a position. A few Roman coins were found in the market-place at Castletown some years ago, and there is at present a Roman altar in the castle in that town in a fine state of preservation. Some writers say the Roman altar was brought over from Cumberland. The fort which stood on the Pollock Rock in Douglas Bay, and was pulled down in 1818, is said to have been as old as the time of the Romans, and to have

resembled in every particular the remains of similar towers erected by the Romans in Britain. When the legions of those conquerors of the world were fighting in the neighbouring district of Galloway, in the south of Scotland, the Manx are said to have "rendered the Gallovidians great assistance, and done the Romans many notable displeasures," so that it is hardly likely they would escape the penalty of such opposition.

Many writers hint that Man was the principal seat of the Druids when they were banished from Britain and Anglesey, and the supposition that this was the fact is borne out, they maintain, by the existence of numerous stone circles and other monuments* generally considered to be connected with the mystic rites of those people. But a still better memorial has been handed down to the present day in the Deemsters or judges, who, until the 15th century, had no writings, but were the repositories of oral or what were termed breast laws, a relic of the Druidical priests who acted as judges, and kept sacred and inviolable their unwritten statutes. Here the Druids seem to have erected their altars, disseminated their doctrines, and to have finally succumbed to the new doctrine of Christianity. At one time they must have existed in considerable numbers, as illustrated by the numerous places still called after them. The peasantry use the term Druid or Druidical when speaking of any old ruin of whose history they have no knowledge, legendary or otherwise, and apply it alike to the stone circle of the Norseman and the *débris* of an old chapel.

For centuries the island was, as it were, veiled from our view by an impenetrable mist, a state which is not inaptly illustrated in traditionary lore. We are told that "a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him; but she was received with a coldness occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea lady that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it never reached the shore, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs."

* The notion that the stone circles and other monuments in Man are of Druidical origin, is almost entirely exploded.

The following legend explains the dispersion of the mist :— "Some fishermen long ago arrived on the shore of an island which they had never seen or heard of, because it was always enveloped in a magic cloud. They landed, and presently there came rolling on the mist something like a wheel of fire, with legs for spokes, and the portent so frightened the men that they fled to their boats. But the charm was broken, the Isle of Man had been discovered, and its possession has been disputed by men and fairies ever since."

We are also told that there dwelt on the island a ruler called Mannanan MacLear, who was a pagan and a great magician. He covered the land with mists, and thus prevented the ingress of foreigners. By his arts he could make one man on a hill appear as if he were a hundred. The only tribute which he exacted from the people was the bearing of rushes to his castle on South Barrule on Midsummer-eve.

This Mannanan MacLear is said by some writers to have given his name to the island, and by others to have derived his name from the island. Whichever be correct, the probable origin of the word is explained when we recollect that the Druids called the god of the sea "Mannanan."*

MacLear signifies son of the sea (from the Gælic *Mac*, son, and *Lear*, sea), and this Mannanan, son of the sea, ruler and magician of Man, was probably a great seafaring personage and trader in ancient times; for we find him celebrated as such in Irish bardic history, and represented as having been the greatest navigator of the western part of the world. He used to presage good or bad weather from his observations of the heavens, and from the changes of the moon. His name is seldom mentioned in the traditionary tales and folk-lore of Ireland without Druidic and fairy associations. He is generally esteemed a good genius, powerful in magic spells and enchantments, usually exercised for benevolent purposes.

The sword of Mannanan is frequently introduced, and said

* The broad sound was given to the *a* in Mān, and the *o* in Môn, or Mona, and this explains in some measure the various orthographies of the name of this little island. It is probable that the name anciently given to it, in common with Anglesey, had to do with the reputed holy character of the isle, as the *Sedes Druidarum* the abode of the holy wise men; and that it has the same connection with the Sanscrit root, Mân, in reference to religious knowledge, as our word *monk;* so also *Moonhee*, and the names of ancient lawgivers, as *Manu*, son of Brahma, *Menu*, *Minos*, and *Menes*.—*Manx Society*, vol. i.

to have been endowed with supernatural powers. Being of an ambitious and enterprising nature, Mannanan consulted an oracle, and was informed that he should proceed to the Isle of Man, and get Cuillian, a noted worker in iron, to make a sword, spear, and shield for him, which would be possessed of extraordinary powers. He accordingly repaired thither and prevailed on the man to commence the work, but while awaiting its completion he sauntered one morning along the shore, and in course of his walk met with a mermaid fast asleep on the beach. He bound the syren, but she having awakened, and perceiving she was bound, besought him to liberate her; and to induce him to yield to her petition, she informed him that she was Teeval, the princess of the ocean, and promised that if he would cause Cuillian to form her representation on the shield, surrounded with this inscription, "Teeval, princess of the ocean," it should possess such extraordinary powers, that whenever he was about engaging his enemy in battle, and looked upon her figure on the shield, read the legend, and invoked her name, his enemies would diminish in strength, while he and his people would acquire a proportionate increase in theirs. He had the shield made according to this advice, and on returning to Ireland wonderful success attended his arms. It is the general opinion of Irish antiquaries that Mannanan MacLear was a real personage and colonizer, and that he ultimately became deified as the Irish Neptune, or god of the sea.

At this period also dwelt in Man another celebrated character, called Melinus, possessed of the secret of flying. He could transport himself to any place he pleased in an incredibly short space of time. Whether Melinus inhabited the island anterior to MacLear, or accompanied him to it, is uncertain, but tradition points to priority of residence on the part of Melinus.

We know not what amount of truth there may be mixed up with these legends, but the time at last arrived when another noted person, St. Patrick, the evangelist of Ireland, arrived on the scene. He dispelled the mist, put to death or exiled the ruler, MacLear, and with a long prayer winged, tumbled to earth, and killed, the famous Melinus.

According to the generally received tradition, Man was Christianized by St. Patrick whilst on his journey from Rome to Ireland, about 444, and this is borne out by some historians, but others deny that such was the fact, though they allow his influence may have had considerable weight in effecting the changes ascribed to him.

Little is known of Manx history during the dark and unsettled times of the Saxon Heptarchy in England. In the year 517 the island became subject to the kings and princes of North Wales. It was conquered by Maelgwyn, who was the nephew of King Arthur, and a Knight of the Round Table. The Welsh dynasty ruled over the island for a period of three centuries,* and thus brought it into the turmoil of the wars which ever and anon raged between the petty kingdoms of that era. It was overrun for a short time successively by the kings of Scotland, Northumberland, and the West Saxons; and for some years before the expiration of the dynasty of the Welsh Kings of Man, in 913, it had been infested by the sea-robbers from the shores of Scandinavia and Northern Europe, those bold vikings who then swarmed in all our seas, and spread terror into every part of the British Isles.

After being left for some years a prey to these daring adventurers, there arrived on the scene one Orry or Gorree, a remarkable personage, a true leader of men, who brought order out of chaos, and was destined to occupy a position in Manx history similar to that which might be supposed to result from a combination of our William the Conqueror and Alfred the Great. His name is still familiar in every household on the island, and many are the places called after him. He is said to have been a warrior from one of the three nations, Denmark, Norway, or Iceland, but which of the three is uncertain, and to have been of royal descent.

In a MS. of unknown antiquity, in Castle Rushen, at Castletown, occurs the following passage:—"And there came a son of the King of Denmark, who conquered the land, and was the first that was called King Orree, and after him remained twelve of that stock of kings." After conquering many of the western islands of Scotland he arrived at the Isle of Man in the year 938, with a large fleet, and from oral tradition we learn that he landed at the mouth of the Lhane river, situated on the north-west of the island, near Jurby. At the present day no such landing could be effected there, as the sea is not so high relatively to the land in that district, but in former times lakes existed in the northern flat part of the island, and Jurby was entirely surrounded by water.

Upon landing he was met by a deputation of the inhabi-

* It would appear that at this time the ancient name of "Mona" was changed into Anglesey, or "the Englishman's Isle," by which it has since been distinguished, thereby leaving the Manx island in the undisputed possession of the early name.

tants, and on being asked whence he came, pointed to the *Milky-Way*, and replied, "That is the way to my country;" and to this day that celestial phenomenon is called, in the native Manx, "Raad mooar Ree Gorree," or "The Great Road of King Gorree, or Orry." Whether he wished his future subjects to understand thereby that he had descended from heaven, or had come from a country at the apparent extremity of the galaxy, tradition does not state.

Orry is represented as being a wise and politic prince, and under his rule the Manx enjoyed the blessings of peace. He instituted the House of Keys, and divided the island into six districts, called sheadings, every sheading having its coroner, who, in the nature of a sheriff, was intrusted with the peace of his district, and had to secure criminals and bring them to justice. For every parish in a sheading there was a moar and a captain; the former had to collect the lord's rents, and the latter was intrusted with the care of the militia or train-bands. These three offices were held for one year only, in rotation, by the principal men of the parish or district. The House of Keys was the Lower House of the insular legislature, and consisted of twenty-four freeholders, sixteen being chosen in those days from the lands of Man, and eight from the Isles of the West of Scotland, which were under the sway of the Manx kings. Proud, and justly so, are the inhabitants of Man of the existence at the present day of this their House of Commons, which is probably the most ancient popular assembly in Europe.*

Orry died in 940, and after him Man and the isles thereto belonging were ruled in rapid succession by fourteen of his descendants. The dynasty lasted until about the time of the invasion of England by William the Conqueror.

These kings were Guthred, or Godred the First (who founded Rushen Castle in 947); then Reginald the First; Olave the First; Olain; Allan; Fingal the First; Godred the Second; Hacon, or Macon; Godred the Third, 986;

* The ancient name of the Keys was Taxiaxi, from "Teasay," Elders; or according to others, from *taisse*, a pledge or hostage, and *aisce*, a trespass. There has been much discussion as to the origin of the name "House of Keys." Bishop Wilson supposed that it was derived from their office of solving or unlocking the difficulties of the law. Train, in his 'History of the Island,' derives the name from *Keesh*, in Manx signifying "tax," and pronounced Keys. In the Manx dictionary it is said to be derived from "Kiare as feed," i. e., four-and-twenty.

Reginald the Second, 996; Sniibne, 1004; Harold the First, 1034; Godred the Fourth, 1040; and Fingal the Second, 1076.

They appear to have been both allies and vassals of the Kings of Norway, and also, at one period, of the Kings of England.

Olave the First having ascended the throne without acknowledging the authority of the Norwegian monarch, was invited to the court of Harold II., who then sat on the throne of Norway; but as soon as he set foot on shore, he was seized and thrown into prison, and, being condemned, was executed as a traitor.

When Edgar, King of England, was rowed in his state barge on the river Dee, Hacon, the King of Man and the Isles, was one of the eight princes who pulled the oars. Edgar himself held the rudder, to testify his superiority over the rest. These princes were Kenneth III., King of Scotland; Malcolm, King of Cumberland; the King of Man; and five petty kings of the Britons.

Hacon, being renowned for his naval acquirements, was termed the "Prince of Seamen," and Edgar, esteeming him on this account, gave him precedence over the other five; and when the English monarch granted the charter of Glastonbury, Hacon subscribed that document immediately after the King of Scotland.

Hacon held chief command of the allied British and Manx fleets, and we are told that, in order to scour the seas of Northern rovers, who at that time harassed our shores, he sailed round the British Isles with a fleet of 3600 vessels (Sacheverell says 4800). This number, however, appears to be incorrect, for we find it given as 360 by another historian.

He had for his armorial bearings a ship with sails furled, and the motto "*Rex Manniæ et Insularum*,"—"The King of Man and the Islands," which continued to be the ensign of the Kings of Man till the time of the Scottish conquest, when it was again changed to that of the three legs.

After Hacon's death, Man and the Western Isles were grievously harassed by the depredations of the Danish sea-rovers, and many times had the war-arrow to be despatched round the country to warn or alarm the natives. This war-arrow was a piece of wood in the form of an arrow-head, which the various Scandinavian nations used much in the same way as the Scotch clans did "The Fiery Cross," to alarm and collect their allies, by sending it to the various

chiefs. When one received it he immediately despatched it to the next viking, and at once proceeded to collect his forces and hasten to the appointed rendezvous. In the Highlands of Scotland, when a chieftain designed to summon his clansmen on any great or sudden emergency, he killed a goat, and, making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. It was then quickly despatched through all the districts which owed allegiance to the chief. In the Isle of Man the cross was committed to the custody of the captain of each parish, and, in the event of an emergency, he gave it to his next neighbour, with instructions that the people were to muster at a certain place for watch and ward, and then the neighbour took it from the captain and proceeded to his neighbour, and thus it quickly passed from one to another, until the whole parish was alarmed. A similar practice was observed in Britain in ancient times, war being declared by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bent bow;* and peace was in like manner announced by a *bow unstrung.*

During these dark wild times king after king met his death by violence, and we find little worthy of record. War and rapine appear to have been the normal state of all the isles of the western seas, and in many contests of that unsettled period Man took a prominent part. There appears also to have been a close connection with the Danes, who had settled on the opposite coast of Ireland, around Dublin and neighbourhood, for occasionally we find the Manx rendering them assistance against the Irish.

We now, however, arrive at a most important era, when there was a change in the dynasty, both of Man and England.

In the year 1066, while William of Normandy was making preparations for invading England, he prevailed on Harold Harfager, King of Norway, to engage in the enterprise. The Norwegian monarch having arrived with a large armament in the Isle of Man, was joined there by the forces of Godred the Fourth, then King of Man and the Isles. The united fleets, amounting to 300 sail, were joined on the shores of Northumberland by Tosti, the rebellious brother of Harold, King of England, with sixty vessels, which he had collected in the ports of Flanders. After carrying fire and sword along the coast of England, the combined fleets reached the Humber, where the troops disembarked, but were soon after attacked and

totally defeated at Stamford Bridge, in Yorkshire, by the English army. In the sanguinary conflict Tosti and the King of Norway were slain, and the whole fleet of the invaders fell into the hands of the victor, who had the generosity to allow Olave, the son of the Norwegian monarch, to depart with twenty vessels. On steering homeward, the small remnant of the great armament which had so recently left the shores of Man returned to that island.

Among those who on this occasion shared with Olave the hospitality of the Manx king was Godred Crovan, son of Harold the Black, of Iceland. During his stay, this Icelandic prince had time to observe the defenceless state of the island, and he soon bethought himself of turning this circumstance to his own advantage. Stimulated by the success which had attended the arms of former adventurers from the northern regions of Europe, he, on his return home, raised an army, and equipped a large fleet, with which to invade the shores of Man. Here, however, he was opposed by Fingal, the son and successor of King Godred, who had died a few months previously.

The first descent of the invaders was so boldly opposed by the Manx that they were obliged to seek refuge in their ships. Godred, after recruiting his forces, returned to the island, but was a second time repulsed. On a third attempt he was more successful. Having anchored in Ramsey bay, A.D. 1077, he landed his troops by night, in order to deceive the islanders as to the true strength of his armament, and placed an ambuscade of three hundred men in a wood on Sky Hill, above Ramsey.

Early next morning the Manx, with their young king, Fingal, at their head, rushed upon the foe with impetuosity, in the confident hope of again driving them to their ships, or into the sea; and in spite of the men in ambush springing unexpectedly on their rear, the islanders fought with such bravery that the issue of the conflict remained long doubtful. At length, when the Manx king fell boldly facing the foe, his followers got into great confusion, and were driven by the invaders into the river Sulby, swollen at the time by the influx of the tide, where the greater part of them perished. The residue, cut off from all means of escape, submitted unconditionally to the conqueror.

The Icelandic prince having thus acquired possession of Man, left it to the choice of his followers either to plunder the island and depart with the booty, or to remain and have

the land divided among them. The former proposal, as being more congenial to their habits and pursuits, was preferred by the greater part of the soldiery, who returned home enriched with the spoils of the vanquished Manxmen.

Godred himself was disposed to keep possession of Man, and those who were intent upon following the fortunes of the chief who had led them to victory took possession of the southern part of the island, while the northern division was granted to the remaining inhabitants, under the express condition of their being tenants-at-will, "and that none of them or their heirs should ever presume to claim any part of it by way of inheritance," the origin of what was afterwards called "the tenure of the straw." Thus the whole island became the property of this northern conqueror, in whose line it remained for centuries.

Godred Crovan, after establishing his throne in Man, brought under subjection the Western Isles, with Orkney and Shetland, and placed over them, as lieutenant, his son Lagman. He then invaded Ireland, which was at that time divided into many petty and hostile principalities, and not only reduced Dublin, but carried his men victorious through the greater portion of Leinster, which he laid under tribute. It is also stated that he brought the Scots to such subjection that they dared not build a vessel above three streaks high, or, according to another authority, drive more than three nails or bolts into it.

This great Norse warrior died in 1093, after a reign of sixteen years, at the island of Islay, when resisting an invasion of his northern insular territories by Magnus Barefoot, king of Norway, to whom he had refused to do the customary homage and vassalage (the tribute usually paid to Norway was ten golden marks at every accession of the kings of Norway to the throne). He left three sons—Lagman, Harold, and Olave.

Magnus, the king of Norway, was called Barefoot by his countrymen, on account of his having adopted the Highland dress, or kilt. He was victorious in all the isles, and Lagman, Godred Crovan's son and lieutenant, was made prisoner. The Scotch king also made over to him all the isles belonging to that kingdom. On the completion of these conquests Magnus appears to have returned to Norway; for a few years afterwards, viz., in 1098, we find him again preparing to leave his northern kingdom with a powerful armament, in order to re-establish his authority in the Isle of Man, which had of late been disregarded. Ottar, a Norwegian

Jarl or Earl, who had been placed over the island as governor, had displeased the inhabitants of the southern portion, that part which had, a few years before, been granted by Godred Crovan to his followers as a reward for their valour. They rebelled, and elected one Macmanus as their leader, under whom they marched northwards. A battle between the forces of Ottar and Macmanus took place at Stantway, in the parish of Jurby. The fight was long and bloody, and the followers of Macmanus were driving their opponents from the field when the women of the south, rushing into the battle, rallied their husbands, sons, and relatives, and rendered them such timely and effectual assistance as totally changed the issue of the conflict, but not until both the leaders were slain. As a reward for the bravery of the southern Manx Amazons, it was afterwards enacted by the insular government, that "of all goods unmovable, not having any life, the wives should have the half on the south side of the island, whereas those on the north side should receive one-third only." Curious it is to note that this law is still in force, it never having been repealed.

"The battle was fought at a place called Stantway in St. Patrick's Isle, Jurby, in which both the generals were slain, and Camden says the northern men had the victory; but the Manx tradition informs us that the women of the *south* side came with so much resolution to the assistance of their husbands, that they not only restored the battle, but as a reward of their bravery to this day they enjoy half their husband's estates during their widowhood, whereas the northern women have but a third."—*Sacheverell.*

On the arrival of Magnus Barefoot in Man the island presented a most appalling spectacle; the scene of the last sanguinary conflict was strewed with the uninterred corpses of the slain of both parties. The whole island was a desert, well-nigh depopulated by war and famine, so that it cost Magnus little to re-establish his power.

This restless warlike king now invaded Anglesey, and at that very period William Rufus of England had entered North Wales with a numerous army. A part of William's forces, under the command of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Chester, were waging war in Anglesey when Magnus' fleet arrived. Shrewsbury sped to the beach to oppose the landing of the Norsemen, but the impetuous valour of that nobleman having carried him into the sea, he had no sooner exposed himself to the view of his enemies than he received an arrow,

which, passing through an opening in his armour, pierced his right eye and reached his brain. His death produced great disorder among the English, and obliged them to abandon the shore. The Earl of Chester and the army suddenly retreated into England. The Norwegians then levied contributions and soon re-embarked. There is on record a protection sent to Magnus by Henry I. to meet him in Wales for the purpose of concerting measures for making a joint conquest of Ireland. The project was not carried into execution, and it is not known whether the interview between those sovereigns ever took place.

It is related of Magnus Barefoot that he once sent his shoes to Murtough, the King of Dublin, surnamed the Peaceable, with a command that he should carry them on his shoulders through his palace on Christmas-day, in presence of the Norwegian messengers, to signify his submission to his authority. The Irish people received this insolent command with great warmth and indignation; but Murtough said he would rather *eat* the shoes in question than that Magnus should destroy one province of Ireland, and sent back the messengers loaded with rich presents.

The pusillanimity of Murtough, together with the report of the messengers, as to the attractions of Ireland, turned the attention of Magnus upon the conquest of that country. He met, however, with more opposition than he contemplated; for "the men of Ireland marched to Dublin to give battle to Magnus and the Norwegians who had come to plunder Ireland." Finding his forces inadequate to the accomplishment of the object he had undertaken, Magnus entered into a treaty with the Irish for one year; and his son Sigurd received in marriage the daughter of King Murtough, with many rich and precious articles.

This family alliance was not followed by that friendly intercourse which might naturally have been anticipated between the Irish and the Islesmen. Each state occupied the stipulated resting time in actively preparing for war, and ere the time of the treaty had expired, Magnus was seen steering along the Irish coast with a more formidable force than he had before commanded in those seas. Leaving his fleet with sixteen galleys to reconnoitre the shores, he incautiously landed, when his guardian angel appears to have deserted him, for he was instantly slain, and all his party were put to the sword.

Immediately after the death of this warlike monarch in 1104, the kingdom which he had raised to so high and

powerful a state seems to have become dissolved. He left four sons, three of whom succeeded conjointly to the throne of Norway. The fourth son claimed the throne of Man, but his plea being rejected, he withdrew to Ireland, whence some time afterwards he returned to Norway, where he was compelled to undergo the "Fiery Ordeal," in order to prove himself the real son of Magnus, before he was permitted to share the government of the kingdom with his only surviving brother. The Fiery Ordeal was practised in most European countries in those barbarous ages, and in England it co-existed with the trial by jury, and was often applied in cases of the greatest moment. In the case of the son of Magnus it was ordained that he should walk over hot iron bars to prove his parentage, which was thought a very severe ordeal, as he was to perform it merely to prove his parentage, and not to assert his right to the crown; yet he consented to it, and thus was performed the severest ordeal that ever took place in Norway. Nine red-hot ploughshares were laid down, and he walked over them with his feet naked, led by two bishops; three days after this the ordeal was tried, and his feet were found unhurt. This trial was censured even by the Norwegian clergy as being too severe; but the brother wishing to get rid of a claimant to a part of his kingdom, proposed the most severe ordeal he had seen in other countries, and still to no purpose. Similar ordeals were at times used in England.

On the death of Magnus Barefoot, Lagman, a son of Godred Crovan, who was acting as Lieutenant of the Western Isles at the time of the invasion of Magnus, ascended the throne of Man. This Lagman seems to have been a prototype of King John of England. His cruelties (among which the putting out his brother Harold's eyes is the most notable) were such that he was compelled by his indignant subjects to abdicate his throne, and he joined the Crusaders to Palestine, whence he never returned.

Olave the Third, the only remaining son of Godred Crovan, being yet a minor residing at the court of Henry I. of England, and there receiving his education, the inhabitants of Man invited one of the Irish princes to rule over them, but he proving a despot was eventually expelled, and it was unanimously agreed to send for Olave as soon as he was of age. Olave ascended the throne in 1114, and proved a wise and politic prince. He founded the Abbey of Rushen, and in 1134 gave it to Ivo, Abbot of Furness, to serve as a nursery to the Manx Church. It is from this circumstance that the Abbots of Furness afterwards had the appointment of the

Abbots of Rushen, and so large a voice in the election of the bishops of Man.

He entered into alliance with the kings of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and after spending a long reign in the enjoyment of peace, he resolved to visit the King of Norway for the purpose of removing all scruples about the succession, as he had, on assuming the royal dignity, neglected or refused to make payment of the usual token of vassalage. He was honourably received by the Norwegian monarch and formally crowned King of the Isles, and left his only son, Godred the Black, to be educated at the northern court.

Not long after his return into Man, he found the peaceable course of his affairs quite altered, for the three sons of his brother Harold raised forces and demanded a moiety of the kingdom of the Isles. Olave desired time for consideration, and in 1142, on the day appointed to receive his answer, the principal persons on both sides met at Ramsey.

Olave advanced with a few of his nobility to the place where the hostile party were assembled, and was met by Reginald, one of the three rebellious nephews, who had stepped forward for the purpose, as it was supposed, of entering upon a conference with his uncle, but as Olave turned round to salute him, the traitor raised his shining battle-axe, and at one blow severed the king's head from his body.

Olave left by his wife Affrica, daughter of Fergus, Lord of Galloway, one son, Godred the Black, who, as already stated, had been left to be educated at the Norwegian court. He had also an illegitimate family, Reginald, Harold, and Lagman, with several daughters, one of whom married Somerled, Lord of Argyle.

The nobles depending on Olave being all dispersed or slain, Reginald divided the country among his followers; but his villanies did not long go unpunished, for Godred the Black, the son of Olave, returned from Norway, and in 1154 was unanimously acknowledged king by the people.

He caused his father's murderer, Reginald, to be put to death, and the two younger brothers to be deprived of their eyes. In the third year of his reign, on the death of the King of the Danes in Dublin, he was invited to the vacant throne. Ottar, his competitor for the latter crown, having been slain, Torfin, Ottar's son, entered into a compact with Somerled to dethrone Godred and place Dugald, the eldest of Somerled's sons, on the throne of the Isles. Somerled sailed, therefore, with a large fleet against the Isle of Man, and a naval battle was fought with the fleet of Godred in Ramsey

Bay, January 6th, 1156. It was a drawn battle, but Godred was obliged to resign to Somerled all the isles except Man. From that period the sovereignty of the isles ceased to be vested in one single person.

In 1158 Somerled made another expedition against Godred, and obtained possession of the Isle of Man. Godred fled to the court of Norway, and continued there till the death of Somerled, when he regained the throne of Man, after fighting two battles at Ramsey against his natural brother, Reginald, in the first of which he was beaten, but in the second, four days after, was successful. Having made a prisoner of Reginald, he mutilated him, and put out his eyes.

Godred, when resettled on the throne, married the daughter of the King of Ireland. The ceremony not having been canonically performed, Pope Alexander III. sent a cardinal legate of the Apostolic See to Man in the year 1176, with a commission to see the king married in proper form, when Olave (Godred's son), called Olave the Black, was three years old. Hence seems to have originated the statute law of the island by which a child is deemed legitimate if born even one or two years before wedlock.

In expiation of his error Godred gave to the church a piece of land in the lake Mirescoge, which was afterwards conceded to the abbey of Rushen.

In 1187 Godred died in St. Patrick's Isle, at a good old age, and in the thirty-fourth year of his reign. The year following, his body was transferred to Iona. Besides his son Olave, he left two older illegitimate sons, Reginald and Ivar, the former of whom, on the death of Godred, was invited, in 1188, to occupy the throne; Olave, though nominated thereto by his father, being then only thirteen years of age. When Olave III. came to full age, finding his natural brother Reginald disinclined to surrender the throne, he accepted the Isle of Lewis for himself. This isle was inhospitable and barren, and he therefore made application for some addition to his kingdom. Being invited to a conference by Reginald he was treacherously seized, in 1208, and sent prisoner to William, King of Scotland, where he was kept in close captivity till 1215, when the death of William set him free. He then went for a time on a pilgrimage.

Reginald was not left at his ease, for in 1210, John, King of England, after his invasion of Ireland, sent a portion of his troops, under the command of Fulke, to Man, which they laid waste, and took hostages, Reginald himself being absent at the time. John had previously received the fealty of Regi-

nald (who could not get his claim recognised at the Court of Norway), and in 1205 had granted him his protection. Henceforward the English kings seem to have claimed a right to interfere in the affairs of Man, and to regard the kings thereof as their feudatories, and we meet with many documents of protection to Reginald, to Olave, and their successors; and in 1218 Henry III. granted Reginald letters of safe conduct to come to England to do him homage for his crown. In the following year, imitating John, by an act of surrender, September 22nd, 1219, Reginald constituted himself a vassal of the See of Rome, and was invested by Cardinal Masca, the Legate of Pope Honorius III., with a golden ring.

The vacillation of Reginald, and his arbitrary conduct, produced so much disaffection among the Manx, that they at length sent for Olave the Black, and in 1226 placed him on the throne, which Reginald had been occupying for thirty-eight years. Reginald took refuge with Allan, Thane of Galloway, and thence made two attacks upon the Isle of Man: the first in 1228, in Olave's absence, the second in 1229, when, meeting Olave in battle on St. Valentine's Day, at the Tynwald hill, he was defeated and slain. His body was carried by the monks of Rushen to Furness Abbey, and there buried.

There are extant letters of safe conduct from Henry III. for Olave to proceed to England to do him homage, and also one from Henry allowing Olave to proceed to Norway to do homage to the king of that country. Notwithstanding this, Olave appears to have been a powerful prince, for Henry paid him annually silver, corn, and wine, for protecting the coasts of England and Ireland.

Olave died in 1237, having reigned eleven years. He was buried in the Abbey Church of St. Mary of Rushen, and left three sons, Harold, Reginald, and Magnus.

Harold II. came to the throne at the age of fourteen, and reigned eleven years. In 1248 he proceeded to Norway, and married Acilia, daughter of King Haco, and in returning perished off the Shetlands, with his bride, a numerous train of Manx nobility, and Lawrence, Bishop-elect of Sodor and Man.

Reginald, the next younger brother of the unfortunate Harold, assumed the government of Man on the 6th of May, 1249, but on the 30th of the same month he was slain, in a meadow near Trinity church, in Rushen, by Ivar, the brother of the usurper Reginald who surrendered the island to the Pope, and therefore grand-uncle to the present Reginald.

He left only one daughter, Mary, who married John de Waldeboef.

Magnus, the last surviving son of Olave the Black, was the next in succession to the crown, but being resident at the time of Reginald's death in some of the remote Hebrides, the kingdom was seized by Harold, grandson of Reginald the usurper.

Haco, King of Norway, hearing of Harold's usurpation, summoned him to his court, and on his arrival cast him into prison. He then deputed John Dugalson, otherwise called John of the Isles, great grandson of Somerled, whose daughter Magnus had married, to act as regent in Man during the minority of Magnus.

Without regarding either the instructions of his master, or the inclination of the people, John of the Isles, on arriving at Ronaldsway, in Man, assumed the regal title; but the people, provoked at this usurpation, rose in a body and drove him and his followers from the island, and in 1252 unanimously proclaimed Magnus, the son of Olave, their king.

Magnus assisted the King of Norway in an invasion of Scotland, but their combined forces were defeated at Largs, by Alexander III., King of Scotland, on the 3rd October, 1263.

The Norwegian power had for some time been on the wane, and this defeat was so great that their sway over the Western Isles was lost for ever.

Magnus now hastened to Dumfries, and did homage to the Scotch king, who granted him a charter by which he held the Isle of Man from the crown of Scotland. He agreed to furnish the Scotch king with five galleys of twenty oars each yearly, and as many of twelve oars as often as required, besides money and corn for the expenses of the late war.

Two years after the defeat at Largs, viz. in 1265, he died at Rushen Castle, and was buried in Rushen Abbey, which he had finished and caused to be dedicated. He was the ninth and last of the race of Godred Crovan who ruled in Man. His family had for nearly two hundred years been honoured with the title of king, though in effect they were only lieutenants of the crown of Norway.

Alexander of Scotland wishing to make sure of his sovereignty of Man, entered into a treaty with the King of Norway, at Perth, in 1266, in which the Norwegian monarch agreed to cede all his claims to Man and the isles for the sum of 4000 marks (about 2666*l.* sterling), to be paid in four yearly instalments of 1000 marks each, and an annual pension of 100 marks.

Alexander had difficulties in overcoming the opposition of the Manx people. On the death of their king, Magnus, there was no lawful successor to the throne, except Mary, the daughter of Reginald, and she a child; and no woman had hitherto sat on the throne. The widow of Magnus, being secretly in love with Ivar (the knight who had murdered her brother-in-law, Reginald,) succeeded in getting him appointed chief of the government, and it was resolved to resist the pretensions of Scotland.

The forces of Alexander landed at Ronaldsway on the 8th of October, 1275, and a battle was fought, in which the Scotch gained the victory, and Ivar fell with 537 of the flower of his army.

The Scotch kings ruled the Isle of Man by nobles or governors, but some of these being very tyrannical, the Manx rose in revolt. At one time, when the two armies were drawn up ready for battle, Bishop Mark, a Scotchman, who was appointed to the see by Alexander, interposed; and it was agreed to limit the dispute to a combat of thirty on each side. The Manxmen lost the day, all their combatants having fallen, while the Scots lost twenty-five. After this the people quietly submitted to their fate.

As we have previously stated, the arms of the island were now changed, and the present device was adopted, being three armed legs, proper, conjoined in fess at the upper part of the thighs; flished in triangle, garnished and spurred, topaz. The motto, "*Quocunque jeceris stabit*," "Whatever way you throw me I will stand." Each knee is bent as if performing a genuflection, which is supposed to refer to the position of the island with respect to England, Scotland, and Ireland, when each was a separate kingdom; so that, in whatever position the insignia are placed, one of the legs only can assume the attitude of kneeling, and no transposition of the motto can change their true meaning. It is said with one leg she spurns at Ireland, with the second she kicks at Scotland, and with the third kneels to England.

The emblem is said to have existed in Man before the Scottish occupation, and there are certainly proofs that it is a symbol of great antiquity. It is displayed in a variety of forms and accompaniments in Greco-Sicilian coins, and on an Etruscan vase, and there is no doubt the Greeks and Phœnicians, as well as the Hindoos, were well acquainted with this symbol in some form or other, and also perhaps the Celtic races; but in no place does it ever show itself incased in armour, or wearing spurs, until it is introduced as an

emblem in connection with the Isle of Man; and in its earliest application to that island it is *not armed*. In ancient coins it has sometimes a head at the point of junction, sometimes an eye, and sometimes a helmet. It is supposed to have been adopted in Sicily, owing to the triangular form of that island, and its three promontories, one looking towards Africa, one towards Greece, and one towards Italy; but this is not the case with the Isle of Man, it being long and narrow, but as regards geographical position, it is somewhat similarly situated. Some have supposed the emblem to have been originally astronomical, and the spurs to have taken the place of stars when it became a heraldic emblazonry; others think it was a Christian symbol, and represented the doctrine of the Trinity.

After the death of Alexander, the king of Scotland, in 1285, the history of the Isle of Man for many years is extremely complicated, arising partly from the struggles between Bruce and Baliol for the Scotch throne, and partly from the circumstance of there being two lines of succession, by the female side, of the family of Godred Crovan, each claiming an interest in the crown of Man.

Mary, the daughter of Reginald, last king but one of the race of Godred Crovan, on the death of Magnus had been conveyed away from the island, with all the public deeds and charters. She appeared to have been married to the Earl of Strathern, and afterwards to John de Waldeboef.

Whilst King Edward I., of England, was at Perth, adjusting the difference between Bruce and Baliol, competitors for the crown of Scotland, Mary put in her claim for the Isle of Man, and offered to do homage to him for it, but was referred to Baliol. She died whilst prosecuting her suit, and her right descended to William, her son and heir, and in due course to John, his son. The latter presented his petition in Parliament to King Edward, in the thirty-third year of his reign (A.D. 1305), and was referred to the Court of King's Bench.

The rival claim to the throne of Man arose from Affrica, younger sister to Magnus, the last king of Man, and, therefore, aunt to the aforesaid Mary, daughter of Reginald. In a deed of gift she conveyed the island to Sir William Montacute, from whom a claim thus descended to his son Sir William Montacute, who is said to have mortgaged it for seven years to Anthony de Beck, Bishop of Durham, a powerful prelate. The Bishop obtained also a grant of it for life from Edward II., and when he died, in 1311, the rivalry between the claimants appears to have been removed by the

union of the two families. Sir William Montacute, created Earl of Salisbury in 1337 (son to the last-mentioned Sir William), married Mary, daughter of William de Waldeboef, and, therefore, great-granddaughter of Reginald, son of Olave the Black. This appears to have taken place in 1343, through the influence of Edward III., who furnished to the Earl of Salisbury men and means for the conquest of the island from the Scotch, who then had it in possession. During the period in which this contest had been going on between the two branches of the family of Godred Crovan, the Kings of England and Scotland, as each had at times possession of it, seem to have disposed of this island to other parties, according to their own pleasure.

In 1290, in consequence of the confusion of affairs in Scotland, the Manx were in great distress, and placed themselves under the protection of Edward I. of England, under forfeiture, in case of disobedience, of two thousand pounds in silver; and we find that in the following year the rectory of Kirk Santon becoming vacant, Edward appointed a successor, "by reason," as it was stated, "that the land of Man is in the King's hands."

Edward II. granted the custody of the island, in 1310, to Gilbert de M'Gaskell, and he was allowed by Parliament sundry expenses for the defence of the coast against the Scots. In 1313 Robert Bruce himself sat down before Castle Rushen, which was obstinately defended for about a fortnight.

In 1316, a band of Irish freebooters, taking advantage of the distractions in the isle, invaded it at Ronaldsway, under the leadership of Richard de Mandevill. They marched up the country, and defeated the Manx, who had united their forces at the foot of South Barrule. The victorious Irish, roaming through the country, plundered it of everything on which they could lay their hands. The sanctity of the venerable Abbey of Rushen availed nothing against this lawless company. Spending a month in this way they left with the best effects of the country in their possession.

It is evident that the island was in the hands of the Scots in 1343, from the circumstance before noted, that Sir William Montacute was obliged to win it from them.

For fifty years, from 1343 to 1393, the Montacutes, Earls of Salisbury, were the kings of Man, their coronation being conducted with great pomp in St. German's Cathedral in Peel Castle. Edward III. granted to them all his rights to the island.

In 1393 "Sir William le Scroop" (afterwards Earl of

Wiltshire) "bought of William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, the Isle of Man, with the title of King, and the right of being crowned with a golden crown."

In 1399 the Earl of Wiltshire was beheaded for high treason, after the landing in England of the Duke of Lancaster (afterwards King Henry IV.); and the Earl of Warwick was released from Peel Castle, where he had been imprisoned two years previously for having taken part in a rebellion against Richard II.

Henry IV. granted the Isle of Man to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, upon condition that he should carry on his left shoulder, on every coronation day of the Kings of England, either by himself or by some sufficient honourable person his deputy, the sword, naked, which Henry wore when he arrived at Holderness, called the "Lancaster sword."

Four years after the Earl of Northumberland had obtained this grant he was attainted and banished; and although the attainder was afterwards annulled, the earl was deprived of the Isle of Man by Act of Parliament, and it was ordered to be seized for the King's use. The King then made a grant of it to Sir John Stanley for life; but in the following year Sir John delivered up the grant to be cancelled in Chancery, and the King, in consideration of the surrender, in 1406, regranted the island to him, his heirs and successors, in as full and ample a manner as it had been granted to any former king or lord, to be held of the Crown of England by paying to the King, his heirs and successors, two falcons at their coronations.

The chiefs of the House of Stanley held the sovereignty of Man for three centuries and a half. They made frequent visits to their little kingdom, but governed principally by lieutenants, who usually resided at Rushen Castle, in Castletown, and occasionally at Peel Castle, both of which places were garrisoned, and were considered important strongholds.

Sir John Stanley was one of the foremost men of his age, —a hero noted for his bravery, a courtier, and a statesman. He was Constable of Windsor Castle, and for some years occupied the post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which in those unsettled times was one of great trust. He married Isabel, the daughter of Sir Thomas Latham, of Latham and Knowsley, in Lancashire, and thus founded the noble family of Stanley and Derby. He died in 1414, without ever having visited his Manx subjects.

He was succeeded by his son, Sir John Stanley, King and Lord of Man, as he is styled in the records, who in 1417 paid

a visit to the Isle of Man, and was received with all the marks and insignia of royalty. Eleven years previously he had been on the island as his father's representative.

Previous to this date we know little of the domestic history and life of the Isle of Man. There were no written laws on the island, the Deemsters being the sole repositaries of what were called the "breast laws." Perhaps, also, one reason why there is such a dearth of state papers before the advent of the Stanley family, is, that they were removed to England, in 1267, along with Mary, daughter of Reginald, and ever since then they have been missing.

Sir John set to work in earnest to create law and order where hitherto a state of chaos and uncertainty had prevailed. He consulted the oraculous Deemsters, who were deep-sighted and knowing in the laws, and got them to construct a written code. They first set forth the mode of assembling the Tynwald Court, that open-air meeting of king, clergy, barons, and people, which seems to have existed on the island during the unsettled times of the Norwegian occupation.

The yearly meeting of the Tynwald Court in the Isle of Man is a political phenomenon which will always have a deep interest for the historian and statesman. It is the only relic in the world of the old Scandinavian open-air legislative meetings, and it is highly remarkable that it is to be met with, not in the north itself, but in this little island, so far away south-west, in the midst of the British Kingdom. Perhaps the chief reason of the continuance of the custom is the facility which the small size of the island gives to every inhabitant of reaching, without much difficulty, the place appointed.

Having settled the order of the Tynwald Assembly, the duties of watch and ward were then stated; and the liability of all manner of men to be called upon for the defence of the kingdom; that no man leave the island without licence; that offences against the king's lieutenant be as if they were against the king; there were also given rules for regulating the garrisons, the power of the coroners, dues on fishing, &c., and penalties for treason.

Sir John is said, by some historians, to have convened a meeting of the whole island at the Tynwald Hill in 1417, on which occasion were promulgated the laws that first appear in the Manx Statute Book. Others more correctly say that these laws were not promulgated until the Tynwald or Midsummer Day in 1422, having previously been signed at Castle Rushen by the King, Deemsters, and Keys.

The Stanley family, who some time subsequently, from prudential motives, ceased to exercise the right of being called kings, already at their first entrance on the government did not insist on the old prerogative of being crowned with a golden crown. Montacute was thus crowned by Edward II. in 1343, but in 1406 and 1417 the Stanleys were satisfied with being installed and proclaimed on the Tynwald hill. They wisely preferred substance to shadow, the reality to the pageantry and forms of royalty.

In 1422 Sir John Stanley was again on the island, and held another Tynwald Court on the Hill of Reneurling, near Kirk Michael, when the whole of the people were summoned to attend. To understand what then took place, we must remember that he and his father were of the Lancastrian party, and friendly with John of Gaunt, the great patron of Wycliffe, who may be truly denominated the English Luther.

In the Isle land was possessed by the Bishop, the Abbot of Rushen, the Prioress of Douglas, the Prior of Whithorne, in Galloway; the Abbot of Furness, in Lancashire; the Abbot of Bangor, in Ireland; the Abbot of Saball; and the Prior of St. Bede, in Copeland, Cumberland.

These ecclesiastical dignitaries claimed to be exempt from paying homage to the king for their temporalities, and they held courts in their own name. Their possessions had also come to be considered as sanctuaries by those escaping from the hands of justice. The king had it enacted that these sanctuaries were to be done away with, and that according to the ancient law and custom, the Bishop and others should appear and pay him homage for their lands and tenements.

The Bishop did not come, and his place on the Tynwald hill, Midsummer-day, 1422, was vacant. It was the second invitation he had slighted. He kept in the background, but moved his knaves and pawns against the King; and in the spring of that year, when the King's Lieutenant was holding a court at Kirk Michael, near the episcopal palace, a riot took place, and an attempt was made to kill the Lieutenant, and beat his men.

Seeing things had arrived at this pass, the King determined to gain the assistance of the people in the struggle, and therefore appointed an extraordinary Tynwald Court to be held on the 25th of August, 1422, on the Hill of Reneurling, at the very threshold of the prelate's residence.

Here, in the presence of all the people, the Bishop came and did homage. He was followed by the Abbot of Rushen and the Prioress of Douglas. The others were called, and not

appearing, it was considered by the Deemsters that they should come *in their proper persons* within forty days; and as they came not, all their temporalities were adjudged as forfeited to the Lord of Man.

The King's Lieutenant held another special Tynwald Court at Cronk-y-Keeil-Abban, near Baldwin, in 1429, and one at Castle Rushen in 1430. Among other things it was enacted* "that controversies be decided, not by the savage warfare of battle, but by the good and true in the country;" that no man's goods be taken but by law and inquest; and that there be uniformity of weights and measures.

It was settled that the House of Keys, which in King Orry's days consisted of twenty-four members, sixteen from Man, and eight from the out-isles, but which number had constantly varied, should in future consist of twenty-four (all, of course, to be elected in Man, now that the Western Isles were under the dominion of Scotland), but none of them to be without the approval of the King. In those days they appear to have been elected by the people. In 1430, thirty-six were chosen by the whole commons of Man, each of the six sheadings of the isle being represented by six members. From these the Lieutenants chose twenty-four. In later times it has been the custom for the Keys to hold office for life, and on the death of one of their members, the remaining twenty-three elected two gentlemen of property, whom they presented to the Governor for his choice, and he determined which of the two should sit in the House. Thus the people came to have no voice in the election of those who constituted what had in former times been their popular House of Legislature, and they had also lost the power, which they undoubtedly in ancient times possessed, of raising their voice and voting at the Tynwald Court, on Midsummer-day. From being one of the freest and most popular of constitutions, it thus descended to one of the most absolute; until in 1866, after a little pressure from the Imperial Government, the Keys agreed to their own dissolution, and an Act was obtained authorizing a septennial House of Keys, elected by the people.

It is only fair to note that the House of Keys has at all times resisted encroachments on the liberties of the people.

Sir John Stanley, King of Man, who had thus dared to

* "That matters be determined by God and the countrey instead of prowesse."—*Old Statute Book.*

oppose the power of the clergy, and had used his best endeavours to establish law and order in his little kingdom, died in 1432, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who, like his father, held the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Thomas was created Baron Stanley by Henry VI., and expired in 1460. He was succeeded by his son and namesake, Thomas, who resigned the regal title under conviction that "to be a great lord is more honourable than to be a petty king," and his example was followed by all his successors, but without surrendering the right of holding the prerogatives and regalities of the crown "in as full and ample a manner as ever they had been held by any of the kings of former times." Perhaps one reason why he dropped the title of King was to take it out of the power of his enemies to prejudice the mind of the English monarch against him, for the title had been given to his ancestors by Henry IV., the chief of the House of Lancaster, and now Edward IV., of the House of York, was on the throne.

The lord of the Isle of Man was not, however, the only English subject having the title of king, for the Earl of Warwick had been crowned King of the Isle of Wight by Henry VI., and in grants made by King John, Henry II., and Henry III., we find the title given to the petty kings of Ireland.

This Thomas, Lord of Man, placed the crown on the head of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII.) on Bosworth field, in 1485.

"When King Richard was come to Bosworth, to fight Henry, Earl of Richmond, he sent a pursuivant to the Lord Stanley, who hovered with his followers near both armies, to come and join him, which if he refused, he swore by Christ's passion that he would strike off his son's head, whom he had then in his hand as a hostage for his father's good behaviour. The Lord Stanley answered, if he did so, he had *more* sons. Whereat King Richard commanded the son to be beheaded, but his councillors persuading him that it was now time to fight, and not for execution, it was forborne."

In recognition of his eminent services on this occasion, Henry created him Earl of Derby. He built the castellated mansion of Latham, which was so nobly defended by the Countess of Derby during the civil wars. He died in 1505, and was succeeded by his grandson Thomas.

On the decease of Thomas in 1521, Edward, his son, was only fourteen years of age, and the island, along with the English estates, was, during his minority, under the care of

thirteen trustees, including the Bishop of Man, the Lieutenant Governor, and Cardinal Wolsey, the Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor of England.

After his accession to the lordship of the isle, in 1528, he lived 44 years, in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; and saw through the eventful period of the Reformation, during which time Rushen Abbey was confiscated, and the building dismantled, the last abbey dissolved in the British Isles.

Edward died in 1572, and Henry, his son, succeeded him as Lord of Man and fourth Earl of Derby. Henry was one of the commissioners who sat on the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the castle of Fotheringay, and he held the post of Lord High Steward of England.

He died in 1594, leaving two sons, Ferdinand and William. Ferdinand, the elder son, succeeded his father, but he died the following year, having, it was suspected, been poisoned by one of his servants. He left three daughters, but no male issue, and when his brother William endeavoured to take possession, he found his claim contested by the guardians of the daughters of Ferdinand. While the cause between the parties was under litigation, Queen Elizabeth took the island under her own protection, in 1595, and she dying before the sentence could be obtained, her successor, James I., not entertaining her friendly feelings to the Derby family (perhaps on account of Earl Edward having taken an active part in the trial of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots), took advantage of the doubts created as to the rightful heirs, and gave a lease of the island at different times to other parties not connected with the Derby family.

After years of litigation, a compromise was arranged between the daughters of Ferdinand and their uncle, and a special act of parliament was passed, in 1610, assuring and establishing the Isle of Man in the name and blood of William, Earl of Derby, who then entered upon possession. Towards the close of his life, being desirous of retiring from public business, he, by deed of gift (A.D. 1637; in some histories the date given is 1627) to his son James, Lord Strange, placed in his power the Isle of Man, and all his other estates, on condition of the payment to himself of an annuity therefrom of 1000*l*. Earl William died in 1642.

James, the seventh Earl, is celebrated in history as the great Earl of Derby. During the civil wars in England between Charles I. and the Parliament he was the chief stay

of the monarchy, and the Isle of Man remained steadily attached to the interests of the King, and was one of the last places that yielded to the arms of the commonwealth.

Sir Walter Scott, in his beautiful tale of 'Peveril of the Peak,' most graphically tells the history of the island at this period. General Ireton offered the Earl of Derby not only his life, but the restitution of all his English estates, if he would surrender the Isle of Man to the Parliamentary forces. The Earl returned a most spirited and indignant reply, threatening to hang any future messenger who brought such a disgraceful proposition. After the relief of Latham House, and the defeat of the Parliamentary forces at Bolton, the Earl left England for his island kingdom, where he busied himself in protecting his interests till 1651, when he again proceeded to England, raised the royal standard, and with what forces he could get together, joined the army of Prince Charles, and shared the toils and trials of the battle of Worcester. Soon afterwards he was taken prisoner, and was tried and beheaded at Bolton in 1651.

His decease did not immediately give the Isle of Man to the Parliament. Lady Derby was a truly heroic woman, and on hearing of the death of her husband she proceeded to put her little dominion in a state of defence. Colonel Duckenfeild was sent with a fleet of ten sail and a considerable land force to reduce the island. When the fleet arrived, the commander of the insular forces, William Christian (by the Manx called "Illiam Dhone," Fair-haired William), seeing that resistance was hopeless, and would cause a needless effusion of blood, agreed to surrender, the only stipulation made on the part of the islanders being "that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as they formerly had." For this act Christian has been by some severely censured, and it afterwards cost him his life. The Countess of Derby was imprisoned in Castle Rushen.

The island was granted by the Parliament to Lord Fairfax as an acknowledgment of his great services. In 1652 Fairfax appointed commissioners for the government of the isle. On the restoration of monarchy in 1660, the Isle of Man, and other estates of the Derby family which had been sequestered, returned to their right owner, and Charles, the eighth Earl of Derby (eldest son of James) became Lord of Man. One of his first acts was to institute proceedings against William Christian, who was tried, found guilty of high treason, and shot on Hango Hill, near Castletown, on the 2nd January, 1662.

Charles died in 1672, and was succeeded by his son, William, who, courting retirement, and being unambitious of preferment at court, lived at Castle Rushen and on his estates in Lancashire in an unostentatious manner, and died at Chester in the year 1702.

His only son having died two years previously, James, the younger son of Charles, became tenth Earl of Derby and Lord of Man. It was from this Earl that Bishop Wilson, on the 4th February, 1703, obtained the "Act of Settlement," justly called the Manx "Magna Charta," and which is considered one of the most important occurrences in the civil history of the island. By it all the tenures of the land were finally and satisfactorily established, and their descent assigned in perpetuity on the payment of certain dues to the lord. Previously the land had been held by what was called "the tenure of the straw," the lord claiming absolute possession, a right which they maintained they derived from Godred Crovan, who, in 1077, conquered the island and granted the land to his followers and the native inhabitants, on condition that they should never attempt to establish an hereditary claim to any part. Still, in actual practice, the natives of Man had dealt with their lands as if at their own disposal, and had transmitted them as hereditary, paying to the lord a small rent, like a fee-farm in England. They had also transferred their estates at various times by sale and purchase. In the transfer of real estates both parties came into the Common Law Court, and the granter, in the face of the Court, transferred his title to the purchaser simply by the delivery of a *straw;* and this being recorded became the title. The same practice held also in the transfer of personal property. By such stipulation, or delivery of the *stipula* or straw, the Manx held their estates, which they were consequently said to hold by "the tenure of the straw." For more than half-a-century there had been a constant difference between the lord and his people respecting the abrogation of this tenure, and in 1643 an unsuccessful attempt had been made by James, Earl of Derby, to compound with the islanders for leases for their lives or for twenty-one years, and it was not until 1703 that the dispute was finally settled.

James died without issue in 1736, and was the last of that illustrious family which had governed the Isle of Man for more than 300 years. The kingdom then devolved on James Murray, second Duke of Athol, who was descended from

Lady Amelia Sophia, youngest daughter of James, the seventh Earl of Derby, who had been married to John, Marquis of Athol, his grandfather; all the older branches of the seventh Earl of Derby's family having died off.

This James was third son of John, created first Duke of Athol. His eldest brother, the Marquis Tullibardin, being dead, and the second brother being under attainder in consequence of the part he took in the rebellion of 1716, he succeeded to his father's titles and estates in 1724, and in the year 1736 attained the lordship of Man.

During his reign, illicit commerce rapidly gained ground in the Isle of Man, causing much annoyance to the British Government, who made the Duke several ineffective overtures for the purchase of his rights in the island.

James died in 1764, and, leaving no male issue, was succeeded by his nephew John in the dukedom. John, having also married James' daughter Charlotte, the Baroness Strange, in 1753 became also Lord of Man in his wife's right. So great did the evils of smuggling become, that in 1765 proposals for the purchase of the island from the Athol family were again brought forward; the Ministers having introduced measures into Parliament for the more effectual prevention of the illicit trade, the Duke began to fear lest, if he were too pertinacious of his rights, he would lose all without an equivalent, and he therefore agreed to surrender the revenues of the Isle for 70,000*l.*, and an annuity to himself and Duchess of 2000*l.* The title of Lord of Man, the manorial right, the patronage of the Bishopric, the minerals, and treasure trove, were still reserved to him, on the honorary service of rendering a cast of falcons at every coronation, and the annual payment of 122*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* for the Abbey lands, mines, and quarries.

The Act by which this was accomplished, passed in January, 1765, is known by the name of the *Act of Revestment.* Although the original and independent form of government of the island remained as it was, the lordship of Man thus became vested in the King of England, who appointed all the governors, and every act of the insular legislature had to be sanctioned by the King before it was published at the Tynwald Court as the statute law.

John, the third Duke of Athol, dying in 1774, his son John succeeded to his titles and estates; and in 1773 he accepted the office of Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the island, and thus for a time regained popularity with the

Manx people, which had been forfeited when his ancestor bargained with the British Government.

Under the conviction that the family had not received a suitable remuneration for their surrendered rights, he petitioned Parliament in 1781 and 1790 for a further allowance, but without success. At length, in 1805, he obtained a grant of the fourth part of the revenues of the island, afterwards commuted to 3000*l.* per annum for ever.

The Isle of Man had hitherto been an asylum for insolvents, but in 1814 the Protection Act, as it was termed, was repealed; and it was enacted, that debts contracted in Great Britain or Ireland became recoverable in the Isle of Man, in like manner, to all intents and purposes, as if such debts had been contracted between the same parties within the limits of the said isle. This act was extremely unpopular with the islanders, as it diverted to other quarters money which would have found its way into their pockets; and although it had been passed at the instigation of the British Government, the Duke of Athol was blamed by the people.

On the promulgation of a law in 1821 restraining the importation of foreign corn, the population of Peel rose and fairly drove out of the town a troop of yeomanry, whom the Deemster had sent from Castletown to quell the riot. In Douglas, also, disturbances occurred, and great depredations were committed on the property of the dealers in corn.

In 1823 the Honorable George Murray, then Bishop of Sodor and Man, endeavoured to raise 6000*l.* per annum from the island in lieu of tithes, but this plan did not succeed. He then established his claim before the King in Council to a tithe of all the green crops on the island, and attempted to collect the tithe of potatoes; but it created so much dissatisfaction that tumults prevailed throughout every part of the island, and so numerous were the assemblages of the people that the regular troops then quartered there were unable to disperse them; and the disturbances and conflagrations that ensued induced the Bishop to abandon his claim.

Finding at length that the strongest marks of aversion were openly manifested, not only to his own person, but also to his dependents, the Duke formed the resolution to dispose of all his remaining interest in the island. Having signified his intention to his Majesty's ministers, an Act was passed through both Houses of Parliament in 1825, authorizing the Lords of the Treasury to purchase from the Duke of Athol

his claims of every kind whatsoever. A valuation was arrived at by arbitration, and in 1829 his Grace received the sum of 416,114*l.*, composed of the following items:—

	£
Customs revenue	150,000
Tithes, mines, quarries, demesnes, lands, &c. ..	132,114
Patronage of the bishopric, and of fourteen advowsons, the aggregate value of which was 6,000*l.*	100,000
Quit rents and alienation fines	34,000
	£416,114

Thus the Isle of Man became entirely and definitely, with all the rights and privileges of the royalty, vested in the British Crown.

John, fourth Duke of Athol, died September 29th, 1830, in the 76th year of his age, having been Lord of Man 55 years; he had rendered the accustomed service of a cast of falcons at the coronation of George IV. in 1820.

Colonel Cornelius Smelt was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, and continued so till his death, on 29th November, 1832, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. So much was he respected by the inhabitants that they erected a monument to his memory on the Parade of Castletown.

He was succeeded by Lieutenant-General John Ready, who died July 9th, 1845. The next governor was the Hon. Charles Hope, uncle to the Earl of Hopetown, who held the appointment until 1860, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Francis Piggot, Esq., Member of Parliament for Reading. After his decease, in 1863, the office was filled by Henry Brougham Loch, Esq., C.B., who married a niece of the late Earl of Clarendon. He accompanied the Earl of Elgin on his mission to China and Japan, in 1857, and acted as his private secretary. He was one of those who were treacherously seized and imprisoned by the Chinese, and had a narrow escape after being subjected to many atrocities. He was succeeded by the present governor, Spencer Walpole, in 1882.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

The Manx Church is the oldest in the British Isles, and has passed unscathed, and without violent convulsions, from the earliest times to the present, wisely and quietly adapting itself to the varying wants of the people. The bishopric has been handed down without a break, and is now looked upon as our most venerable see, and so acknowledged in the Houses of Convocation.

From tradition and numerous remains we are led to infer that the Isle of Man was one of the head quarters of the Druids, and that the mystic rites of that ancient faith were supplanted by the worship of Odin and other deities of the Norsemen.

Some early writers tell us that the Christian religion was known on the island during the early part of the Roman occupation of Britain. It is generally supposed that it was introduced by St. Patrick, who, in the year 447, when on a voyage to Ireland, in company with a number of fellow-workers, was driven by stress of weather to take shelter on the shores of Man, and landed on Holme Isle,* near Peel, which has ever since gone by the name of St. Patrick's Isle. He remained in Man three years, and many tales are related of his miracles and astonishing success in the conversion of the people. From tradition we learn that St. Patrick treated the Isle of Man in the same manner as he did Ireland, and expelled from it snakes, toads, and other venomous reptiles, none of which are to this day to be found. Previous to his departure he consecrated one of his companions, Germanus, as a missionary bishop, to carry on the good work which had been begun. After Germanus were Conindrius and Romuilus, also missionary bishops, of whom we know nothing more than their names.

* Or at Jurby Point, which was at one time an island, and also called St. Patrick's Island.

The first diocesan bishop appears to have been St. Maughold, a noted personage in Manx history. We are told that he was an Irish bandit, who was converted to Christianity by St. Patrick, and as an act of penance for his many sins, caused himself, in 498, to be placed with his hands and feet manacled, in one of the little frail wicker-boats, covered with hides, that were used in those early days. He was tossed to and fro, and at last was cast on the shores of Man, at the north-east headland, which now bears his name.

When released he retired to the hills, and lived a life so eminently pious that he was compelled by the unanimous voice of the people to leave his mountain retreat and assume the mitre. He was consecrated by Conindrius and Romuilus eleven years after his arrival in Man. Before him there could have been no bishop, as there was no church, for Conindrius and Romuilus were not diocesan but missionary bishops, *episcopi vagantes*, who after they had planted Christianity in Man, returned to their own country. So great was the reputation of St. Maughold for sanctity, both far and wide, that it is said the most holy St. Bridget crossed from Ireland to receive the veil at his hands.* St. Bridget established a nunnery near Douglas, some vestiges of which still remain.

St. Maughold divided the island into sixteen parishes. The parish of St. German was divided into two by Bishop Wilson, in 1715, and thus St. Patrick's parish was added to the sixteen, making the number, as at present, seventeen.

Before the division of the island into parishes it was divided by St. Germanus into treens, numbering 150, or thereabouts, and a small chapel erected in each.

Considerable dispute has arisen as to the origin of the word *treen*, and also that of *quarterland*, the name of the small divisions into which each sheading of the island is divided. In an old ballad of 1520 it is stated that "to each four quarterlands a chapel was made." The Manx *tree* signifies three, and it has been suggested that *treen* means a portion of land dividing tithe into three. Others maintain that it is

* Dr. Oliver 'Churches of Man,' p. 75, says the Annals of Ulster place his obit in A.D. 488. This is an error. The Annals of Ulster in that year, or rather in 489, place the death of S. Maccaile, who gave the veil to S. Brigid, and whose church was in Cruachan of Brighele in the region of Hifalga. This saint was wholly different from the Apostle of Man. The Irish annalists place the death of *Machaldus* in the year 554.—*Vide* 'Irish Eccle. Record,' vol. v. p. 241.

derived from the Manx *stroans*, streams or river boundaries. We venture to suggest that it is derived from the Celtic word "Tré," town, village, hamlet, homestead, home. The treens, for the most part, consisted of four quarterlands—in Manx *kerroo valla*—four vills, hence probably the name. Quarterland may have something to do with a payment anciently made to the sovereigns.

After St. Maughold we know little of the ecclesiastical history of Man for many years. We have, however, a long string of bishops, some of whom appear to have given their names to the parishes. They are St. Lomanus, St. Conaghan, St. Marown, Conanus, Contentus, Baldus, Malchus, St. Brandon, Roolwer, William, Aumond M'Olave, and Wymund.

Wymund had been a monk of Furness, and was consecrated by the Archbishop of York in 1113. Whether the Archbishop of Armagh (as successor of St. Patrick) had been for a time acknowledged as Metropolitan, is uncertain. It is not improbable, for the See of York was not constituted till the middle of the seventh century, and the first consecration we hear of by the Archbishop of York was that of Wymund.

During this early period Man appears to have been famed as a seat of learning, and the kings of Scotland are said to have sent their sons there to be educated.

Previous to the consecration of Bishop Wymund the island had been conquered by the Norwegians, who had also taken possession of the Western Isles of Scotland, and united the bishoprics of Sodor and Man, Drontheim being the metropolitan see.

A great deal has been written respecting the origin of the word Sodor. Some have thought it was the name of a place, which they have variously fixed at St. Michael's Isle, near Castletown, St. Patrick's Isle, near Peel, and on the Isle of Iona, in the west of Scotland. The opinion generally received is that Sodor is a corruption of the name Sudoer or Southern Islands, contrasted with Nordoer or Nordereys, the Northern Isles, i.e., the Orkney and Shetland Isles. The bishopric of Sodor was first instituted by Pope Gregory the Fourth, in 838, and placed in the Isle of Iona, among the Hebrides. The bishops of the Western Isles possessed this title until the Norwegians conquered the Isle of Man, and then the bishoprics were united, making the joint-title of Sodor and Man. This arrangement continued till near the close of the 14th century, or nearly 300 years, when the English obtaining possession of the Isle of Man, and the Scotch of the Western Isles, the

bishoprics became again divided. The Scotch did not retain the term Bishop of Sodor, but used the style of Bishop of the Isles. The English seem to have transferred the name Sodor to the little isle on which the cathedral of St. German stood, and the Manx bishops retained the title, "Sodor and Man," on the same principle that the kings of England retained the title of King of France, long after they ceased to be possessed of any territory therein.

In the 5th volume of the Manx Society's publications Dr. Oswald maintains that the name Sodor is derived from the islet at Peel, now called St. Patrick's Isle, and upon which stands St. German's Cathedral. He says:—"The styles of the Bishops of the Isles was *Episcopus Insularum Soterensium* until the English wrested Mann from the Scots, when the Bishopric was divided into two, the *Episcopus Sodorensis et Manniæ* and the *Episcopus Insularum* severally. These styles have been separated nearly five hundred years; and seeing that, at the time of their separation, the Scottish prelates did not retain the designation *Sotorensis*, it is a tacit admission that they considered it then to belong of right to the Manx See. . . . . As this island originally formed a separate portion of the Bishopric of the Isles, Sodor must have been the designation by which it was recognised in the title *Episcopus Sotorensis et Insularum*. This name would be taken from the site of the Manx Cathedral, where Christianity first took root, with more propriety than from the island itself, and which remained full of heathenism; and the retention of the word *Insularum* in the Manx title would have been considered a pre-eminent and invidious distinction. Hence it may be fairly concluded that the most probable origin of the word *Sodor*, which has been so much disputed, is referable to the Isle of Man itself, and that the reason why, as a lesser, it precedes Mannia, the greater, is because it was in use from the first ages, and formed part of the styles of the ancient bishops in those sees, before the entire island was subjugated to Christianity." *

During the time of the Norwegian occupation of Man, the following bishops occupied the see after Wymund: John, 1151; Gamaliel, 1154; Reginald, 1181; Christian, 1190; Michael, 1195; Nicholas de Meaux, 1203; Reginal, 1216;

* "Sodor" may, however, be derived from a Celtic word such as "Sawdwr," borderer; "Sawdr," "Sawdyr," verge; or "Soth," what is on the outside.

John, 1226; Simon, 1230; Lawrence, 1247; and Richard, 1253.

They appear generally to have been elected by the monks of the Abbey of Furness, in Lancashire, in accordance with a charter granted to the Abbey in 1134, by Olave, the King of Man, in which he says:—"I, Olave, with the assent of the wise and good in council, have decreed and resolved that the Christian religion in my kingdom shall be preserved entire under its own bishop, rather than be rendered desolate under strangers, and as it were mercenaries, who seek their own and not the Lord's advantage. Know therefore and bear testimony to the truth, that by virtue of my discretion, I have committed and for ever granted to the church of the blessed Mary of Furness, on account of the proximity of the place, yea and for the excellent life of the inhabitants, the honour of the said episcopal election and the observance of my whole law of Christianity, saving always the reverence due to the Apostolic See."

In the same year he also granted to the Abbot of Furness a portion of his lands towards building Rushen Abbey, which edifice was not completed and consecrated until the time of Bishop Richard in 1257. It was ordained that the whole of the insular revenues of the church should be apportioned thus: one-third for the bishop's maintenance, another third to the Abbey of Rushen for the education of youth and relief of the poor, and the remaining third to the parochial priests for their subsistence.

The bishops were consecrated sometimes by the Archbishop of York, and sometimes by the Archbishop of Drontheim, in Norway; the struggle between York and Drontheim for the honour doubtless arising from the peculiar union of the two sees of Sodor and Man.

As in the case of most of the kings of Man, the prelates were interred at various places, such as Rushen Abbey, the Cathedral of St. German, the Isle of Iona, Furness Abbey, or where they might be visiting at the time of their decease.

Bishop Simon, whose remains have lately been discovered in the Cathedral of St. German, was a person of great discretion, and learned in the Holy Scriptures, and he governed the church with prudence and piety. He is said to have commenced the building of the cathedral or to have rebuilt it. He held a synod in 1239, in which thirteen canons were enacted, most of them relating to the probate of wills, the clergy's dues, and other inferior matters.

Bishop Richard, in 1257, procured from King Magnus, the last of Godred Crovan's descendants, a charter constituting the bishopric a feudal barony, with more than the privileges and none of the responsibility of a feudal prince, leaving to his rival, the king, all the expense and burden of defending the island against external and internal enemies. The grant included the whole of the Isle of St. Patrick, the village of Kirk Christ Lezayre, half of the fishery on Mirescoge Lake, and all kinds of mines of lead and iron which might be discovered in the Isle of Man. This charter was confirmed by Sir John Stanley, Lord of Man, in 1423.

The first Bishop of Sodor and Man after the Scottish conquest was Mark, a native of Galloway, and a nominee of Alexander, King of Scotland. He obtained his consecration, in 1275, at the hands of the Archbishop of Drontheim. He was also the first "Sword-Bishop" of the island (i.e. governor as well as bishop). Becoming obnoxious to the Manx, he was banished. For this act the island was put under an interdict for three years. He was then recalled, when he laid a perpetual fine of a penny (called the "smoke penny") on every house. This tax remains in force to the present day, and is usually collected by the clerks of the parishes, as a part of their emoluments. Mark held a synod at Kirk Braddan in 1291, in which thirty-four canons were enacted. On the death of Alexander, when Edward I. obtained the Isle of Man, he made Mark do fealty to him, in 1296, and then appointed him Chancellor of Scotland. He became blind in his old age, and died in 1298.

After Mark a number of Scotchmen succeeded to the bishopric, named respectively Onanus, 1303; Mauritius, 1305; Allen, 1305; Gilbert, 1321; Bernard, 1323; and Thomas, 1334.

A silver bracelet of "Thomas, by the grace of God Bishop of Man," was dug up in 1855 in a garden near Dublin.

On the death of Thomas, one William Russell, who had been Abbot of Rushen for eighteen years, was elected bishop by the unanimous vote of the clergy of Man. He was consecrated in 1348 by Pope Clement VI. He shook off the yoke of the Archbishop of Drontheim, and died in 1374. The year before his death he founded the Friary of Bimaken, in Kirk Arbory.

John Dunkan, a Manxman, was elected by the clergy of Man, and, going to Avignon, was confirmed by Pope Gregory XI., and consecrated. On his journey home he was made prisoner at Bolonia, in Picardy, and lay in irons two

years, and at last was forced to ransom himself for 500 marks; so that he was not installed till the year 1374. No Manxman since his time has been Bishop of Man.

On his death, in 1380, the two sees were divided; the clergy of Iona electing a bishop for the Western Isles, and the clergy of Man electing Robert Waldby, who was Bishop of Man for twenty-two years, and was afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

He was succeeded in 1402 by John Sprotton, the first bishop mentioned in the Statute Book of the Isle of Man, and the last before the patronage of the bishopric devolved to the house of Stanley.

We have seen that from 1134, the date of Olave's charter to the Abbot of Furness, until the Scottish conquest of Man in 1275, the appointment of the Bishop of Sodor and Man rested with the monks of Furness. For the next century they were appointed by the Scotch monarchs; but when the Scotch had lost hold of the island during the unsettled period of the contests between Bruce and Baliol, they appear to have been appointed by the Manx clergy, until the island was granted by Henry IV., in 1406, to the Stanleys, along with the patronage of the bishopric, abbeys, priories, parsonages, and vicarages. The bishops of Man were afterwards nominated by the lords of Man, and appointed by the king of England, but without a seat in the British Parliament.

We know little of the men who were bishops of Man from the accession of the Stanleys to the time of the Reformation, a period during which England was being torn asunder by the Wars of the Roses.

Their names are Richard Pulley, 1429; John Green, 1448; Thomas Burton, 1452; Richard Oldham, 1481; Huan Hesketh, 1487; Thomas Stanley, 1548.

As was stated in the chapter on civil history, the Lords of Man succeeded in placing the civil above the ecclesiastical power in the Isle of Man more than a century before Henry VIII. of England grappled with the exorbitant demands of Rome. But although the Reformation had in reality taken place in Man years before it was accomplished in the surrounding countries, the Abbey of Rushen, the Priory of Douglas, and the Friary of Bimaken, were the last religious houses that were dissolved in the British Isles; the lands and impropriate tithes being granted to the Earl of Derby, the Lord of the Isle.

It was enacted by the insular government in 1541: "That

the Bishop of Man hath no power to present any person to the vicarage, or to any living, except the four which are in his own gift, without the lord's own special presentation, or take any church into lapse, for it is the lord's prerogative royal, as he is the immediate Metropolitan of the body Church within the isle." The livings in the gift of the bishop are those of Patrick, German, Jurby, and Braddan.

Thomas Stanley, who was consecrated Bishop of Sodor and Man in 1542, was son of Sir Edward Stanley, of Hornby Castle, Lancashire, first Lord Monteagle. It is said that he was deprived by Henry VIII., in 1545, for his non-compliance with the Statute 33rd Henry VIII., dissevering the Isle of Man from Canterbury, and annexing it to the province of York. As the Isle of Man had in ancient times been connected with the province of York, it is difficult to understand the reasons of Stanley's non-compliance, if such were the case. At the same time, as the patronage of the diocese of Sodor and Man was not Henry's, he could have no ground for interference in the matter, any more than in the dissolution of the Monastery of Rushen, the Isle of Man not being part of the realm of England, or subject to the laws of England.

His successor was Robert Ferrar, who was translated to the See of St. David's in 1546. In the reign of Queen Mary he was burnt at the stake for his Lutheran opinions.

Henry Mann was appointed to the bishopric in 1546. He continued to hold the see through the reign of Edward VI., and part of that of Mary, and died in quiet possession in 1556.

Thomas Stanley was then restored by Mary, and was not deposed by Elizabeth. He was constituted governor of Man as well as bishop. In addition to the See of Man, he had a dispensation from the Pope to hold his other preferments, viz. the rectory of Wigan, rectory of Winwick, rectory of North Moels (Southport), and he had the livings of Badsworth and of Berwick.

The custom of the Manx bishops of holding livings in England appears to have been thought an evil by the great Stanley, the seventh Earl of Derby, for during the period of the struggle between the English King and Parliament he wrote to his son:—"Choose a reverend and holy man for your bishop, who may carefully see the whole clergy do their duties. It hath been a custom heretofore that such persons have been chosen to the place who were already beneficed in England, to the end they might better be enabled to live with

reputation and honour to the country. But I have considered a further matter in it. For, by the law and custom here, the lord and bishop agreeing might lease any part of the bishopric for twenty-one years, for lives, or further time, &c., which hath usually been done, and at this time it is so. Whereby, you see, few bishops have at any time enjoyed the full benefit, and have contented themselves to be called lords. But in a few years the leases will be expired, and then the bishopric shall be worth the having. And, considering the cheapness of the place, I know few bishops in England can live better than he, the whole being entire. Nevertheless, I would not lose the power hereof; but, to keep up my prerogative (unto which, of all things, have a most especial regard), you may give way to leasing some petty thing or other of little moment. One of the chief things I herein consider is, that if the greatest part of the bishopric be leased, you will find few worthy men desirous of the place. And, if men be beneficed already they will seldom live in the isle, which, indeed, I would have the whole clergy obliged unto; for so will they do God service; they will relieve and instruct the poor people better."

Bishop Stanley died in 1569, and his successor was John Salisbury, who had a share in translating the Bible into Welsh. After his decease in 1573, the see was vacant for four years.

In 1577 John Merrick was sworn bishop of the isle, and was afterwards also appointed governor. He drew up the account of the island published in 'Camden's Britannia.' In a letter to the celebrated antiquary he says:—"The Manx abhor the civil and ecclesiastical dissensions of the neighbouring countries. There never were any religious feuds in the island, but there never were any penal or incapacitating laws to create them, or impede the inhabitants from worshipping their Maker in the form which their consciences dictate."

He died in 1599, and was succeeded by George Lloyd, in 1600, who was promoted to the See of Chester four years afterwards.

He was followed in 1605 by John Phillips,* who was a native of North Wales, and translated the Prayer Book into the Manx language. The MS. is still extant, and was ex-

* Bishop Phillips had been previously Archdeacon, and administered the affairs of the diocese during the period of "the Commonwealth" with care and prudence.

hibited at a meeting of the Manx Society, September 1st, 1863. The Manx Prayer Book was first printed in London in 1765, and apparently without reference to Bishop Phillips' MS., for Bishop Wilson, writing about the latter some time before his death in 1755, says: "It is still extant, but of no use to the present generation." Chaloner, who wrote a 'History of the Island,' and lived in the time of Bishop Phillips, does not mention the Prayer Book, but tells us the Bishop translated the Bible into Manx, and mentions the clergy who assisted in the work. In this Chaloner appears to have been mistaken, for Bishop Wilson writes:—"It has been often said that the Holy Bible was by Bishop Phillips' care translated into the Manx language, but upon the best inquiry that can be made there was no more attempted by him than a translation of the Common Prayer." Bishop Phillips died in 1633, and was buried in St. German's Cathedral. He is said to have been one of the most celebrated preachers of his time, and eminent for the amiable qualities of his nature.

William Foster was raised to the episcopal dignity, and died two years afterwards, in 1635, when he was succeeded by Richard Parr, who died in 1644.

The see remained vacant for sixteen years, during the civil war and the long Parliament. The island having been granted to Lord Fairfax, and the see having been for the time suppressed, that nobleman generously applied the revenues of the bishopric to the support of the clergy, and the maintenance of free schools at Douglas, Ramsey, Peel, and Castletown. The episcopal clergy do not appear to have been disturbed—their ministrations seem to have been conducted as before the change.

Soon after the restoration of monarchy in England, the Isle of Man was restored to the Earl of Derby, and in 1660 he appointed Samuel Rutter, who had previously been Archdeacon, to the bishopric. During the famous siege of Latham House by the Parliamentary forces, Rutter had acted as chaplain to the Countess of Derby and the garrison, and he had been the tutor of the Earl, his patron, and also the friend of the late Earl, the Great Stanley, who was beheaded at Bolton. He died in 1663, and was buried at St. German's Cathedral, Peel.

His successor was Dr. Isaac Barrow, who was made governor of the isle as well as bishop. He is said to have been learned, and to have rendered eminent services to religion, and to have been a great benefactor to the island. Bishop Barrow was the first to found parochial schools in the

isle, and he obtained an annual grant of 100*l.* from the Royal Bounty for the poor clergy. He made collections in England, and with the proceeds he not only purchased from the Earl of Derby, the Lord of Man, the one-third of the tithes which had hitherto been appropriated by the lords, but erected the free academic school at Castletown. He also repaired all the churches, and augmented, out of the tithes he had purchased from the lord, the salaries of the poorer clergy. Not satisfied with that, he gave two estates of his own, called Ballagilley and Hango Hill, which he placed in the hands of trustees for the maintenance of three boys at the academic school. These estates, together with those afterwards given by Bishop Wilson, have been so well cared for by the trustees, and their revenues so increased, that in 1830, with some other assistance, the trustees were enabled to establish the King William's College, near Castletown.

This good man, to the great loss of the island, was removed to St. Asaph, and was succeeded, in 1671, by Dr. Henry Bridgeman, Dean of Chester.

The following year Dr. John Lake was made bishop, but was translated to Bristol in 1684, and to Chichester in 1685. He was one of the prelates who were committed to the Tower of London by James II., in 1688, for petitioning against the publication of the celebrated "Declaration for Liberty of Conscience."

Dr. Levinz was installed in 1684, and died in 1693. The see was then kept vacant for four years. The proceeds of the bishopric for the last year of the vacancy were devoted by the Earl of Derby to building St. Mary's Chapel, in Castletown.

King William, on the complaint of the Archbishop of York, urged the subject on the Earl of Derby, and threatened that he himself would fill up the vacancy. The Earl then appointed his domestic chaplain, Dr. Thomas Wilson, one of the most memorable characters in the annals of Manx history, and one of the greatest ornaments that ever adorned the Anglican Church. He was consecrated January 16th, 1697-8, after much persuasion, and, to use his own words, "he was forced into it." His life is intimately connected with the history of the island for a period of sixty years, during which time nearly all the energies of his capacious mind were devoted to the spiritual welfare of the flock over which he presided.

On arriving in the island he found a people who spoke a language he did not understand, who were not only depressed by poverty and ignorance, but much debased by the illicit trade which they then followed to a large extent. He at once put his shoulder to the wheel, and set to work to cleanse the Augean stable. Ere long the difficulty of the language was overcome, and he was able to preach in the native Manx dialect. His 'Principles and Duties of Christians,' published in 1699, is said to have been the first work printed in the Manx language.

By economy and good management the revenues of the see were greatly increased, and he was able not only to maintain his position properly, but also to give largely to the poor. He assisted in repairing many of the old churches, and also in founding new ones, and established parochial libraries throughout the island. He enlarged considerably the episcopal palace at Bishop's Court, making it commodious enough for the reception of a number of students, whom he had educated under his own superintendence, for the purpose of having a succession of competent clergymen. He published sermons, homilies, and ecclesiastical constitutions that were passed into the laws of the island, and were so much approved of by the Lord Chancellor King, that he declared if the ancient discipline of the church were lost elsewhere "it might be found in all its purity in the Isle of Man."

He was, however, a rigid disciplinarian, and a great stickler for maintaining his episcopal authority in all matters of religion or morality. He manifested an attachment approaching to bigotry to the Crown and the Church, and shrunk from every question that tended to disturb the faith either of himself or of his flock, and even excluded discussion on such points.

A copy of some publication which he considered antagonistic to the discipline and dignity of the Established Church, having been presented to one of the parochial libraries under his control, he ordered it to be seized. Captain Horne, who was Governor of the island, in opposition to the Bishop imprisoned the person who had acted under the prelate's authority, till the book was restored. This led to more serious disputes between the Governor and the Bishop, and after many minor disagreements the climax was reached.

Mrs. Horne, the Governor's wife, having cast aspersions on the moral character of Sir J. Pool, and on that of a Mrs. Pullar,

the governor's chaplain, Archdeacon Horrobin, debarred the latter from the sacrament.* Mrs. Pullar, to vindicate her honour, not only made oath herself before the Bishop, but got Sir James to do so too, that both were perfectly innocent of the charge brought by Mrs. Horne. Agreeably to the Manx law, their accuser was called upon to produce proof, and to establish the charge. Mrs. Horne did not come forward, and in consequence the Bishop passed sentence against her for contempt, and also as a calumniator, and called upon her publicly to apologize.† This the lady refused to do, and the bishop therefore debarred her from the Holy Communion. The Governor prevailed on his chaplain to admit Mrs. Horne to the next sacrament, upon hearing of which the Bishop immediately suspended the chaplain. Thus far the Bishop was in the right; but instead of appealing, as he ought to have done, to the superior, his metropolitan, the Archbishop of York, to whom the only legal appeal could be made, he threw himself at once into the civil court of the island, of which the Governor was head.

The result was that the Bishop was fined 50*l.*, and his two vicars-general, Dr. Walker and the Rev. John Curghey, 20*l.* each; and on their refusing to pay they were all arrested, in 1772, and imprisoned in the dungeon of Castle Rushen, and after remaining there nine weeks were compelled to pay the fines.

* The discipline for incontinence after trial in Court, if the parties were found guilty was generally conducted in the following manner:—The penitent, clothed in a white sheet, was brought into the church immediately before the Litany, and there continued standing until the sermon was ended, and after a proper exhortation from the pastor, the congregation were desired to pray for him; thus he was dealt with every Sunday, till received again into the church. Sometimes they were bare-footed and bare-headed, and covered with a white linen sheet, and had a small white wand in their hand, and had also to stand at the market cross for two hours on a market day with a schedule on their breast intimating their crime.

† Waldron says, "If any person be convicted of uttering a scandalous report, and cannot make good the assertion, instead of being fined or imprisoned, they are sentenced to stand in the market place on a scaffold erected for that purpose, with their tongue in a noose made of leather, which they call a bridle; and having been thus exposed to the view of the people for some time, on the taking off this machine they are obliged to say three times, *Tongue, thou hast lied.*"

The people, on hearing of their imprisonment, assembled in great numbers; but the Bishop spoke to them out of his prison window, and restrained them from any acts of violence on his behalf, saying that "he would appeal unto Cæsar." The case was fully stated by the Bishop in a petition to the king in council. It was rejected on the grounds of informality, as the application for redress on the part of the prisoners should have been made to the Earl of Derby. When the matter was referred to that nobleman, he replied: "That not having had any previous intimation of the proceedings from any of the constituted authorities of the Isle of Man, he could give no answer to the complaint; but that he believed the persons complained of to be well-meaning men, and no doubt the matter in the Bishop's petition was misrepresented."

The result of this business, after two years' prosecution, was that the whole proceedings were declared illegal, and the fines were restored; but for recovery of damages from the Governor, or even the costs of the suit, no provision was made.

Queen Anne, to mark her esteem for the Bishop, offered him the much more wealthy see of Exeter, which he at once refused, saying, that he thought he could be more useful in the Isle of Man than elsewhere. On which the Queen turned round to her nobles and said, "Here, my lords, is a bishop that does not care for translation." "Oh no, and please your majesty," replied the good man, "I will not leave my wife because she is poor."

His character was known all over the civilized world. The celebrated Cardinal Fleury had so deep a reverence for him that he obtained an order from the French King that no French ship should attack the Isle of Man during the war then being waged between England and France. He and Cardinal Fleury were the two oldest ecclesiastics in Europe. A tale is told of Bishop Wilson having ordered a cloak from his tailor, which he desired to be made perfectly plain, and with only one button and loop to fasten it. "But, my lord," said the tailor, "what would become of the poor button-makers and their families, if every one thought as you do—why, they would be starved outright." "Do you say so, John?" replied the Bishop; "well, then, button it all over, John."

At last, in 1755, at the ripe age of 93, and in the 58th year of his bishopric, this good man died. His mortal remains were carried to the grave by his tenantry, and he was attended

to his last resting-place in Kirk Michael churchyard by nearly the whole population of the island. A plain stone marks his grave. It was erected by his son, Dr. Thomas Wilson, and by the express command of the good old prelate it bears no flattering epitaph, but merely the simple fact that he lies beneath it, and the words "Let this Island speak the rest."

On the demise of Bishop Wilson, the Duke of Athol (in whose person the patronage of the see was vested, he being Lord of the Isle) waived his right of nomination, and referred it to the bench of English bishops to point out a man worthy of wearing the mitre which the late prelate had so much adorned. Dr. Mark Hildesley, rector of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, was unanimously recommended by the English bishops, as a person in every respect eminently qualified to fill the vacant see. He was consequently consecrated Bishop of Man on the 25th of March, 1755.

Immediately on his appointment he set about completing the translation of the Scriptures into Manx, a work which had been begun by Bishop Wilson, who, at his own expense, had printed the Gospel of St. Matthew.

With the assistance of the clergy, Bishop Hildesley completed the design. So deeply was he interested in its accomplishment that he was often heard to say, "He only wished to live to see it finished, and then he would be happy." On Saturday, November 28th, 1772, he received the last part of the translation, and on the following day he preached in his own chapel on the uncertainty of human life. The next morning he was seized with a fit of palsy, which deprived him of his intellectual faculties, and he calmly departed this life on the 7th December, 1772, deeply regretted by the inhabitants of his diocese. It is stated that the Rev. Dr. Kelly, author of the Manx Grammar, when on a voyage from the Isle of Man to Whitehaven, whither he was proceeding with a portion of the Manx translation of the Bible, for the purpose of having it printed, was wrecked in a heavy storm, and the only thing, besides the lives of the crew and passengers, that was saved, was this MS. translation, which Dr. Kelly had contrived to hold above water for a period of five hours. Bishop Hildesley, whenever the subject was mentioned, used jocularly to compare the saving of this MS. to the circumstance of Cæsar saving his Commentaries at the naval battle of Alexandria, when he swam on shore with one hand, and held up his Commentaries with the other. Bishop Hildesley

was the first who introduced Sunday schools into the Isle of Man.

His successor was Dr. Richard Richmond, who was consecrated in 1773 and died in 1780.

The Rev. John Wesley visited the Isle in 1777, and again in 1786, and preached with great success to immense multitudes in the churchyards and market-places. He wrote in his journal: "Having now visited the island round, east, south, north, and west, I was thoroughly convinced that we have no such circuit as this either in England, Scotland, or Ireland. Here are no Papists, nor Dissenters of any kind, no Calvinists, no disputers. Here is no opposition either from the Governor, a mild and humane man; from the Bishop, a good man; or from the bulk of the clergy. The isle is supposed to have 30,000 inhabitants. Allowing half of them to be adults, and our societies to contain one or two-and-twenty hundred members, what a fair proportion is this! What has been seen like this in any part either of Great Britain or Ireland?" The Wesleyans and Primitive Methodists now number together almost as many on the island as the Established Church.

George Mason was the next bishop, but only held the bishopric three years. He died in 1783.

His successor was Dr. Claudius Crigan, who was nominated by the Dowager Duchess of Athol during the minority of her son.

On his death the see was kept vacant until the Honourable George Murray, son of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. David's, and nephew of the Duke of Athol, arrived at the age which, by the canons of the church, he could be consecrated. The consecration took place in April, 1813, and becoming very unpopular in his diocese, by such acts as that of enforcing the collection of tithes on potatoes, he was translated, in 1827, to the see of Rochester. He was the last prelate appointed by the lord of the island.

The next, Dr. William Ward, Rector of Great Hawksley, Essex, was the first nominee of the British Crown. He was appointed Bishop of Sodor and Man in 1827, but in 1836 an act was passed suppressing the see, and annexing it to that of Carlisle. Shortly afterwards, however, this act was repealed, and the ancient see left intact. Bishop Ward was the means of adding largely to the church accommodation of the island, and succeeded in raising 8000*l.* for this purpose in England,

and nearly 4000*l.* in the island. Out of this sum eight new churches were erected, and others enlarged. He also greatly promoted the erection of King William's College. He died at Great Hawksley, January 26th, 1838. Before his death he exerted himself for the restoration of the bishopric to the island, and was seconded in his endeavours by his clergy, and the leading members of the laity of the church, together with the strong remonstrances of the bishops of the English church. These endeavours proved in the end successful, and the bishopric was restored by special Act of Parliament, in 1838, but not before Dr. Ward's decease.

The new bishop appointed by the Crown on the act being passed was the Rev. James Bowstead, whose installation took place in St. Mary's Chapel, Castletown, September 5th, 1838.

The following year the insular legislature passed an act commuting the tithes of the isle for 5050*l.*, which sum is apportioned as follows :—"1515*l.* to the Lord Bishop; 707*l.* to the Archdeacon, who is also Rector of Andreas; 303*l.* each to the Rectors of Ballaugh and Bride; 141*l.* 8*s.* each to the Vicars of Arbory, Braddan, Onchan, German, Jurby, Lezayre, Lonan, Malew, Maughold, Marown, Michael, Patrick, Rushen, and Santon, and to the trustees nominated in conveyance of the impropriate tithes of Michael, made by Bishop Wilson for the benefit of clergyman's widows; 101*l.* to the Chaplain of a chapel of ease in Andreas. These amounts are independent of the lands attached to the bishopric, and the glebes attached to the vicarages.

In 1840 Bishop Bowstead was translated to the see of Lichfield, and was succeeded by Dr. Henry Pepys, brother to Lord Chancellor Cottenham.

He was translated to Worcester the following year, and his successor was Dr. Thomas Vowler Short, who, at the close of 1846, was translated to St. Asaph.

Dr. Walter Augustus Shirley was appointed bishop in 1847, but died three months after his installation.

The Right Hon. and Rev. Robert John Eden, Lord Auckland, was consecrated in 1847.

In 1854 he was translated to Bath and Wells, and succeeded by the Hon. and Right Rev. Horatio Powys, third son of Lord Lilford. His Lordship's ancestors were of the Welsh line of the kings of Man, who reigned in the 9th century. His Lordship greatly added to the episcopal residence of Bishop's Court, to which, through his exertions,

was also added the new chapel as a memorial to Bishop Wilson. On the death of Bishop Powys, the Right Rev. Rowley Hill (formerly Vicar of Sheffield and Canon of York) succeeded. He was consecrated in York Minster, August 24th, 1877.

The ancient arms of the Bishops of Sodor and Man were St. Columba in a cockboat at sea. The present arms of the bishopric are, on three ascents, the Virgin Mary, her arms extended between two pillars, on the dexter a church, in base, the present arms of the island, ground, an ornamented shield, surmounted by a bishop's mitre.

AGRICULTURE.

The cultivation of the soil is the natural occupation of the large majority of the people of the island, and the general mildness of the climate favours this kind of pursuit.

The crops principally grown by the farmers are wheat, oats, and barley; turnips, potatoes, and hay coming perhaps next in order. Wheat is much cultivated in the north and also at the south of the island, and it is shipped in considerable quantities from Ramsey and Castletown to Whitehaven and other places, where, as a grain, it is much appreciated by the corn-dealers and merchants. The oats and barley crops are also excellent, and turnips and hay are grown in such quantities, and are of so fine a quality, that after insular consumers are supplied, a ready market is found for them across the water, Manx hay being especially appreciated in Cumberland and Westmorland.

Potatoes are grown more with a view to home consumption, yet many hundreds of tons are exported annually. The finest crops are produced in the northern part of the island, in the parishes of Bride, Jurby, and Andreas, the dry and sandy soil in these districts being eminently favourable to the growth of the potatoe. The crops raised in the south of the island are also of a fine description. This is generally accounted for by the natural presence of abundance of lime in the soil, which imparts to it more than an average richness. Indeed, the portions of the island particularly mentioned, viz., the parishes of Jurby, Bride, and Andreas in the north, and the land in the almost immediate neighbourhood of Castletown in the south, are the most fertile spots in Man, the poorest land being found in the parishes situated in the middle part of the island.

In connection with the cultivation of the soil, cattle breeding and sheep farming are carried on to a fair extent. From time to time enterprising breeders of stock have imported, at a great cost, some of the best blood procurable in England, and insular farmers have availed themselves of

the opportunity thus afforded them to raise a superior stock of cattle upon their lands. A large number of fat cattle bred here are exported every year, being shipped from Douglas and Ramsey, but principally from the northern part during the month of April or beginning of May, which is the chief season for this traffic.

Sheep farming is also assiduously pursued, but there are no large "runs" in the island, if perhaps we except the mountain lands belonging to and inclosed by the Crown some years ago. Thousands of sheep over and above native wants are here, and at other parts, fed annually; and the Manx wether mutton, quantities of which are exported at Christmas time, is esteemed a great delicacy in England. Pigs and poultry are chiefly raised for home consumption.

The Manx dairy produce is barely sufficient to meet insular wants. In the summer season, owing to the great influx of visitors, the demand for these articles is enormous, and prices rise accordingly. In Douglas and other market towns fresh butter at such times reaches as high as 2*s.* per lb., while eggs are scarcely to be had at from six to eight for a shilling. Manx new milk is extremely good, and can be purchased at the moderate price of 3*d.* the quart; but the home-made cheese is, with a few exceptions, far from being on a level with that produced in England.

A cheese manufactory on a considerable scale has been lately started by A. W. Moore, Esq., in the neighbourhood of Douglas, and gives good promise of turning out a very superior article.

Fruit is not so much cultivated in the Isle of Man, nor is it on the whole as good as it was many years ago. At one time a species of Manx apple was cultivated which would vie in size and flavour with the best kind of English or American apple. Its produce has declined yearly, but gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, black and red currants, are still largely grown, especially at Rushen Abbey, in the south.

Agriculture, indeed, has made great strides during the last thirty years. The small holdings which prevailed in the country at one time have been gradually absorbed into larger farms. This has been principally due to the English and Scotch farmers who from time to time have either purchased or leased farms and settled down here, and who have introduced new and advanced methods of cultivation. Their example has been quickly followed by the native proprietors or cultivators of the soil, who, when an improvement is

pointed out to them, show a natural aptitude for promoting agriculture not much behind that exhibited by even the best Scotch farmers. Under the above-named impulse, tracts of country that for generations were permitted to lie worthless, as so much bog and marsh, have been thoroughly drained, and turned into capital crop-producing ground; and hills whose sides looked bleak and barren for centuries have been cultivated almost to their summits. The fact, too, that in the island leases are the rule, and tenancies merely from year to year, or at will, the great exception, materially aids the farmer in his efforts after agricultural improvement.

COMMERCE.

For the size of the island a considerable export trade is carried on with England in agricultural produce, minerals, and fish. Wheat, oats, and barley are largely grown for the English markets, and many shiploads of turnips, hay, and potatoes are also exported annually. Fat cattle and sheep figure in the same list, better price for stock of this description being more easily obtainable from English dealers than from the Manx butchers.

Ramsey is the principal port at which the trade is prosecuted, the north of the island being essentially agricultural; but occasionally heavy cargoes of this kind of produce leave the ports of Douglas and Castletown. Draught and carriage horses are also sent out in numbers from the island.

The minerals exported consist chiefly of lead, with a small proportion of silver intermixed, raised from the mines of Laxey and Foxdale. Iron has been found in small portions at Maughold Head, but the mines that were worked for some years are now closed.

A great quantity of lime, extracted from the limestone so prevalent in the south part of the island, is shipped from Castletown; and at Poolvash, in this neighbourhood, there is a practically inexhaustible supply of a species of black marble, admirably adapted for mantelpieces, clock-cases, tombstones, mural tables, &c., which only needs the attention of the speculator and capitalist to make it figure prominently in the commercial returns of the island. A company was some years ago formed for this and other purposes, and a line of rail from Douglas to Castletown now passes near these quarries, and greatly facilitates their profitable working.

The fish exported to England (chiefly to St. John's Market, Liverpool) consist of herring and cod, with turbot and sole occasionally. The principal cod banks lie ten or fifteen miles off the coast of Douglas and Ramsey, and the herrings are found in shoals off what is called the shoulder of the Calf of Man, and at other points ranging from Peel round to Douglas. The cod

season commences about February, and lasts to April; the herring season is from June to the latter end of August. The fleet belonging to Peel (which is the principal fishing centre), Port St. Mary, Port Erin, and Derby Haven, engaged in these fisheries, exceeds 600 sail, and there are nearly 6000 persons dependent upon the exertions of the fishermen. The plan generally adopted by buyers is to agree beforehand with the fishermen to give them a certain sum per head for cod, and per maise for herring, in order that they may have a monopoly of the Manx fish supply in the English markets. The value of the fisheries is variously estimated at from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* annually; but, in addition to fishing in Manx waters, a considerable part of the fleet prosecutes the mackerel fishing at Kinsale during March, April, and May; and, after an average successful season, the annual return from the combined pursuits is reckoned at about 100,000*l.* a year.

There are no native manufactures worth mentioning, the total absence of coal and the scarcity of iron rendering it impossible for the island to compete with England. Some excellent canvas and ropes are, however, manufactured at Tromode, in the parish of Braddan, for export; and a sterling Manx cloth is made at the Union Mills, which is much appreciated by Manxmen. There are also works at Douglas for the preparation of patent preserved potatoes, considerable quantities of which are yearly exported for the use of foreign passenger ships, merchantmen, and vessels of H.M. navy.

There are several net manufactories at Peel, and chemical works and boat-building is being carried on on a pretty large scale.

The articles imported consist mainly of English manufactured goods, besides tea, sugar, coffee, spirits, beer, molasses, flour, &c. In fact, nearly all that is required for domestic use, or for business objects, has to be brought from England. Many coasting smacks are employed in the carriage of coal from Whitehaven and Maryport, and from Wigtown and Troon, in Scotland. Timber is imported from Norway, and a large number of lean cattle from Ireland, for fattening purposes, and sheep from Scotland for breeding.

The chief carrying trade of the island is done by the vessels belonging to the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company.

The island is far from depending for its material prosperity upon its commerce. It relies principally on the visitors, except for whom the major part of the insular commerce would have no existence. From 80,000 to 100,000 visitors,

principally from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the midland counties, repair to the island yearly—the "season" lasting from Whit Monday to about the middle of September. It is calculated that strangers leave annually in the island from at least 120,000*l.* to 150,000*l.*

Every effort is being made by the Legislature of the island to render it more attractive and comfortable to visitors. At Douglas alone more than 100,000*l.* has been expended upon harbour works to improve the approaches to the town, and the accommodation and shelter for vessels. A grand promenade has been constructed along the shore, with a connecting new street to widen and improve the approaches to the upper part of the town from the newly-constructed landing pier. Other great improvements are in progress and contemplation.

SEA AND TROUT FISHING.

Tourists who enjoy sea-fishing may have capital sport all round the island; and boats, men, and tackle for the purpose are to be obtained at Douglas, Laxey, Ramsey, Ballaugh, Kirk Michael, Peel, Glen Meay, Port Erin, The Sound, Port St. Mary, Castletown, Port Soderick, and other smaller places.

The principal fish caught are mackerel, which are generally considered to allow of the finest sport; but there are also gurnet, codling, calig, bollen, conger-eel, carp, &c., &c.

Trout fishing may be had in most of the streams on the island, and in only a very few places, and for short distances, is the stranger prevented wandering at his will. The best trout stream, and the largest and most beautiful river on the island, is the Sulby, which enters the sea at Ramsey; and that town, or the village of Ballaugh, is the angler's favourite resting-place. The scenery in both neighbourhoods is very beautiful.

A pleasant but rather long day's fishing may be had by following the Glass river from Douglas to Injebreck, and thence crossing over the mountain pass and descending by the Sulby river to Ramsey. Another day is agreeably spent by fishing up the Sulby from Ramsey, and then crossing from Druidale by Brandy Well to Little London, and descending to St. John's by the Rhenass and Glen Helen river. At St. John's the train might be entered for Peel or Douglas. Many other similar excursions might be arranged.

PRACTICAL GUIDE

TO THE

ISLE OF MAN.

DOUGLAS SECTION.

DOUGLAS.

Douglas is by far the largest and most important town on the island. It contained a population of 15,719 at the last census, and during the busiest weeks of the tourist season it is capable of accommodating at one time no fewer than 20,000 visitors.

The town is beautifully situated in a magnificent bay, which contains a fine sandy shore washed by pure transparent water, most suitable as a bathing-ground.

The Rev. Mr. Cumming, when speaking of Douglas, says: "More than a century and a half ago it was a fishing hamlet, in the parish of Kirk Braddan, and sent up on a still summer Sabbath-eve its curling wreaths of turf-smoke from the little group of fishers' cots which nestled in the western angle of the bay, whilst fathom upon fathom of herring-nets lay drying around upon the sand-hills, since occupied by a ducal palace and aristocratic mansions."

The extent of the bay, along the shore, is about 3½ miles; and across from the headland of Bank's Howe, its northern boundary, to Douglas Head, on the south side, 2 miles.

When approached from the sea, or when viewed from the piers or neighbouring promontories, Douglas presents an imposing appearance; the villas and terraces of the new part of the town rising grandly one above another from the shore to the summit of the cliffs, with the spires of churches dotted here and there amongst the houses, and in the background the central mountain chain of the island. The Castle Mona Hotel, at one time the palace of the Dukes of Athol, is a prominent object on the shore; whilst above it stands the

castellated mansion of Falcon Cliff Tower, picturesquely perched on the adjoining cliff; and more distant, in the same direction, Derby Castle, a modern but elegant embattled building. To the south is the old and crowded part of the town, with its narrow streets, a fit haunt for the smugglers of the last century: but on the opposite side of the harbour are some pretty residences, and the Fort Anne Hotel, nestling at the foot of Douglas Head. The whole scene is enhanced by the two lighthouses, the piers, and the Tower of Refuge, the latter of which forms a picturesque object standing on the Conister, or St. Mary's Rocks, in the middle of the bay.

Douglas being thus favourably situated, is the principal resting-place for visitors to the island, and it provides accommodation for strangers of all ranks. The nobility and gentry will find every want supplied at the Castle Mona and other first-class hotels and lodging-houses, and there are hotels, boarding-houses, and private lodgings, suitable for the tradesman and for travellers of every degree, down to the poorest of the operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

In order that the stranger may gain a knowledge of the town, and feel at home during his sojourn in the place, we will premise that he takes a long stroll for that object, and as he would in all probability first set foot on the island at one of the piers in the harbour, we will commence the walk from that point.

The Old or Red Pier is 520 feet long and 40 feet broad, with a circular head and small lighthouse. It was erected by the English government, at a cost of 26,000*l*., and the first stone was laid on the 24th of July, 1793, by John, Duke of Athol; but the whole structure was not finished till 1801. It is built of stone from the neighbouring quarry on the Heads, and sandstone from near Runcorn, in Cheshire.

An ancient pier, which stood on the same site, was destroyed by a violent gale on the 19th of November, 1786, and the ruins of the structure were left sunk at the mouth of the harbour, rendering the approach dangerous. The consequence was that on the 21st of September, 1787, a portion of the Manx herring fleet was lost in endeavouring to gain the harbour during a storm.

The lighthouse standing on the pier is merely for the harbour. When there are 9 feet of water, a red ball is hoisted on a flagstaff, if light; and if dark, a white light is shown; signifying that steamers can then enter the harbour and land passengers; but when there is not that depth of water,

no ball is hoisted and no light shown, and the passengers have to alight at the adjoining new low-water landing-pier.

In summer the visitors congregate here in the evenings to see the arrivals of the steamers from Liverpool, Barrow, and Fleetwood, and then the pier is very animated.

Numerous cabs, and porters for carrying luggage, are in readiness, and people come to canvass for the lodging-houses. The charge for cabs to any part of the town, within a stated radius, being 1*s.* 6*d.*, and farther distant, 2*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*; and there are also fixed rates for porters. (See page xvi.) Lost luggage will, as a rule, be found safe at the Left Luggage Office, belonging to the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company, close to the Custom House, on the Quay. The cabmen and porters are duly numbered, and, on complaint made to the authorities, are accountable for negligence or misconduct.

Generally on fine summer evenings there are music and dancing on the pier close to the harbour lighthouse.

Standing at this point, and looking in the direction of the south side of the harbour, the spectator sees the lighthouse, breakwater, Douglas Head Hotel, Harold Tower, Ravenscliffe, Fort Anne Hotel, and the pretty castellated house called Fort Anne Tower, close to the terrace named Fort William. The Imperial Hotel is a prominent object at the opposite end of the pier, and then succeed the Peveril Hotel and most of the terraces in the new part of the town, stretching away past Castle Mona Hotel and Derby Castle to the northern promontory of Bank's Howe. The spire of Onchan Church is also visible in that direction. The distant mountains are South Barrule, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, the Cairn, Snaefell, and North Barrule. In the bay, at the opposite side of the Queen's Pier, is seen the picturesque building known as the Tower of Refuge, which is situated on the Conister Rocks, and was erected in 1834, mainly through the exertions of Sir William Hillary, Bart. (founder of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution), who resided for a time at Fort Anne, before that mansion was converted into an hotel. The name "Conister" is probably derived from the Celtic "Cun," attractive, lovely; and "Ton," breaker, wave.

Pleasure boats and yachts for hire are moored alongside the Old Pier. There are also generally a number of similar boats stationed in the bay, near the Iron Promenade Pier. The charge for a boat, holding one, two, or three persons is 6*d.* per hour, and including boatman 1*s.* per hour; yachts with one or

two competent persons in charge range from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* per hour. Fishing tackle is provided free of charge for those who pay 1*s.* for a small boat, or for those who go in a yacht.

Leaving the Old Pier, the tourist passes the Customs Watch House, and the Royal Hotel, and by Parade Street presently reaches Queen Victoria Pier, which is generally called the New Pier, and sometimes the Queen's Pier. It is erected on the Pollock Rock, on which, previous to 1818, stood a fort, said, by some high authorities, to have been at that time the most ancient in the British Isles. The antiquary will regard this demolition as a ruthless act of Vandalism, but there appears some excuse for the perpetrators when we note the remarks of Wood, who in his 'History of the Isle of Man,' published in 1811, speaks of the ruin as "An ancient tower used as a temporary prison, a wretched dungeon now in ruins. The walls are completely naked, and do not form a pleasing object."

According to the old historian Waldron, "the great Caratake, brother of Boadicea, Queen of Britain, concealed here his young nephew from the fury of the Romans, who were in pursuit of him, after having vanquished the queen and slain all her other children. There is certainly a very strong and secret apartment underground in it, having no passage to it but a hole, which is covered with a large stone; and is called to this day, '*The Great Man's Chamber.*'"

In an old MS. account of the island we read: "Douglas hath also a most considerable fort, strongly built of hard stone, round in form, upon which are a mounted tower and four pieces of ordnance. It is commanded by a constable and lieutenant. The constable and two of the soldiers, which are there in continual pay, are bound to lie in this fort every night and keep watch and ward upon the rampart betwixt the fort and the town."

The new low-water landing-pier is built of concrete blocks, composed of stone, sand, and gravel, mixed with the best Portland cement. The artificial stone thus constructed becomes in the course of two or three days as hard as the natural stone. The pier was commenced in 1867, and opened July 1st, 1872. It is 1100 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 31 feet above low-water level, and at the outer end the depth of low water at spring tides is 16 feet. The cost was 48,000*l.*

At the end of the pier, in summer evenings, there is generally dancing, and hundreds of people congregate, especially when passengers are landed here from the steamers.

The view from this point is remarkably fine, superior to that from either the Old or Iron piers. The bay and town are in sight, terrace rising above terrace from the shore, with the mountains in the rear, the whole forming a magnificent spectacle.

The Tower of Refuge is a few hundred yards distant, on the Conister rocks, on which, previous to its erection, many shipwrecks took place. It was built for the purpose of enabling shipwrecked mariners to climb into it for safety, and it is a very pretty object, adding greatly to the beauty of the bay. Many persons daily row to it during the tourist season, and generally it is tenanted by a man who provides refreshments not requiring a licence. All around on the rocks are oyster beds, the oysters being brought from near Laxey and Ramsey. Wordsworth visited the Isle of Man in 1833, and afterwards wrote the following sonnet, in which he makes special reference to this building. He says:—

> "The feudal keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
> Even when they rose to check or to repel
> Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
> Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
> Just limits; but yon tower, whose smiles adorn
> This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
> Blest work it is of love and innocence,
> A tower of refuge to the else forlorn.
> Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
> Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
> Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
> 'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?
> No; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
> And they are led by noble Hillary."

Standing at the end of the New Pier, looking towards the town, the spectator has on his left the lighthouse, breakwater, Douglas Head Hotel, Harold Tower, Ravenscliffe, Fort Anne Hotel, Fort Anne Tower, jetty, Old Pier, harbour lighthouse, and Peveril Hotel. Then the town stretching from the harbour and past the Iron Pier to Derby Castle, and thence by Onchan church spire to Bank's Howe; with spires and towers of St. Barnabas' and St. Mary's churches, two Congregational chapels, Scotch Kirk, and House of Industry: and many noble-looking terraces, with Castle Mona Hotel and Falcon Cliff Tower. The mountaineer will look with pleasure on his old friends, Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan,

Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, the Cairn, and North Barrule. South Barrule is also seen in the distance.

From the New Pier persons may walk along the Loch Parade to the Iron Pier; but we will suppose them to return to the Royal Hotel by Parade Street.

Between the Royal Hotel and the Market Square are Vondy's posting establishment, and a number of inns and dining rooms. The market place is an open square, seated on the Quay, and surrounded by numerous hotels, the principal one being a large favourite house called the British Hotel. The market is held every Saturday, when the scene is very attractive. Scores of butchers', fruit, and fish stalls, with farmers' potato and vegetable carts, being on every hand, and numbers of the country Manx folks.

In the square is St. Matthew's church, which was built in 1708, and is sometimes called the Old Chapel, being the most ancient place of worship in Douglas. There has recently been an agitation to remove this edifice, to make more space for the market. Some time ago a building was raised in Duke Street, now called the Wellington Hall, as a market hall; but the farmers were too much wedded to the old spot to remove, and the consequence was the new hall had to be devoted to other purposes.

During the summer season dozens of conveyances are in the Market Square, ready for carrying visitors to all parts of the Island.

There are always fish and vegetable stalls, and the peculiar characteristics of the fish-women will be specially interesting to strangers. All the year round are fresh turbot, soles, brek, ray, flukes, gurnet, conger-eel, cod, oysters, haddock, whiting, and various other kinds, with herring very plentiful when in season.

The walk may be continued along the Quay, past Fleetwood Corner and numerous eating-houses and hotels, to the Railway Hotel, Douglas Bridge, and the railway station. Many small vessels will be observed, from which are being unloaded coals and various kinds of merchandise, and sometimes the harbour is crowded with fishing-boats. Looking across the water to the South Quay, the gas works are observed near to a large quarry in the cliff, whence the principal building stone is obtained; and near to the same spot are the farina works, where potatoes, principally from Scotland, Ireland, and Belgium, are preserved, being cooked,

dried, and put in tins, and supplied chiefly to the army and navy.

Returning to the Market Square, the stranger enters Duke Street, the principal business street in the town. It is narrow, but contains excellent shops of every kind. On the left are passed some narrow branch streets, the first being Lord Street, in which was born the late Professor Forbes, of the University of Edinburgh; the next being King Street, and the third Wellington Street. These lead to the upper and newer part of the town, close to Athol Street, where are the General Post Office, and the Banks, &c.

In Wellington Street is the Theatre Royal, a dramatic company generally performing every evening during the summer; and close to the Theatre stands a large Primitive Methodist chapel, built in 1823, and rebuilt in 1842. A few yards distant, in a small back street, called Thomas Street, is a large new Wesleyan chapel, the front of which since 1878 faces the new street called Victoria Street, being the widest and best street in the town, formed by pulling down several objectionable buildings between the Loch Parade and Nelson Street, and crossing Duke Street at right angles between King Street and Wellington Street.

Just before arriving at Wellington Street, on opposite side of the road, is Fort Street (so named after the ancient Fort which formerly stood on the adjoining Pollock rocks), leading to St. Barnabas' church, the shore, New Pier, and the Loch Parade.

Continuing along Duke Street, we pass, on left, Wellington Hall, which has previously been referred to as having been built as a market hall. Part of it is occupied as a large bazaar. Where Duke Street ends and Strand Street begins, there is a nasty sharp corner, and the wonder is that accidents are not more frequent. The stranger at once naturally jumps to the conclusion that it is imperative on the local authorities to make a slight improvement by knocking down one or two houses. Wood must be referring to this spot when, in his 'History,' he says: "The streets are very irregular, and in some places extremely narrow. I had the curiosity to measure the chief street opposite the projecting corner of a house, and found that it did not exceed seven feet." Previous to 1877 the sea-shore might be observed on the right, not more than 20 yards distant, and there was a fine view of the Tower of Refuge, but since 1877 a wide and substantial promenade has been formed along the shore called Loch Parade, commencing at

Queen Victoria Pier and terminating on the Promenade; on the land side of which are built several excellent and neat dwelling houses, also the largest Hotel on the Island, called the Villiers Hotel.

Having passed Drumgold Street on the left, the traveller walks along Strand Street, a continuation of Duke Street, where the shops are not so large, and there is nothing of particular interest, except Webb's Public Lounge, which is of the same character as the one in the Wellington Hall.

At the end of Strand Street is an opening on the right, to the Parade; and on the left three openings lead up to Finch Road, in one of which is the Well Road Hill Methodist Chapel.

Continuing on a straight line through Castle Street to the Colonel's or Shore Road, there are passed on the left the Mona Marine Hydropathic Baths, and on the right the Marine Baths, and the house for the Life-boat. This boat was presented to the town in 1868 by the Sunday scholars of Manchester and Salford. It is supported by voluntary subscriptions, and is under the management of a local committee in connection with the parent institution.

We now reach the Promenade, the most pleasant and favourite resort of the visitors and townspeople. It is 1000 feet long, 75 feet wide, and is close to the sands and Iron Pier, with seats upon it, placed at convenient distances. It was commenced in 1864, when the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods granted a lease of a portion of the sands to the High Bailiff of Douglas for a term of 30 years, at a nominal rent of 1*l.* per annum. A subscription was set on foot and 500*l.* collected. The ground was inclosed, a sea-wall erected, and the Promenade formed; but soon the wall was seriously injured by the encroachment of the waves. The damage was repaired, and eventually the Douglas Town Commissioners took an assignment of the lease and agreed to pay 230*l.*, the balance due to the High Bailiff for expenses incurred by him in completing the work.

On the left are the ladies' and gentlemen's bathing-ground, where are numerous machines, the charge for each of which is 6*d.* The sands being good and the water remarkably clean, the ground is specially adapted for bathing, and during the summer months many enjoy that luxury every week-day from early in the morning until noon. Very different is this scene from that which was presented in the beginning of the century, for in Wood's 'History' of the Island we read that in 1811 there was only one bathing-machine.

The Promenade is a delightful place for a stroll, this and the Iron Pier being the most fashionable resorts in the town.

At the rear of the Promenade, on the opposite side of the road, are the Marina Lawn, and the Villa Marina House, the residence of H. B. Noble, Esq. The surrounding grounds are beautifully wooded, and it is to be regretted that they cannot be purchased by the town, and converted into gardens for the resort of visitors, for a more favoured spot could not be desired. It would, if properly laid out, rival even the famous Spa at Scarborough, and such a spot is much wanted, for Douglas possesses few places where strangers can loiter on a wet day, or meet for concerts and entertainments. With this improvement, coupled with the Loch Parade, Douglas would hardly be excelled by any other watering place in the British Isles.

Close to the Promenade is the Iron Pier, which is the property of a limited liability company. It was formally opened on the 19th of August, 1869, by Mrs. Loch, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor. It is 1000 feet long and 18 feet broad. The cost was 6500*l.*, and the designer John Dixon, Esq., engineer, London. It is remunerative, having paid six per cent. dividend. The charge for entrance is 1*d.* per visit, 1*s.* 6*d.* per month, or 5*s.* per annum. It is open between April 1st and October 1st from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M., and between October 1st and April 1st from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. Seats are placed at convenient distances, and at the end is a refreshment room.

The view from the end of the pier is remarkably good, embracing the whole bay, with its Tower of Refuge and north and south promontories of Bank's Howe and Douglas Head. The old part of the town is seen nestling close to the harbour, and the new part is well displayed, rising in terraces from the shore, with the spires of St. Barnabas' Church, Scotch Kirk, St. Mary's Chapel, the two Independent Chapels, St. Thomas' Church, and House of Industry. On the right, the Castle Mona Hotel presents a noble appearance, a fit abode for its former occupant, John, Duke of Athol. A short distance above, perched on a cliff, is a castellated mansion, called Falcon Cliff Tower, which will strongly remind continental travellers of the castles of the Rhine. Farther, in the same direction, are Strathallan, Derby Castle, and the spire of Onchan Church, with the tiny creeks of Porte-e-Vadda and Port Jack.

On leaving the Iron Pier, the tourist will probably stroll a

few hundred yards farther, to the Castle Mona Hotel. It is a massive princely-looking pile, in a commanding position close to the sea, and sheltered by richly-wooded cliffs. The grounds, consisting of twenty acres, are well arranged, and reserved exclusively for subscribers, and visitors staying at the hotel. The building was erected in 1801, by John, the fourth Duke of Athol, for his own private residence, and was opened in 1805. It was built of freestone from the Isle of Arran, and is said to have cost upwards of 40,000*l*. It was the only property on the Island belonging to the Athol family which was not sold to the British Government when the Duke of Athol, in 1825, finally disposed of all his rights in the Island. Subsequently the building was purchased by a private gentleman, and converted into an hotel.

Directly opposite the Iron Pier is Broadway, a fine wide road leading up to the high ground on the north part of the town. At the corner is Bennett's American Bowling Saloon. When fifty yards from the shore the road branches, the left-hand branch being called Derby Road, and the other Broadway. From the latter presently deviates to the right Victoria Road, conducting past the Elsinore Boarding House, and then behind the Castle Mona grounds, to Castle Hill and Falcon Cliff breweries, and behind the Falcon Cliff Tower, to the Deemster's Bridge, Bemahague, and Onchan. The direct road, called the Ballaquale road, takes its name from an old whitewashed house standing on the top of the hill, opposite to which is a lane leading to right, past Todd's Strawberry Gardens, to Bemahague. By continuing past the white-washed house the Belle Vue Strawberry Gardens are reached.

If the traveller leave Broadway, and follow the Derby Road, he will presently find himself in a new part of the town, bordering on the country, where are the Derby and Woodbourne Squares, Handley's Bowling Green Hotel, and open-air Skating Rink. Connected with the latter is the best bowling-green around Douglas, the only others being those on Douglas Head and at the Quarter Bridge. The hotel is a new house capable of accommodating about thirty visitors. There are also a croquet ground and a handsome billiard room. It is a pleasant spot, and not more than three minutes' walk from the Iron Pier. Kirk Braddan may also be visited from this point as easily as from the lower part of Douglas.

If the tourist, when leaving the Iron Pier and Promenade, return into the town by St. Thomas' Church, he will observe, opposite the Church, Rose Mount Road ascending steeply

from the shore to some handsome terraces, in one of which is Rose Mount Hotel; and close to this road, on the left hand, at the top of the hill, is the House of Industry, a substantial building with a square tower, erected in 1837, and supported by voluntary contributions. There are about 80 inmates, and it is the principal institution on the island where the poor are provided with homes. In connection with it is a system of out-door relief, there being no legal provision for the support of the poor. The annual expenditure is between 1100*l.* and 1200*l.*

From St. Thomas' Church (which is the only place of worship in Man possessing a peal of bells, except the new church at Peel) the traveller may continue along Finch Road. At No. 4 in this street, during a temporary visit, died the distinguished painter, John Martin. On the right is a terrace of superior-looking houses, with gardens in front, called Mona Terrace, at the end of which are two branch streets, named Harris Terrace (containing Evans' Boarding House), and Christian Road. Then, on the right, are passed the terraces of Mount Havelock and Stanley Mount; and on the left is observed G. Dean's and Abel Lewis's photographic studios. A few yards distant, on Prospect Hill, is another well-known photographic establishment, also owned by Mr. Abel Lewis.

At the corner, where Finch Road meets Prospect Hill, is the Bank of Mona, a branch of the City of Glasgow Bank, the Presbyterian Church, and St. Mary's Roman Catholic Chapel; and behind the latter is St. George's Church.

If the tourist walk up Prospect Hill, past St. Mary's Chapel, he will enter Buck's Road on right, or Circular Road on left. Buck's Road contains an Independent Chapel, and the new Skating Rink, and conducts to Rose Mount, and thence into the country in the direction of Bemahague and Onchan. Circular Road also contains an Independent Chapel, generally known as Smith's Chapel, and conducts into the Kirk Braddan and Peel Road.

On emerging from Finch Road, if the descent be made down Prospect Hill, the Victoria Hall, now called Gaiety Theatre (a large room used for public lectures, concerts, &c.), an American Bowling Saloon, the Victoria Hotel, and Butterworth's Boarding House, are passed; and then Victoria Street is entered, leading to Duke Street, Loch Parade, the Market Square, and the Quay. Douglas Isle of Man Bank, commonly called Dumbell's Bank, is at the foot of Prospect Hill; and

at the top of a small street, on the right, is the Adelphi Hotel.

When half-way down Prospect Hill, Athol Street may be entered, where are the principal offices of advocates, merchants, and public companies. In it are the Telegraph and General Post Office, and the publishing houses of the 'Isle of Man Times' and the 'Mona's Herald.' The third newspaper, the 'Manx Sun,' is issued from Victoria Street, in the new part of the town. Opposite the Post Office is the Talbot Hotel, and a few yards beyond, on the other side, a noble-looking building with pillars in front, which was erected in 1840 by the Society of Odd Fellows, and called the Odd Fellows' Hall. It has since been purchased by the town, and is now used as a Court House, under the name of the Court Buildings. Here are held some of the Tynwald Courts, and it is the head-quarters of the police force. It contains a fine bust of the late Professor Forbes.

At the end of Athol Street is a news room, where the stranger may see Manx and English newspapers, the charge being 1*d.* per visit, or 6*d.* per week. It also contains a small library. This is the only public reading-room in Douglas. In the branch street close by, called St. George's Street, is St. James' Hall, used occasionally for public meetings; and a few yards from it are Collister's livery stables. At the end of Athol Street are the railway station, and the Douglas Bridge, and the commencement of the Peel Road. Here the stranger completes his circuit of the town.

Places of Worship.

St. Matthew's Church, Market Square.
St. Barnabas' „ Fort Street, near Duke Street.
St. Thomas' „ near the Promenade.
St. George's „ Upper Church Street, near Prospect Hill.
Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Thomas Street, near Duke Street.
„ „ „ Well Road, near Strand Street.
Primitive „ „ Wellington Street, near Duke Street.
Roman Catholic Chapel (St. Mary's), Buck's Road, near Prospect Hill.
Independent Chapel, Buck's Road.
„ „ Circular Road.
Scotch Presbyterian Chapel, Finch Road, near Prospect Hill.
Seamen's Bethel, North Quay.

Public Buildings and Offices.

Post Office and Telegraph Office, Athol Street.
Douglas and Isle of Man Bank (Dumbell's Bank), Foot of Prospect Hill.
Bank of Mona, Prospect Hill, corner of Finch Road.

Isle of Man Banking Company (Limited), Athol Street.
Savings' Bank, Athol Street.
Court House and Police Station, Athol Street.
Custom House, North Quay.
Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's Office, North Quay.
Penny Reading Room and Library, Athol Street.
United Service Club, adjoining the Peveril Hotel.
Theatre Royal, Wellington Street.
Victoria Hall, Prospect Hill.
St. James' Hall, St. George's Street, close to Athol Street.
Wellington Hall, Wellington Street.
Stanley Hall, Circular Road.
Good Templars' Hall, Circular Road.
Masonic Hall, Prospect Hill (Athol Lodge, 1004).
Tynwald Lodge of Freemasons meet in St. James' Hall, Athol Street. (1242).
Skating Rink, Buck's Road.
Grand Theatre, Victoria Street.
The Board Schools, Tynwald Street, and Peveril Street.

Principal Hotels.

Castle Mona Hotel	Douglas Bay.
Villiers „	Loch Parade.
Fort Anne „	South side of Harbour.
Peveril „	Loch Parade.
Royal „	North Quay.
Granville „	Loch Parade.
Regent „	„ „
Athol „	„ „
Falcon „	„ „
Sun „	Victoria Street.
Grand „	„ „
British „	Market Square.
Victoria „	Prospect Hill.
Adelphi „	Church Street, near Prospect Hill.
Talbot „	Athol Street.
Rose Mount „	Buck's Road.
Handley's Bowling Green Hotel	Derby Road.
Queen's Hotel	On the Shore Crescent.
Railway Hotel	Near the Railway Station.
Belvedere Temperance Hotel ..	Loch Parade.

Boarding Houses.

Maxwell's	Clarence Terrace.
Elsinore	Victoria Road.
Armstrong's	Lawn Terrace.
Claremont	Loch Parade.
Butterworth's ..	Prospect Hill.

BILLIARD TABLES.

Castle Mona Hotel.		Adelphi Hotel (2 tables)	
Fort Anne	„	York	„
Peveril	„	Douglas	„ (10 tables)
Royal	„	Star	„
British	„	Granville	„
Villiers	„	Regent	„
Railway	„	Athol	„
Handley's Bowling Green Hotel.		News Room.	

AMERICAN BOWLING SALOONS, AND BOWLING GREENS.

Race's American Bowling Saloon, Parade Street, near Queen's Pier (4 alleys, each 63 feet long).

Race's American Bowling Saloon, Lancashire House, near the Royal Hotel.

Everard's American Bowling Saloon, under Victoria Hall, Prospect Hill.

Bennett's American Bowling Saloon, Broadway, near the Iron Pier.

Handley's Bowling Green, Derby Road.

Marsden's Bowling Green, Douglas Head Hotel.

A small Bowling Green at Quarter Bridge, near Kirk Braddan.

NEWSPAPERS.

'Isle of Man Times.' The office in Athol Street. Published on Saturdays, price 2*d.*

'Mona's Herald.' The office in Athol Street. Published on Thursdays, and also on Saturdays during the summer, price 2*d.*

'Manx Sun.' The office in Victoria Street. Published on Saturdays, price 2*d.*

'Isle of Man Advertising Circular.' The office on Prospect Hill. Published on Tuesdays, free.

London, Liverpool, and Manchester papers arrive every evening in summer, a penny paper being charged 1½*d.*

LIVERY STABLES.

Robert Collister, St. George's Street, near Athol Street.
Robert Vondy, near the Royal Hotel, North Quay.
Thomas Shimmin, Mount Havelock, near Finch Road.
George Maley, Buck's Road.
Henry West Bell, James Street, near the Market Square.
W. Downward, South Quay, close to the Bridge.
P. Sayle, Hope Street; &c., &c.
Thos. Holt, North Quay.
James Bell, North Quay.
John Wilson, Clarence Terrace, near the Iron Pier.
T. Kelly, Broadway, near the Iron Pier.

BATHS.

Marine Baths, Marina Road, near the Promenade.
Mona Hydropathic Sea-water Baths, Castle Street.
Victoria Baths, Victoria Street.

A Walk to the Top of Douglas Head.

When the tourist has become acquainted with the town, visited the Old and New Piers, the Promenade, and the Iron Pier, he should walk to the top of Douglas Head, the promontory on the south side of the harbour.

Here, after a short pleasant stroll, he will obtain a magnificent view of the town and bay of Douglas, the principal mountains in the island, and a glorious expanse of sea, with the heights of Cumberland and Wales in the distance. Once having visited this spot it will in all probability become his favourite haunt; and if the weather be fine he will be amply repaid for the slight toil of the ascent, by the grand panoramic prospect, and the invigorating effect of the pure breezy atmosphere.

On the top of the headland is the Douglas Head Hotel, which is crowned with a round tower, and is a prominent object when seen from the bay. Although this hotel is situated in so commanding a position few persons take up their abode here, it being used principally as a day-house, where refreshments are obtained by the numerous visitors who daily, during the season, wend their way to the summit of the hill.

The south side of the Quay may be gained by crossing the river at the Douglas Bridge, or by ferry-boats, which ply at three places; one near the Steam Packet Office, another at the Market Square, and a third a little higher up, at the Fleetwood Corner. At the ebb of the tide the ferrymen erect temporary footbridges for their passengers. The charge for crossing the ferry is a halfpenny each person. During the winter months the first boat is discontinued.

When over the river the road runs to the left, by the South Quay, and at the gas works branches and gradually ascends, and passes close by some large quarries in the slate rock, the principal source whence the supply of stone for the buildings of Douglas was obtained.

Presently there is a good view of the bay and the principal buildings of the town; also the Old, New, and Iron Piers, Tower of Refuge, Castle Mona Hotel, and Onchan village.

Passing Taubman Terrace on the right, and on the left some gardens, a photographic gallery, Fort William, and Fort Anne tower, a road branches to Fort Anne Hotel.

The road bends to the right and ascends steeply, with the Douglas Head Hotel a fine object directly in front. After passing the back entrances to the private residences of

Ravenscliffe House and Harold Tower, a lane on the left is observed, which conducts to the Port Skillion gentlemen's bathing-place. A few yards beyond the lane the tourist will be struck by the great beauty of the view of the town and of the bay, which is of surpassing excellence, and perhaps of its kind equal to any in the British Isles.

The new breakwater, the jetty, and the Old and New Piers are seen jutting into the water, and the Tower of Refuge is a pretty object on the Conister Rocks. Harold Tower, Ravenscliffe, Fort Anne Hotel, and Fort William are close to on the left. Commencing at the Old Pier are the Peveril Hotel, St. Barnabas' Church, the Court House, St. George's Church, two Independent Chapels, St. Mary's Chapel, Scotch Kirk, House of Industry, and St. Thomas' Church, with many noble-looking terraces rising from the shore one above another to the top of the high ground. Behind these, in the distance, are seen the Asylum, and the Grand Stand on the Race Course. Glancing back to the shore the eye wanders past the well-timbered grounds of Villa Marina and the Castle Mona Hotel, to the Crescent, Strathallan, Derby Castle, and Onchan village and church. Beyond Derby Castle are seen the tempting little creeks of Port-e-Vadda and Port Jack, and on the farther side of Onchan harbour are the headlands of Bank's Howe and Clay Head. High above all these are the mountains Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, and Snaefell, and North Barrule.

When the open ground is reached, by keeping near the edge of the cliff some pretty peeps may be had down the wild picturesque rocks, where the sea is constantly dashing and forming beautiful silvery spray. The grounds are bounded by a wooden fence, covered with thorns, and there is a notice-board warning persons not to trespass. On the other side of the fence is a game preserve. It is to be regretted that visitors are prevented strolling any farther along the cliffs and rocks, for there are some delightful nooks. One, which is situated about ¼ mile beyond the fence, is named the Pigeon's Cove; near to it is an opening called Quirk's Cave, in which, about thirty years ago, resided a stonemason named Quirk, an eccentric character; and not far distant is a cleft down which once went a hare followed by a whole pack of hounds; a man on horseback was in close pursuit, but fortunately the horse saw the danger and leaped over the gulf, which to this day bears the name of the Horse Leap. Near the same spot there are the Nuns' Chairs, two hollow rocks, resem-

bling elbow-chairs, one above the other, in which it is said the nuns of the adjacent convent were occasionally punished in ancient times.

"On the slightest accusation," so runs the story, "the poor nun was brought to the foot of the rock, when the sea had ebbed, and was obliged to climb to the first chair, where she had to remain till the tide again flowed and ebbed twice. Those who had given a greater cause of suspicion were obliged to ascend to the second chair, and to sit there for the same space of time. Anyone who endured the trial, and descended unhurt, was cleared of all aspersion that had been thrown upon her. Such a lengthened exposure to the elements probably occasioned the death of many of these unfortunate sisters. We are elsewhere told, that if the sentence of death were passed against a female she was sewed up in a sack, and thrown from the top of the rock into the sea. This must have been the Tarpeian rock of the Isle of Man."

These Chairs, the Horse Leap, Pigeon's Cove, and Quirk's Cave can be reached in a small boat from Douglas, and they may be seen by those who go by boat to Port Soderick.

At the Douglas Head Hotel is a bowling-green. The charge for admission to the green is 3*d.* each person. There is also a dancing platform, open during the season from three to ten o'clock, admission 3*d.*, a quadrille band being in attendance. Archery, Aunt Sally, and quoits are also advertised as forming part of the amusements of the place. In the rooms of the hotel is a valuable lot of antiquities and curiosities, and on the outside of the building may be seen a working model of the big wheel at Laxey. Persons are allowed to enter the rooms and inspect the curiosities, whether they spend anything in the hotel or not. The tower is built on the site, and partly composed, of an ancient landmark.

No one ought to visit Douglas Head without descending to the point where is situated the lighthouse, and there watch the sea breakers rushing furiously amongst the wild and contorted rocks. At all times it is a fine sight, but at full tide and in rough weather it is indeed magnificent. A path extends a short distance amongst the rocks, and allows of good vantage points being obtained.

Two keepers and their families reside at the Douglas Head lighthouse. Strangers may visit the building any week-day between sunrise and sunset, without charge. Few will, however, take advantage of the privilege, and give so much trouble, without offering a small recompense. The

lighthouse was built in 1833 by the Insular Harbour Board, and was handed over to the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners in 1859. It is about 80 feet high, and has a reflecting white light and an Argand burner, visible 16 miles off.

A path behind a wall leads from the lighthouse to the secluded little creek of Port Skillion, which is a few yards distant. This is a delightful bathing-place, and specially prepared with a concrete platform for the bathers.

> "Here the bold swimmer plunges to display
> The cunning of his art; with arms spread wide,
> Head, breast erect, he buffets with the spray."

The improvements have been made for the public generally, but more especially for visitors to the island. They were commenced in 1870, and continued at intervals during that year and the years 1871–72–73. The undertaking has been a voluntary work, and involved an outlay of about 1000*l.*, 500*l.* of which have been advanced by the promoter and designer, Mr. R. Archer, of the firm of Archer and Evans, drapers, Douglas. The sea-water at Port Skillion is remarkable for its purity, the bottom being discernible at a depth of more than twenty feet. The concrete piers are 336 feet in extent, and are so planned that swimmers can plunge into the deep water at any state of the tide. There is also a platform for the convenience of bathers, from which they can plunge into the sea when the water is at various heights. The place during the season is in charge of competent persons, who supply towels and bathing drawers at 1*d.* each, besides lock-up dressing-boxes at a charge of 2*d.* Persons not requiring the loan of these can bathe free of charge. During the summer months a ferry-boat plies regularly between this point and the Victoria Pier, and parties can also arrive or leave at the adjoining lighthouse landing-stage. A road has recently been made which enables Douglas Head to be reached direct from Port Skillion.

On the town side of Port Skillion there is an open-air bath, which graduates in depth from 2 feet 9 inches at the upper end to 4 feet 6 inches at the lower, and about 60 feet long by 18 feet wide. It is covered during high water, but available for bathers when the tide is out, and self-supplying with pure sea-water twice in the twenty-four hours.

To regain the road some steps have to be ascended to the Battery, on the platform of which were four 32-pound guns. They were used by the Douglas Volunteer Artillery Corps,

which numbered 120 men, and was commanded by Captain Joseph Torrance. There is now no Volunteer Artillery Corps on the Island, and there is only one Rifle Volunteer Corps, viz. that at Douglas, numbering 80 men, under Major James Spittall. In 1816 a small fort was made at this spot, the only trace of which is a portion of an old wall. Close to the Battery is the Powder Magazine, and here the tourist overlooks the breakwater, and a fine view is obtained of Fort Anne Hotel, with its beautifully-wooded grounds. There are also spread before the spectator the pier and harbour, and most of the town and bay of Douglas.

On again reaching the road, Fort Anne Hotel may be visited. It is a large house seated in a pleasant position, and commands an excellent view of the town and its bay. The breakwater, jetty, Old and New piers, and the Tower of Refuge are immediately below. There are two cannons placed in front of the house; but the one which is fired when the steamers are entering the harbour from Liverpool and Barrow is much smaller, and kept indoors. The hotel will accommodate sixty visitors. It was built as a private residence by the eccentric Thomas Whalley, usually called *Buck* Whalley, some 70 years since, was subsequently the residence of Sir William Hillary, Bart., and then was converted into an hotel.

When the South Quay is reached, it is advisable, before crossing the river, to walk to the jetty and breakwater. The jetty was built in 1837 of limestone. The breakwater has recently been made, and is formed of concrete blocks. It is 1000 feet long, 50 feet thick, and 38 feet above low-water spring tides. At the outer end there is a circular head and lighthouse. The cost was about 114,000*l*. A sea-wall of similar material is built on the south side of the harbour, forming an approach to the breakwater 45 feet wide. Sir John Coode, C.E., London, was the engineer-in-chief, and Wm. Powell, Esq., C.E., Laureston Villa, Douglas, was the resident engineer.

A Walk by the Shore Road to Derby Castle Hotel, Onchan, and Bemahague.

Having visited Douglas Head, the tourist should take this walk, which is in an entirely opposite direction, and to the north of the town. It will be found very delightful, and embraces a view of Douglas which some consider even finer than that from the Head. It may be varied to suit the

capability and inclination of the visitor. If the journey back be by Victoria Tower, and down Burntmill Hill, the distance will be 2½ miles; by Bemahague (where resides the Lieutenant-Governor), Falcon Cliff Brewery, and Broadway, 3 miles; and by Onchan harbour and village, 4 miles.

Commencing at the Iron Pier, close to Broadway, the road runs along the shore, with the sands and sea on the right. On the left are passed in succession Clarence Terrace, Esplanade, Derby Terrace, Castle Terrace, Castle Mona Hotel, Falcon Cliff Tower, Marathon Terrace, and the Crescent, including the Queen's Crescent Hotel. Then the road ascends Burntmill Hill, but the tourist must cross the road and keep by the shore, having on the left the pretty Swiss-like cottages of Strathallan and some rocks, on the top of which is seen perched the Victoria Tower.

On arriving at the entrance to the grounds of Derby Castle Hotel, a modern castellated building, a step-stile in the wall on the right leads over to the low rocks on the shore. After walking along these for a few yards, the charming little creek of Port-e-Vadda is reached. It is a pleasant secluded spot, and few will see it without longing to visit it again, and spend many listless hours watching the never-ceasing waters playing amongst the rocks and pebbles.

"I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashed around me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion."

A path leads direct to the top of the cliff, but some may prefer threading amongst the rocks to the wilder creek of Port Jack, a few hundred yards distant, and there ascend.

On gaining the top of the cliff, a view of surpassing excellence is obtained of the town and bay of Douglas. The whole of the bay is spread below, and on the opposite side are the lighthouse, Douglas Head, and hotel, and the Carnane Hill, nestling at the feet of which are the Fort Anne Hotel, New Pier, harbour, and the old portion of the town. In the bay

are the Tower of Refuge and the Iron Pier. Rising gradually from the beach are numerous descents, interspersed with the spires of churches. From these the eye wanders past the Castle Mona Hotel, Falcon Cliff Tower, Strathallan, and Derby Castle, to Port-e-Vadda, close at the spectator's feet. Looking inland are Bank's Howe and the spire of Onchan church, and in the far distance is seen the top of South Barrule.

Victoria Tower is visible a few yards off, just behind Derby Castle, and if the tourist desire to reach it, he must follow the footpath round Port-e-Vadda, and then through a field into the road which passes the Victoria Pleasure Grounds and enters the main road at the top of Burntmill Hill, passing the Industrial Home for orphans and destitute children, and the Alpine Terrace, and Strathallan Park, to the Shore Road. At the Victoria Tower are croquet, swings, a camera obscura, and other objects of interest. The charge for entrance is 4*d.* each person.

To return by Bemahague, the tourist may first visit Victoria Tower, then reach Bemahague direct by crossing the Burntmill Hill Road; or without going to Victoria Tower, he may go through two fields and then enter the Bemahague Road a few yards from Onchan village.

Those who extend the journey, and visit Onchan harbour, will keep on the brow of the cliffs, over Little Head, and then follow a cart-road which conducts from the pretty little creek to the Onchan church and village.

The spire of the parish church has been a pleasant object on the journey, and it looks very picturesque when seen from many points around, but when closely approached it is found to be only of moderate dimensions, and, though modern, of primitive architecture.

The parish is said to derive its name from St. Conanus, Bishop of Man, A.D. 600. More probably it was derived from that of St. Conaghan, Bishop of Man, A.D. 540. The village is generally called Onchan, by a corruption of Kirk Conchan into Kirk Onchan. Some of the oldest inhabitants say the proper name of the village is Kionedroghad.

The Church is attended almost every Sunday by the Lieutenant-Governor, and during summer many strangers stroll to it from Douglas, a distance of 2½ miles. In the graveyard are two ancient slabs; one flat on the ground, and the other erect, on the north side, in a direct line with the steeple. They have some grotesque figures

marked on them, but no letters. In a private garden fronting St. Catharine's Cottage, situate in the centre of the village, is fixed the old bell-turret of the church, surmounted by a cross; and in a rockery under a tree close by, are two ancient slabs, one of which is plain on one side, and marked with monstrous animals on the other. The companion stone has figures on both sides, and also some roughly scrawled Runes, which are much worn and partly broken off. The following is one of the various translations which have been given of these Runes :—

"[A. B.] son of [C. D.] erected [this] cross to Mirgiol his wife, mother of Hugigud, Haukr, [and] Athigrid . . . . Thurid engraved [these] Runes. . . . . Jesus Christ."

Onchan village is a favourite place of resort during the tourist season, there being fifteen acres of well-arranged nursery ground in the centre of the village, close behind the Manx Arms Hotel and the Nursery Inn. In these grounds are some fine and rare specimens of the pine species, such as Wellingtonia gigantea, Cryptomaria japonica, Cephalonia, Pinus pinsapo, Auracaria imbricata, and at the north corner of the inclosure is a small fish-pond which is covered in summer with water-lilies.

At the south end of the village the road divides, the right-hand leading to Douglas by Bemahague and the left by Burntmill Hill. Those who take the former route will pass close by the pretty mansion of Bemahague, now often called Government House, as it is occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island.

Formerly the Governor resided at Castletown, which is still the seat of government, but as Douglas has become by far the most important town on the island, he has taken up his abode here. Some of the Tynwald Courts are held in the Court Buildings in Athol Street, and efforts are being made to transfer the archives from Castletown, and constitute Douglas the seat of government.

A few yards from Bemahague the tourist will pass the Deemster's, or Heywood's Bridge, so named owing to the late Deemster Heywood, who lived at Bemahague, having possessed the land in the neighbourhood. This bridge is, however, often called Glencrutchery Bridge, from an adjoining estate of that name, and some people call it also the "Fairy Bridge." The small glen which it spans is named in some histories the "Harper's Glen."

When over the bridge the road branches, the right-hand leading to Douglas by Buck's Road, the left-hand passes Sunnyside, and then continues down Victoria Road, past the Falcon Cliff and Castle Hill breweries, and behind the grounds of the Castle Mona Hotel, and enters Broadway Road close to the shore and the Iron Pier. When returning from Bemahague, a visit might be paid to the Belle Vue or Todd's Strawberry Gardens.

Douglas to Kirk Braddan, and back by the Nunnery.

This is a favourite walk of 3½ miles. It is often reserved for a Sunday stroll, on which day hundreds go from Douglas to attend the morning and afternoon services at Kirk Braddan Church, commencing at 10.30 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Latterly the old church has been found too small; and for those who could not find room, an out-door service has been held in the churchyard. An additional church, called the Kirk Braddan New Church, has been erected on a plot of ground adjoining the old edifice.

Leaving Douglas by the Peel Road, which commences near the end of the North Quay and Athol Street, close to Douglas Bridge and the Railway Station, a row of large lodging-houses is passed on the right, and then some pleasant villas embosomed in trees. On the left is low ground, which bears the name of "The Lake," the sea having, it is supposed, overflowed it in former times. The railway runs through this to both Peel and Castletown, and on the opposite side of the line are the Nunnery grounds, the ivy-covered mansion appearing here and there through the trees, at the back of which is the Carnane Hill.

One mile from Douglas the well-wooded grounds of Ballaughton and Spring Valley are seen, with the Greeba mountain in the background.

On arriving at the Quarter Bridge, where stands an inn, in the rear of which is a small bowling-green, the road divides, the right-hand branch leading to Laxey and Ramsey, the left to Castletown, and the direct road to Kirk Braddan, Union Mills, St. John's, and Peel.

From the Quarter Bridge appear the heights Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Slieu Ree, and the

Cairn. Here the Glass, sometimes called the Bright and sometimes the Gray river, is crossed. It joins the Dhoo, or Black river, a few hundred yards farther down, and the two form the Douglas river, from which the town is said to derive its name.

On the left is Kirby, the residence of his Honour, Deemster Drinkwater, the judge of the southern part of the island. It was formerly the seat of Colonel Wilkes, the Governor of St. Helena, to whose charge the Emperor Napoleon was committed in 1815. It is curious to note that the Colonel had in his possession a glass cup, with which there was connected a tradition similar in character to those legends appertaining to the goblets in Cumberland, called the "Luck of Eden Hall," and the "Luck of Muncaster;" of the former of which it is said:—

> "If e'er that glass should break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

We are told that "in ancient times there stood in the parish of Braddan a mansion named Kirby.* Of this building nothing now remains except its site near to an ancient Druidical encampment, and the picturesque churchyard of Braddan. More than two hundred years ago, when Kirby merged into the Fletcher family, the name became changed, and the place took the designation of its new owners. The first of this family possessed a drinking-cup, said to have originally been a votive offering to a goddess for the peace and plenty conferred upon its owners, and at one time to have belonged to Magnus, the last of the Norwegian Kings of Man. Attached to it was the tradition that whosoever had the misfortune to break it would be haunted by the 'Lhannan Shee, of Ballafletcher,' i. e., the peaceful 'Spirit of Ballafletcher.' This glass was never taken from its place or used, except twice in the year, viz., Christmas and Easter days, when it was filled with wine and quaffed off at a breath by

* Some writers say the word "Kirby" is derived from "Kirke" and the Danish "by" a village, and means "church-village," as it adjoins the parish church of Braddan; but old Manx people say that the name is properly "Cur Bee," from the two Manx words signifying "Give food," and that Kirby is merely an English corruption of the Manx words. The owner of the estate was formerly bound to supply the bishop with bed, and probably also with board, on his way to and from England; and hence, as is supposed, the name.

the head of the family, as a libation to the Spirit for the prosperity of its owner and his family."

It was purchased at the auction of the last of the Fletchers, in 1778, by Robert Cæsar, Esq., who, in consequence of the ancient tradition, gave it for safe keeping to his niece, Mrs. Bacon, of Seafield, near Kirk Santon. It is a crystal cyathus, encircled with a running indented border, fluted, and having between the columellæ elaborately chased floral scrolls. It is $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter at the top, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the base. From Mrs. Bacon it passed into the hands of Colonel Wilkes, from him to Lady Buchan, and back again to Seafield, where it now remains in the possession of the late Captain Bacon's family.

On the right-hand side of the road, opposite Kirby, is Port-e-Chee or "Haven of Peace," a broad tract of meadow land surrounded by trees, with a farmhouse at the far side, the residence of the Duke of Athol before the erection of Castle Mona.

A few hundred yards farther, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Douglas, a road branches to the right, which leads past the Cemetery, Asylum, and Race Course, to Strang, Baldwin, Injebreck, and over the pass between the mountains Colden and Carraghan, to the west coast near Kirk Michael.

Here, on crossing the railway and river Dhoo, the tourist arrives at the churches of Kirk Braddan. The Old Church was erected in 1773, on the site of a much more ancient one, which is said to have been dedicated to St. Brandon, an abbot and confessor who died a recluse in the Isle of Arran, A.D. 1066. Brandinus is set down in the catalogue of Manx bishops in 1025. We have evidence that a church was standing here in the 13th century, for we read that Mark, who occupied the See of Sodor and Man from 1275 to 1298, held a synod at Kirk Braddan on the 10th of March, 1291, at which thirty-nine canons were enacted. The Old Church is a picturesque building, situated in a secluded nook, entirely surrounded by large trees—a place apparently dedicated to religious reverie. In the graveyard, now thickly covered with the memorials of the dead, have men, for many ages, found their last resting-place, away from the busy hum of the neighbouring town.

"I call the world a gay good world,
Of its smiles and bounties free;
But Death, alas! is the king of the world,
And he holds a grave for me.

The world hath gold, it is bright and red;
It hath love, and the love is sweet;
And praise, like the song of a lovely lute,
But all these with Death must meet.
Death will rust the gold, and the fervid love
He will bury beneath dark mould;
And the praise he will put in an epitaph,
Written on marble cold!"

Some of the old Norse Vikings evidently were interred here after many a marauding expedition, for there are now standing a few stones, curiously sculptured, and bearing Runic inscriptions.

In the centre of the churchyard, opposite the sun-dial, is a mound that was erected in 1860, and upon it are three crosses, one of which has been irreparably injured. The two slabs in front were originally in one, and formed a monolith rectangular pillar-cross, in height 56 inches, inscribed on three sides with scaly animals and knot-work, and on the fourth side with Runes, which, read from bottom upwards, in an ancient Scandinavian dialect, run thus:—

"*Thurlabr Neaki risti krus thana aft Fiak sun sin bruthur sun Eabrs.*"

i. e.:—

"Thorlaf Neaki erected this cross to Fiach his son, the nephew (brother's son) of Jabr."

Professor Münch, of the University of Christiania, was the first to give a correct interpretation of this inscription, and it was his opinion that the cross is of the 12th or the beginning of the 13th century. It is, however, similar in character to the fragment of another cross now placed beside it, the age of which the Rev. J. G. Cumming supposes, from the inscription, to be the end of the 11th century. The latter fragment was long imbedded in the mortar and stones above the lintel of a doorway in the steeple of the church, and was removed hither in 1855, through the exertions of George Borrow, Esq., the well-known author of 'The Bible in Spain,' and other works. It bears upon one of its broader sides fish-like monsters, and on the other a beautiful design of knot-work. Along one of the narrow sides is a fret-work ornament formed of a cable of two strands; and on the other an inscription, the latter part of which is broken off; the remainder reads thus:—

"*Utr risti krus thana aft Fraka fathur sin in Thurbiaurn sunr*" . . . .

i. e.:—

"Ottar erected this cross to his father Frakka, but Thorbjörn the son" . . . .

The 'Chronicon Manniæ' ('Chronicles of Man'), written by the monks of Rushen Abbey, states that in 1098 one Ottar, a Norwegian Jarl (Earl), was slain in an insurrection. The Rev. J. G. Cumming says: "If we may conjecture that this was the Ottar named on the monument, we obtain also a date for the more perfect cross, of similar character, standing beside it."

We are, however, hardly justified in this conjecture, for we learn from Mr. Kneale, of Douglas, who is well read on this subject, that the name Frakka frequently occurs in the Scandinavian sagas.

The third cross stands upon the west end of the mound, and was formerly used as a step at the door of the church. Its height is 3 feet 6 inches, and breadth 1 foot 2 inches. One face is adorned with intricate knot-work, the other being plain. A mutilated inscription runs along the edge, reading:—

"*Thur . . . . raista krus thana eft Ufaig sun Klinais.*"

i. e.:—

"Thor . . . . erected this cross to Ufeig, the son of Klinais" (i. e. Ulfeig Klinaison).

"Thor" enters into the composition of a large number of Scandinavian proper names, as Thorbjörn, Thorfinur, Thorketil, Thorstein, Thorvaldr, &c.

At the base of the steeple, near the south door, stands a round-headed cross, ornamented with knot-work and grotesque animals. It is 38 inches broad; the inscription has been obliterated.

Near the stile, at the west side of the churchyard, stands a tall cross of blue flagstone, richly ornamented, but much worn, it having previously formed a stepping-stone over the stile.

Near the south door of the church is a tombstone with a peculiarly-lettered inscription reading as follows:—

"Here underlyeth the body of the Rev. Mr. Patrick Thompson, Minister of God's Word forty years, at present Vicar of Kirk Braddan; aged sixty-seven, anno 1678. Deceased anno 1689."

The reverend gentleman seems to have had the stone prepared and erected eleven years before he died.

The tall obelisk, near the tower, was erected to the memory of Lord Henry Murray, fifth son of John, Duke of Athol, and Lieutenant Commandant of the Royal Manx Fencibles.

Across the road, in the rear of the churches, is a desolate-looking plantation, with large blocks of stone and mounds of earth strewn in every direction at the base of the trees. The stranger is allowed to enter the grounds and wander at his will. Some of the old people say it is the site of the ancient town of Douglas, but it is generally considered to be the ruins of an extensive Druidical temple, although some authors maintain they are the remains of earthworks erected for defensive operations.

In the 4th volume of the Manx Society's publications we read, "It consists of large stones, mounds and irregular excavations, more or less masked and covered by quantities of *debris*, the accumulation of ages. It once encompassed the entire churchyard of Braddan, and the site of old Ballafletcher House, extending as far as the Chibber Niglus. Immediately within the eastern boundary of this field, and firmly imbedded in the ground, lies a large block of stone, 4 feet broad by 7½ feet long, and hollowed at the top like a font. The inner circle of the temple is bisected by the Kewaigue Road, which, with the plantation and churchyard, has completely obliterated the eastern half. The western vallum and ditch, however, are still distinctly to be seen, together with the stones that formed the margin of the inner inclosure. An avenue edged with stones leads from the south-west into the ditch, a peculiarity only to be found in Abury, of all the Celtic monuments in Britain. Whether a second existed it is difficult to say; for the whole is so defaced and altered, by the growth of trees and buildings erected within its precincts, that in a few more years its distinctive features will be entirely lost."

Leaving the church by the stile at the back of the steeple, keep to the left, on the *Saddle Road*, a branch road being passed on the right, which leads in the direction of Mount Murray.

Kirby, the residence of the Deemster, is on the left, and at some cottages on the right, a few hundred yards distant, is seen a curiously shaped stone, which is fixed in the wall close to a stile. It is called the *Saddle Stone*, and gives the name to the adjacent road. It is said to have been used by the

fairies in their nocturnal equestrian excursions, and Waldron, in his 'History' of the island thus speaks of it. "Not far from Ballafletcher is the Fairy Saddle, a stone so called, I suppose from the similitude it has to a saddle. It seems to be loose on the edge of a small rock, and the wise natives of Man tell you it is every night made use of by the fairies, but on what kind of horses I could never find any one who could inform me."

The road is pleasantly shaded by trees until the half-dozen houses at Ballaughton are reached. Here the tourist must cross the road, which leads from Douglas, by the Quarter Bridge, to Castletown, and enter a path to the left of a small refreshment-house.

This path leads through the meadows to Spring Valley, past Pulrose Mill, and by the Douglas river to the Nunnery grounds. After crossing the Castletown railway, a shaded grove is entered, which one of Mona's poets calls

"..... the very trysting-place of love."

On arriving at the stables and coach-houses, the antiquary will be interested in looking for the remains of the Nunnery which formerly existed here, and of which Waldron, who wrote at the beginning of the 18th century, says:—

"Few monasteries ever exceeded it in largeness or fine building. There are still some of the cloisters remaining, the ceilings of which discover they were the workmanship of the most masterly hands; nothing in the whole creation but what is imitated in curious carvings on it. The pillars supporting the arches are so thick as if that edifice was erected with a design to baffle the efforts of time, nor could it in more years than have elapsed since the coming of Christ have been so greatly defaced, had it received no injury but from time; but in some of the dreadful revolutions this island has sustained, it doubtless has suffered much from the outrage of the soldiers, as may be gathered by the niches yet standing in the chapel, which has been one of the finest in the world, and the images of saints reposited in them being torn out. Some pieces of broken columns are still to be seen, but the greatest part have been removed. The confessional chair also lies in ruins. There were likewise a number of caverns underground used as places of penance."

Having had his expectations raised by this glowing account, the visitor will be doomed to disappointment, for there are left scarcely any traces of the old edifice, and those few lead

us to infer that the pile was meagre in size and poor in architecture. Chaloner bears out this supposition; for in his 'Treatise of the Isle of Man,' published in 1656, he gives a view of the ruins which contradicts the statement subsequently made of their magnificence by Waldron.

The only part of the old building that remains is a portion of the chapel, now used as a coach-house; and perhaps all that is worth inspection is a Gothic window above the large doors, which can be seen by walking two or three yards from the footpath.

In the kitchen of the gardener's house, close to the stables, is fixed the piscina, in which those who officiated at the religious ceremonies washed the sacred vessels.

Train, in his 'History of the Isle of Man,' errs in stating that the bell hanging over the gateway is the old convent bell. It was brought from a Dutch vessel which was wrecked at Derby Haven.

Waldron says there were many curious monuments in the chapel of the Nunnery, "some of which, although almost worn out, yet retain enough to make the reader know that the bodies of very great persons have been reposited here. There is plainly to be read on one of them,

"'*Illustrissima Matilda filia Rex Merciæ.*'

"I think there is great probability that this was Matilda, the daughter of Ethelbert, one of the Kings of England of the Saxon race, since both Stow and Hollinshead agree that the princess died a recluse. I am also of opinion that Cartesmunda, the fair nun of Winchester, who fled from the violence threatened by King John, took refuge in this monastery, and was here buried, because there is upon a monument,

"'*Cartesmunda Virgo immaculata*, A.D. 1230.'

"These words remain so legible that I doubt not the whole inscription would have been so, had not some barbarous hand broke the stone, leaving only a corner of it, which is supported by a column; and on the base the date is yet perfectly fresh."

On these monuments, none of which remain, there were also several hieroglyphical figures, which, according to the same author, had been both the "ornaments and explanations of the tombs;" but they were then so much demolished as

only to cause a regret that they had not been jealously preserved.

Tradition ascribes the foundation of the Nunnery to St. Bridget, who was born in 453, and who made a voyage to the Isle of Man to receive the veil from the hands of St. Maughold. It is said that she lived, died, and was buried in the Nunnery, and that her body was afterwards translated to Downpatrick, and placed beside the remains of St. Patrick and St. Columba. The tomb was destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII. The Jesuit Church at Lisbon claimed to have possession of her head. It is also affirmed by some that her bones are at Rome; so that it appears doubtful where to find the relics of the virgin of Kildare. In the 'Chronicon Manniæ' ('Chronicles of Man') there is no mention whatever made of the Douglas Nunnery, unless we may suppose that it is referred to under the date 1313, where it is said, "Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, anchored at Ramsa with a numerous fleet on the 18th day of May; and on the Sunday following, went to the *Monastery* of Douglas, where he stayed the night."

The Rev. J. G. Cumming thinks it probable that there was a *monastery* at Douglas in former times, from the statement in the 'Chronicon' under date 1192, that in this year the monks of Rushen Abbey removed to Douglas, where they resided for four years.

The Prioress of the Nunnery of Douglas was a Baroness of the Isle. She held courts in her own name, and possessed temporal authority equal to a baron. Her vassals were not subject to the jurisdiction of the lords' court, as she claimed the privilege of trying them by a jury of her own tenants. Her revenues were large, her authority great, and her person was held sacred.

On the grounds, and close to the remains of the Nunnery, has been erected a large castellated mansion, more like the old ancestral homes of England than any other building on the island. Although it was built only forty-five years ago, on the site of an older building, it is now almost covered with ivy, and has a noble and antique appearance. It is the residence of the proprietor, Major John Senhouse Goldie Taubman, Speaker of the House of Keys. Goldie is the original family name. The Taubmans are an old Manx family, originally settled near Castletown. The Goldies are a very old Scotch family, and formerly had large possessions in Dumfriesshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, &c. About 1803, General Alexander John (then Colonel) Goldie, second son of General Thomas Goldie, of

Goldie Lea, Dumfriesshire, married the daughter and heiress of Major Taubman of the Nunnery. The eldest son, John Taubman Goldie, a Lieutenant-Colonel (Scots Fusilier Guards) assumed, by royal licence, the additional name of Taubman. He married Ellen, daughter of Humphrey Senhouse, Esq., of Netherhall, Cumberland, and their son John Senhouse Goldie Taubman is the present proprietor.

The grounds are well timbered, and the gardens and park are very beautiful and in excellent order. They are private, but occasionally strangers, by applying to the gardener, may obtain permission to visit them. Those who are thus favoured ought not to omit seeing a grotto connecting the hot-houses with the mansion. It is well planned, and presents quite an unique and pretty appearance.

In the drive to the house, and close to the footpath, is a handsome obelisk, about 35 feet high, which was erected by public subscription, to the memory of Brigadier-General Thomas Leigh Goldie, of the Nunnery, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of H.M. 57th Regiment, and commanded a Brigade of the British Army in the Crimea, and fell in the battle of Inkerman, November 5th, 1854, in the 47th year of his age. The gun at the base of the monument was presented by the British Government. It was captured from the Russians during the Crimean War.

Near the Obelisk, on the opposite side of the path, is the Nun's Well, which cannot be visited by strangers as it is within the iron fence. Formerly many extraordinary properties were ascribed to it, but, as Waldron says, it was "of late suffered to dry up."

On leaving the Nunnery Grounds the Castletown Road is entered, conducting to the Douglas Bridge, about a quarter of a mile distant.

Another pleasant mode of returning from Kirk Braddan to Douglas, and the shortest route for those who reside near Buck's Road or the Iron Pier, is to go from the Church to the Quarter Bridge by the high road, and then enter the road on the left, following the course of the river Glass, with the grounds and house of Port-e-Chee on the opposite side.

After leaving Quarter Bridge a slight ascent is made and then there is a grand prospect to the Asylum and upland country stretching to the central mountain chain of the island. The heights of Greeba, Slieu Rea, Cloyden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, and the Cairn, being well displayed, and in the opposite direction peers the summit of South Barrule.

There is a lovely view of the valley, with the stream winding pleasantly amongst wood in the direction of Tromode. Three-quarters of a mile from the Quarter Bridge two ways branch on the right, and enter Douglas at the top of Buck's Road. The first is called the Rope Road, owing to there being an old rope-mill which was burnt about two years ago and has not been used since. The other is only a few yards distant, and is called Thorney Road, and directly opposite to it is a way on the left hand, conducting to Tromode village, situated half a mile distant.

A Walk from Douglas to Tromode, and back.

This is a pleasant stroll of 4½ miles. The route, as far as Kirk Braddan churches, has been described at page 23. Here the road must be entered that branches on the right of the railway. After proceeding a quarter of a mile the Cemetery is reached, in which rest the mortal remains of John Martin, the celebrated artist.

He died when on a visit to the Isle of Man, and was buried in the vault of a relative. The tomb is on the south side of the chapel, and a marble slab bears the following inscription:—"In memory of John Martin, Historical Painter, born at Haydon Bridge, Northumberland, 19th July, 1789; died at Douglas, Isle of Man, 17th February, 1854." Many years hence, no doubt, when all who sleep around him are forgotten, this spot will be visited in honour of a man of such great genius.

Some hundred yards beyond the Cemetery, enter a road on the right. Presently the Asylum is seen, also the Grand Stand on the Race Course. There is a view of a wide extent of upland country, with the mountains of South Barrule, Slieu Whallin, Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, and the Cairn.

A descent leads to Tromode, a village pleasantly situated on the Glass or Bright river, where there is a mill for making ship's canvas, in which 200 people are employed. The mill belongs to W. F. Moore, Esq., of Cronkbourne.

When over the bridge the road runs past Cronkbourne, and by the side of the stream until opposite Port-e-Chee, where it bends to the left, and crosses the road leading to Quarter Bridge. Douglas is presently entered at the top of Buck's Road.

Douglas to the Asylum and Race Course, and back by Sir George's Bridge.

With carriage, or on foot, 6½ miles.

This excursion may include a visit to Kirk Braddan churches, and to the Cemetery. See pages 23 and 33.

A few yards beyond the Cemetery a beautiful view is had of the Union Mills, close below on the left, and away in the distance, South Barrule and Slieu Whallin; whilst the central mountain range of the island is well displayed from Greeba to Pen-y-Pot and Snaefell.

Close to Strang village, a mile beyond Kirk Braddan, stands the Asylum, a large noble-looking building, erected at an expense of 20,000*l.*; and on the left the Race Course and Grand Stand.

The Race Course is situated on rising ground, commanding a beautiful view. In the direction of the Asylum are seen parts of Douglas, the hotel on the Head, and a strip of the sea; and then the table-land runs past the Carnane Hill, Mount Murray, and Slieu Chiarn, away to South Barrule and Slieu Whallin. In the opposite direction are Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, and the Cairn; a grand mountain array, viewed with wonder from this favourable stand-point, by the numbers who yearly assembled here to enjoy the national sport.

The Race Course was opened in July, 1870, and is formed with a ring fence of 70 acres, and has been constructed at considerable expense, with two grand stands, capable of holding a thousand people each, with refreshment rooms, &c. The races took place in the month of August every year, lasting two days. About 1000*l.* of added money was given, and the meeting appeared gradually becoming one of the best in the United Kingdom. During the race days the railway company ran special trains to a temporary station between Kirk Braddan and Union Mills, and within a short distance of the course. The races not having been found to pay, they have been discontinued, and the course is occasionally used by the Bicycle Club.

At Strang village, bend to right, and presently a height is attained which overlooks East Baldwin and the hollow of West Baldwin, with the mountains in the background. When

the road again branches, keep to the right, and 1 mile from Strang the river Glass is crossed, at Sir George's bridge, built in 1836, and so named in honour of the late Sir George Drinkwater, uncle to the present Deemster Drinkwater. In some maps it is erroneously named Saint George.

At the bridge are two corn-mills, and higher up the stream are some paper-mills. Here, if the tourist inquire the name of the river, he will be told it is Bright, lower down it is called Tromode, and higher up Injebreck river. It is also sometimes called Gray and sometimes White river, those being the English terms for Glass, the proper Manx name of the stream. Some distance above the bridge it divides into two streamlets, the main or Glass stream flowing from Injebreck through Baldwin village, and the other from East Baldwin valley. The rivulet seen to enter the Glass stream, near the corn-mills, is called Sulby; but this must not be confused with the largest river on the island, the Sulby, which flows into the sea at Ramsey.

A few yards beyond the bridge, turn to the right, and presently a view is had down the glen to Tromode village, and the Asylum building becomes a prominent object, with South Barrule away in the distance. When directly opposite Tromode there is an extensive and beautiful view of undulating uplands, valleys, and mountains, stretching from Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa to Pen-y-Pot.

Douglas may be entered either by Buck's Road or Broadway.

Douglas to Baldwin, and back.

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse, to carry four persons and the driver, 7*s*.

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry six persons and the driver, 9*s*.

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry eight persons and the driver, 12*s*.

For a post carriage and pair of horses, to carry six persons and the driver, 9*s*.

For a sociable or long car, to carry ten persons and the driver, 14*s*.

This is a pleasant eleven miles' drive, but those persons who travel between Douglas and Injebreck, when crossing the mountain range, will traverse most of the ground described, and therefore may not desire to take it as a separate excursion.

See pp. 23, 33, and 34, where particulars are given of the road as far as Strang village, distant 2½ miles from Douglas.

At the latter village four roads meet, the one on the left descending for half a mile to Union Mills, and the right-hand one to Sir George's bridge, and thence across the valley and the Glass river. Keep straight forward, and leave the Race Course on the right hand.

Half a mile beyond, at a hamlet called Mount Rule, the road branches, the right-hand leading to Baldwin and Injebreck, and the left to Crosby, 2 miles distant. Entering the former branch a slight ascent is made, and then a glorious view is had of the mountains, with the East and West Baldwin valleys and Awin-ny-Darragh glen at their feet. Here the traveller will begin to be braced by a pure breeze, and will long to hasten farther into the recesses of the hills. The Baldwin village is a pretty object in the little valley below, with its stream winding in a serpentine course through the few green meadows.

Those who have visited Mona's Isle year after year, without venturing from Douglas on any but the regular highways to Castletown, Peel, or Ramsey, will find that a new land is opened to them, revealing beauties which, though lying close at hand, have been hitherto unnoticed and uncared for.

Visitors with time at their disposal will do well to loiter about in this out-of-the-way district, and have a chat with some of the inhabitants. They will soon discover that they have entered a land replete with ghost and fairy tales, and that the people are exceedingly credulous, and believe implicitly in the existence of spirits and fairy elves, which disport themselves and play fantastic pranks on dark or moonlight nights.

We had gleaned, when in casual conversation with the landlord of the small inn close to St. Trinian's church, that at Ballalough, near Baldwin, an old treen chapel had lately been levelled to the ground by a farmer, and that the unseen spirits had revenged the sacrilege by the death of the farmer and his family. The narrator of this legend being evidently in earnest, and a firm believer of its truth, we were induced, being near the spot, to ascertain the origin of the story; and more especially were we stimulated by a hint the man had thrown out that there was a stone there which had some curious straight letters on it that no one could read. Thinking that this might prove to be an ancient Runic monument, we went in search up a lane on the left hand, a short distance before arriving at the Baldwin village.

At the Ballalough and other farms we noticed in the fields

traces of what appeared to be ancient graves; but at the Rhyne farm, close by, we were shown the ground where existed the chapel and graveyard, which had been completely razed, and not a stone left to mark the spot. After searching some little time, we found lying loose on the wall, in the stackyard, a broken slate slab, with Runic characters as legible as when first made; and on having it sent to Mr. Kneale, of Douglas, he translated it as follows:—

"*Thurbiaurn risti krus thana.*"

i. e.:—

"Thorbjörn erected this cross" (to memory of A. B. his —).

The discovery of this stone in the ruins of a treen chapel, and so far away from a parish church, is particularly interesting to the antiquary, as it settles a disputed point, which is referred to by Dr. Oswald in the 5th vol. of the Manx Society's publications, where he says:—"There is no account as to the manner in which the inscribed crosses, called Runic pillars, have been congregated at the present churches; but it is understood by some of the natives that originally they occupied other situations." He then speaks of this belief as doubtful, and merely traditionary.

The person residing at the farm where we found the Runic stone is not a Manxman, and had not been there long. He maintained he was not a believer in ghost stories, but he could tell strange things connected with the thrashing machine, which he had seen with his own eyes. He also said that whilst living on the farm he had lost four head of cattle and three horses, and the neighbours all attributed it to the agency of the insulted spirits. He was now going to leave the farm, and everybody said that the owner of the land, who was coming to reside there himself, would also be a sufferer. On questioning him further respecting the thrashing machine, he said that originally a small windmill was erected for driving the machine, some portion of which was built of stones from the old chapel; but immediately it was set to work it went with tremendous fury, and shook the whole premises; the consequence was it had to be taken down. Since then the machine has been worked by horses, but it has been of little or no use, for it is constantly out of order, and when repaired and set to work again it immediately breaks. He further stated that it was at that moment in a useless, broken condition; and the person who was coming to occupy the farm had requested him not to make the neighbours conversant with

the state of the machine, as they would attribute it to the agency of the spirits.

The fairies and unseen spirits appear to be made responsible for everything.

"The skin of your knees should you rub,
By falling down cellars or areas,
Or break your shins over a tub,
It's placed in your way by the fairies.
If showers of gravel are thrown,
Or you miss milk and cream from your dairies,
Or find your horse all over foam,
It's sure to be laid to the fairies.
In short, all the evils of life,
And everything goes by contraries,
To yourself, or your children or wife,
It's laid to the charge of the fairies.
'Tis a famous excuse, I'll be bound,
For the Bettys and Sallys and Marys,
If things have been lost and are found,
They've been taken away by the fairies."

On arriving at Baldwin village, we entered into conversation with many of the inhabitants; they all told the same story, that the man who dared to level the graveyard soon died, as did his son; and the wife expired a lunatic; but, strange to say, those members of the family who were from home, and thus did not assist with the work, were still alive. It was also well known in the district that the thrashing machine would never work. These things one and all considered signal punishments for the act of desecration.

The landlord of the public-house, in the Baldwin village, was evidently a true believer. His grandfather had lived at the Rhyne farm when the ruins of the chapel were standing, and his grandmother had found in a window of the ruin a stone ring, which the wife has now in her possession, and religiously treasures as a precious relic. We saw the ring; it is small, but smooth and well shaped. If an ancient wedding-ring, the lady who originally owned it has evidently had beautiful small fingers. The man said that once a portion of the roof of the chapel was removed to a farmhouse, but owing to unearthly noises it had to be taken back before it had been away a fortnight.

He told a similar history of the Camlork Treen chapel, the remains of which may be seen on the southern side of the Race Course, close to the Baldwin road. It is now a circular

mound of earth and stones, with a hollow in the centre, overgrown with gorse. Before the ground was inclosed for the races, the field in which the ruins stood was called "Chapel Field." The farmer who commenced levelling this chapel "took a pain in his arm, and had to stop work some days." Afterwards he continued his task, assisted by his wife and daughter; the consequence was the two latter died soon after, and the man became insane, and expired after living in that state some time. This story we found attested by dozens of people in the valley, and by others in Strang village, close to the Race Course.

The landlord of the inn, continuing his chat, told of an old stone which was removed from the neighbouring Church of St. Luke to a farmhouse; but it had to be taken back, as those who lived in the house could not sleep at nights for noises, sometimes resembling a calf bleating, and at other times like a cart of stones being upset. At one time it was placed on the earthen fence of an adjoining field, but the fence would never stand, and the stone had to be removed again to the church.

Hearing that an old man residing at a farm some distance farther up the valley, near Injebreck, had seen the fairies with his own eyes, we went in search of him, and found the old gentleman in a field close to his house. He was hale and hearty, and soon showed that he was one who believed implicitly in the existence of fairies. He said that when a lad, he and a companion were travelling one fine moonlight night in the East Baldwin valley, and hearing something in a gill they stopped, and on looking up saw little creatures like small dogs, with red caps, running about. On asking him if he and his companion both saw the same sight, and if they were not afraid, he replied that the other youth, who is now dead, saw exactly the same, and they were not terrified, knowing that if the fairies were not disturbed, they would not hurt them.

Milton must have pictured in his mind a similar scene when he wrote:—

"The fairie elves
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds."

On another occasion the man had heard the fairies shouting, and a child crying on the East Baldwin hills. Knowing that one of the old Manx superstitions is that infants are often changed in their cradles by the fairies, we supposed this would have reference to some such story ; but the man said he never heard more of it. However, he at once told of a woman, who, during harvest, was in a field helping her husband to stook the corn, when she heard her child crying. She had previously placed it behind one of the stooks, and when she arrived at the spot it was missing, and another child in its place, it having been exchanged by the fairies. Soon afterwards, hearing this child cry, she began to run to it; but her husband, knowing it was not the voice of their own child, held the woman back, and would not let her go until the cry had ceased. She then went and found her own child. The fairies having heard their child in distress, and seeing it uncared for, had taken it away and left the woman her own.

The Night-man, or *doinney-oie*, is also a strange character well known to Manxmen. Before the approach of a storm he is often heard on the mountains giving a dismal shout of howlaa! howlaa! howlaa! The old gentleman, continuing his chat, said he heard the Night-man shouting close to him one night at eleven o'clock in West Baldwin, when he was going home, and being questioned by us he maintained that at the time he was perfectly sober. Another person, the shoemaker in Baldwin village, told us, in all seriousness, that he and some companions once heard the Night-man, and one of the party turned round and shouted some insulting expression. Quickly they were saluted by a shower of stones, and on gaining a house there was a regular tumult, and even the cattle broke loose and bellowed as if in great fear.

These narratives may seem childish, but we found that they are well known, and credited by many.

Perhaps the belief in the calamities resulting from the levelling of the treen chapels is only carrying to an extreme a veneration for the dead which exists among all races. It would be curious to trace the origin of the traditions peculiar to the Manx people. All men are more or less addicted to superstition ; with some it is active and obvious to all ; with others it is latent, and its existence hardly known, and sometimes ignored. But there it is, and it may have its source in the mystery connected with our very existence, and with an uncertain future, and the undiscovered country " from whose

bourne no traveller returns." Do our friends who have departed this life still live as unseen spirits amongst us, and take an active interest in our affairs? These are questions which occur to most minds, and are perhaps the origin of the belief in ghosts and fairies.

Probably we may attribute much of their tradition, which in so many instances borders on the marvellous, to the existence all over the Isle of Man of ancient rude monuments resembling the graves of a race of giants; and to the mystery connected with these relics, and the early history of the island. If the Manx had their giants, represented by Mannanan MacLear, the Greeks, too, had their Cyclops, and the Persians, Irish, Scotch, and other nations had similar wonderful engineers of antique monuments.

Much of the superstition of the Manxman may be accounted for if we recollect that he dwells on an island surrounded by a tempestuous ocean, across the broad expanse of which he may discern, through the haze, the four neighbouring coasts. It has been said, and it is true in more senses than one, that "distance lends enchantment to the view"; and he would naturally enough people those far-off lands with an imaginary race, more especially when tradition would hand down that from those countries arrived people who conquered and took possession of his island home.

By nature he is of a highly poetic and romantic disposition, and he dwells amid rocks of the most fantastic shapes, among which the murmurs and sighings of the summer breeze need but little stretch of the fancy to be transformed into the song of the syren or the mermaid.

Baldwin is a picturesque village 4½ miles from Douglas and 2½ miles from Injebreck. Here are two bridges, one over the Darragh stream, and the other over the Glass or Injebreck river. Crossing the latter, an ascent is made up the high land separating the two Baldwin glens, with Carraghan height in front, and on the left Colden; the hollow in which lies Injebreck being between the two. To the left of Colden are Slieu Reay and Greeba, and on the traveller's right hand, across the East Baldwin glen, are Slieu Ree and the Cairn, over which runs the Keppel Gate road, leading from Douglas to Snaefell.

Less than a mile from Baldwin village stands St. Luke's church. Under the bell-turret, and over the east window, is a small carved stone, apparently part of an old grave-stone, and the tourist will glance up to it with interest,

as it is the one the removal of which to a farmhouse, according to popular belief, so raised the indignation of the spirits. In all probability this stone is part of an ancient cross which is said to have stood on the site of the chapel.

In the 5th vol. of the Manx Society we are told that a carved stone belonging to a treen chapel in the parish of German, was buried many feet under ground by a native in consequence of a superstitious belief, entertained by some of the neighbours, that a murrain then prevalent among the cattle, took its rise from the stone laying tossed about.

> "See the lines graven round it, all are Runic,
> Mystic inscriptions, full of wizard power
> To ward off ill."

On the top of the hill, Cronk-y-Keeil-Abban, on the left-hand of the road, and three fields from the church, are said to have been held some of the ancient Tynwald Courts, such as now meet annually at St. John's. We have historical evidence that one such meeting was held here in 1429. The natives residing near say that a few fields distant from this point is the most central part of the island.

It commands a good view down East Baldwin, and away past the Asylum to Douglas Head, and the southern land extending past Mount Murray to South Barrule. Northwards are Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, and the Cairn.

When the road is seen winding along the east side of Carraghan, enter a cart-road on the right, leading through the fields to the main road, which descends East Baldwin valley, with the stream on the left hand. Here, if the traveller enter one of the farmhouses he will see peat fires on the floors, with the old-fashioned large open chimneys; but these are gradually being superseded by grates and modern-shaped chimneys.

On the bank of the stream is the Ohio lead mine; another, the West Baldwin mine, was passed just before reaching Baldwin village.

When the Glass river is crossed, at the point where it is joined by the East Baldwin stream, the glen is well-wooded, and one or two paper-mills are observed on the banks of the river. It is a pleasant drive all the way down the valley, but there is nothing of special interest. The traveller may return to Douglas by crossing Sir George's bridge, to the north side of the river, see page 35; or he may continue through Strang, and past Kirk Braddan.

Douglas to Port Soderick.

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse, to carry four persons and the driver, 7*s*.
For a carriage and pair, to carry six persons and the driver, 9*s*.
For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry eight persons and the driver, 12*s*.
For a sociable or long car, to carry ten persons and the driver, 14*s*.

Port Soderick, a pretty little bay on the south side of Douglas, is a favourite resort. The distance by road is 3 miles, but the pedestrian may save ½ mile by entering a footpath when about 2 miles from Douglas.

Port Soderick may also be visited by railway. Those who do not object to a short sea-voyage may visit the place by some of the yachts which ply between Douglas and Port Soderick during the summer, the charge being 1*s*. there and back. When the sea is calm the voyage may be made in smaller boats. Going by water the promontories of Douglas Head and Little Ness are passed, and a sight is obtained of some wild rocks and cliffs.

With carriage the river must be crossed at Douglas Bridge, and the Castletown Road entered, which turns to right and passes the Nunnery grounds, allowing of fine views of the mansion. A short distance farther the new Castletown Road branches to right, and runs under the railway. Keeping to the old and direct road, the railway is passed 2 miles from Douglas, and close to the mansion of Oakhill.

About 50 yards beyond the railway, at a cottage, the footpath may be entered which crosses the fields to Port Soderick.

Following the main road the sea presently appears, and the hollow is observed in which lies the creek, though not seen from this point. A short way beyond a blacksmith's shop, a lane on the left has to be followed, which soon makes a turn to right, and then again to left. It allows of a good view of the little glen down which flows the Crogga rivulet to the haven.

Presently Port Soderick is reached, where there is an hotel, built specially for the accommodation of visitors, no other house being near. The creek is small, and surrounded by a rocky coast, which is seen to the north as far as the point of Little Ness. In the rocks, on the south side, are three caves; the one nearest the house is a very narrow crevice, which the visitor may walk through at almost all states of the tide; the

other two must be visited by boat, except at low water, when they may be reached by walking along the rocks on the shore. One of them is very large, and extends hundreds of yards under the land. To explore it candles are required. The third is not so extensive. If time allow, the cliffs on either side of the creek might be ascended. Those on the south yield a good view of Derby Haven, and from those on the north are seen a wild rocky coast to Little Ness, with the sea dashing and forming beautiful streaks of silvery spray. There is nothing else of particular interest; but so secluded a spot, with the sea and rocks for companions, will well repay a visit, and here a few hours may be whiled away pleasantly.

The home of the following story of a mermaid, which ends rather simply, is Port Erin; but as other guide writers have inserted it when speaking of Port Soderick, we suppose we must do likewise, or some readers might be disappointed.

"In the time that Oliver Cromwell usurped the Protectorship of England, few or no ships resorted to this island; and that uninterruptedness and solitude of the sea gave the mermen and mermaids (who are enemies to any company but those of their own species) frequent opportunities of visiting the shore, where, on moonlight nights, they have been seen to sit, combing their hair and playing with each other; but as soon as they perceived anybody coming near them, jumped into the water, and were out of sight immediately. Some people who lived near the coast, having observed their behaviour, spread large nets, made of small but very strong cords, upon the ground, and watched at a convenient distance their approach; but only one was taken, which proved to be a female. Nothing could be more lovely; above the waist it resembled a fine young woman, but below that all fish, with fins and a huge spreading tail. She was carried to a house and used very tenderly; but although they set before her the best provisions, she could not be prevailed upon to eat or drink, neither could they get a word from her, although they knew that these creatures had the gift of speech, having heard them talk to each other when sitting regaling themselves on the sea-side. They kept her in the house three days, but perceiving that she began to look very ill by fasting so long, and fearing some calamity would befall the island if they should keep her till she died, they agreed to let her return to the element she liked best; and the third night set open their door, which as soon as she beheld she raised herself from the place where she was lying, and glided with incredible swift-

ness on her tail to the sea-side. They followed at a distance, and saw her plunge into the water, where she was met by a great number of her own species, one of whom asked what she had observed among the people of the earth. 'Nothing very wonderful,' answered she, 'but they are so ignorant as to throw away the water in which they have boiled their eggs.'"

According to tradition, there is an enchanted island near Port Soderick, which a mighty magician, who, for some insult he had received from the people living upon it, cast his spell over it, and submerged it to the bottom of the ocean, transforming the inhabitants into blocks of granite. It was permitted them, once in seven years, to rise to the surface for the short space of thirty minutes, during which time the enchantment might be broken if any person had the boldness to place a Bible on any part of the enchanted land when at its original altitude above the waters of the deep. On one occasion, about the end of September, on a fine moonlight night, a young woman, named Nora Cain, was sauntering along the little bay in sweet converse with her lover, when she observed something in the distance which continued to increase in size. It struck her to be none other than the enchanted isle she so often had heard of. It continued gradually rising above the surface of the water, when, suddenly disentangling herself from the arm of her lover, hastened home with all the speed she could, and rushed into the cottage, crying out, breathless with her haste, "The Bible, the Bible, the Bible!" to the utter amazement of the inmates, who could not at the moment imagine what had possessed her. After explaining what she had seen, she seized hold of the coveted volume and hastened back to the beach, but, alas! only just in time to see the last portion of the enchanted isle subside once more to its destined fate of another seven years' submersion. From that night poor Nora gradually pined away, and was soon after followed to her grave by her disconsolate lover. It is said that no person has since had the hardihood to make a similar attempt, lest, in case of failure, the enchanter in revenge might cast his club over Mona also.

Many are the traditions of the Manx people respecting a beautiful country under the sea, and on this subject the mysterious-loving Waldron tells us the following story. "There was, some forty or fifty years since, a project set on foot for searching for treasures in the sea; accordingly vessels were got ready, and machines made of glass, and cased with a thick

tough leather, to let the person down who was to dive for the (in my opinion, dearly purchased) wealth. One of these ships happening to sail near the Isle of Man, and having heard that great persons had formerly taken refuge there, imagined there could not be a more likely part of the ocean to afford the gain they were then in search of than this. They therefore let down the machine, and in it the person who had undertaken to go on this expedition; they let it down by a vast length of rope, but he still plucking it, which was the sign for those above to increase the quantity, they continued to do so, till they knew he must be descended an infinite number of fathoms. In fine, he gave the signal so long, that at last, they found themselves out of cord, their whole stock being too little for the capacious inquisition. A very skilful mathematician being on board, said that he knew, by the proportion of the line which was let down, he must have descended from the surface of the waters more than twice the number of leagues that the moon is computed to be distant from the earth. But having, as I said, no more cord, they were obliged to turn the wheel, which, by degrees, brought him up again; at their opening the machine and taking him out, he appeared very much troubled that his journey had so soon been at a period, telling them, that could he have gone a little farther, he should have brought discoveries well worth the search. It is not to be supposed but everybody was impatient to be informed of what kind they were; and being all gathered about him on the main deck, as soon as he had recruited himself, he began to relate in this manner.

"'After,' said he, 'I had passed the region of the fishes, I descended into a pure element, clear as the air in the serenest and most unclouded day, through which, as I passed, I saw the bottom of the watery world, paved with coral and a shining kind of pebbles, which glittered like the sunbeams reflected on a glass. I longed to tread the delightful paths, and never felt more exquisite delight than when the machine I was inclosed in grazed upon it. On looking through the little windows of my prison, I saw large streets and squares on every side, ornamented with huge pyramids of crystal, not inferior in brightness to the finest diamonds; and the most beautiful building, not of stone, nor brick, but of mother of pearl, and embossed in various figures with shells of all colours. The passage which led to one of these magnificent apartments being open, I endeavoured with my whole strength to move my inclosure towards it, which I did, though with

great difficulty and very slowly. At last, however, I got entrance into a very spacious room, in the midst of which stood a large amber table, with several chairs round of the same. The floor of it was composed of rough diamonds, topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Here I doubted not but to make my voyage as profitable as it was pleasant, for could I have brought with me but a few of these, they would have been of more value than all we could hope for in a thousand wrecks; but they were so closely wedged in, and so strongly cemented by time, that they were not to be unfastened. I saw several chains, carcanets, and rings, of all manner of precious stones, finely cut and set after our manner, which I suppose had been the prize of the winds and waves; these were hanging loosely on the jasper walls by strings made of rushes, which I might easily have taken down, but as I had edged myself within half a foot reach of them, I was unfortunately drawn back, through your want of line. In my return I saw several comely mermen and beautiful mermaids, the inhabitants of this blissful realm, swiftly descending towards it; but they seemed frightened at my appearance, and glided at a distance from me, taking me, no doubt, for some monstrous and new-created species.'

"'Here,' said my authors, 'he ended his account, but grew so melancholy, and so much enamoured of those regions he had visited, that he quite lost all relish for earthly pleasures, till continual pinings deprived him of his life, having no hope of ever descending there again, all design of prosecuting the diving project being soon after laid aside.'

"With the same confidence the truth of these narratives were asserted did I hear a sailor protest that it was a common thing when they were out at sea, and too far from shore for the voice of anything on land to reach their ears, for them to hear the bleating of sheep, the barking of dogs, the howling of wolves, and the distinct cries of every beast the land affords."

Whilst at Port Soderick the tourist might have a delightful stroll up the secluded and charming glen of the Crogga, by following the streamlet from the shore to the Crogga bridge situate about a mile above the railway station.

Douglas to Peel, by Carriage Road.

Kirk Braddan, 1½ miles; Union Mills, 2½ miles; Crosby, 4½ miles; St. John's, 8¼ miles; Peel, 10¾ miles.

Douglas to Peel, and back:

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse, to carry four persons and the driver, 11*s.*

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry six persons and the driver, 17*s.* 6*d.*

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry eight persons and the driver, 19*s.*

For a post-carriage and pair of horses, to carry six persons and the driver, 17*s.* 6*d.*

For a sociable and long car, to carry ten persons and the driver, 22*s.*

This, once the visitor's favourite drive, has, since the opening of the railway to Peel, been almost discontinued. It is a very pleasant road, and would, in all probability, hold its own against the railway, were it not that *eight* miles of the ground are traversed by those who take the "long round" *viâ* Kirk Michael and Ramsey.

The first 1½ miles have been described at page 23.

On passing the picturesque and well-timbered grounds around Kirk Braddan churches, the view on the left is obstructed by high ground; on the right are seen the Asylum, the Race Course, and houses dotted here and there on ground gradually rising to the mountains—Snaefell being now one of the number, and visible to the right of Pen-y-Pot.

Two and a half miles from Douglas the railway and the Dhoo river are crossed at the Union Mills. When on the bridge a good view is obtained of South Barrule. Here is a small inn, also woollen cloth, and flour mills, belonging to Dalrymple Maitland & Co. At the cloth-mill about 25 hands are employed, and at the flour-mill 4 hands. In the village is the Dalrymple Memorial Chapel. It is a pretty little building belonging to the Independents, this and the two chapels at Douglas being the only places of worship in the island possessed by that religious body. It was erected in 1862, in commemoration of James Dalrymple, Esq., who was born at Kilsgath, in Scotland, in 1778, and died here December 24th, 1861, after a residence of forty years.

The road now gradually rises, and allows of good retrospective views of a richly-wooded country stretching to Douglas, the Asylum building being a very prominent object.

The vale in the direction of Douglas presently disappears, and the prospect embraces a fine upland country, with the mountain tops stretching from South Barrule to Snaefell.

Four miles from Douglas is passed the picturesque hamlet of Glen Vine. On the left, in the estate of Ellerslie, is seen a large chimney connected with the Great East Foxdale silver-lead mine (formerly called the Tynwald mine), and situated at the foot of Slieu Chiarn. Here, close to the road, is the new parish church of Marown, the old church (the bell-turret of which is just visible from one or two points on the road) being about a mile distant on the left, near the mines, and on the height called Archallagan. In the direction of the mine is Ballaquinea glen, a favourite resort of pic-nic parties, and Glen Darragh, where is a far-famed stone circle, both of which glens run up to Mount Murray, one of the sources of the Dhoo river.

On the right, by the roadside, is a castellated lodge near to the mansion, called Eyreton Castle, which belongs to the present vicar of the parish. Close to the Crosby railway station is a Wesleyan Methodist chapel, and a few yards farther stands a comfortable inn, called the "Half-way House." Crosby is a pretty village, 4½ miles from Douglas, sheltered by the mountains and embosomed in trees. Perhaps there is no inland village on the island more suitable as a place of residence. A few hundred yards farther is passed another snug inn, which claims to be the "Original Half-way House." There is now a charming prospect. The richly-wooded grounds at the foot of the rocky front of Greeba, with the ivy-covered mansion of Stanley Mount, and the spire of St. John's church, present a pleasing foreground; and in the distance is Slieu Whallin, and the Peel hill crowned with Corrin's tower.

A few hundred yards farther, close to a small inn, is St. Trinian's church, in a field adjoining the road. It is an ancient unpretending building, without roof, and half concealed by trees. The stranger is allowed to enter the field and inspect the ruin, and he should do so reverently, for he is now on classic and charmed ground, it being the scene of the following story, called "The Buggane of St. Trinian."

"This religious edifice is said to have been erected in fulfilment of a vow made by a person when in a hurricane at sea, but, according to tradition, it was never finished. This was attributed to the malice of a mischievous Buggane, or evil spirit, who, for want of better employment, amused himself

with tossing the roof to the ground as often as it was on the eve of being finished, accompanying his achievement with a loud fiendish laugh of satisfaction. The only attempt to counteract the singular propensity of the evil one, which tradition has conveyed to us, was made by Timothy, a tailor of great pretensions to sanctity of character. On the occasion alluded to the roof of St. Trinian's church was, as usual, nearly finished, when the valorous tailor undertook to make a pair of breeches under it before the Buggane could commence his old trick. He accordingly seated himself in the chancel, and began to work in great haste; but ere he had completed his job, the head of the frightful Buggane rose out of the ground before him, and addressed him thus:—

"'Do you see my great head, large eyes, and long teeth?'

"'Hee! Hee!' (yes, yes) replied Timothy, at the same time stitching with all his might, and without raising his eyes from his work.

"The Buggane, still rising slowly out of the ground, cried in a more angry voice than before, 'Do you see my great body, large head, and long nails?'

"'Hee! Hee!' rejoined Timothy, as before, but continuing to *pull-out* with all his strength.

"The Buggane, having now risen wholly from the ground, inquired in a terrible voice, 'Do you see my great limbs, large feet, and long —?' but ere he could utter the last word, the tailor put the finishing stitch into the breeches, and jumped out of the church, just as the roof fell in with a crash. The fiendish laugh of the Buggane arose behind him as he bounded off in a flight, to which terror lent its utmost speed. Looking behind he saw a frightful spectacle close upon his heels, with extended jaws, as if about to swallow him alive. To escape its fury, Timothy leaped into consecrated ground, where, happily, the Buggane had not power to follow; but as if determined to punish him for his temerity, the angry sprite lifted its great head from its body, and with great force pitched it to the feet of the tailor, where it exploded like a bombshell. Wonderful to relate, the adventurous Timothy was unscathed, but the church of St. Trinian remained without a roof."

The scene of another legend, "*The Phynnodderee*," which may be placed in the same category as the preceding, is laid about a mile from St. Trinian's church, in a field called "*Yn Cheance Rhunt*," or the "Round Meadow." Some say the Round Meadow is close to St. Trinian's church, on the opposite side of the road.

The Phynnodderee is a creature of the Manx imagination, and is represented as being a fallen fairy, who was banished from fairyland by the elfin king for having paid his addresses to a pretty maid, who lived in a bower beneath the *blue tree of Glen Aldyn*, and for deserting the fairy court during the *re-hollys vooar yn ouyr*, or harvest-moon, to dance in the merry Glen of Rushen. He is doomed to remain in the Isle of Man till the end of time, transformed into a wild satyr-like figure, covered with long shaggy hair, like a he-goat, and was thence called the Phynnodderee, or hairy one.

"His was the wizard hand that toil'd
At midnight's witching hour,
That gather'd the sheep from the coming storm
Ere the shepherd saw it lour;
Yet ask'd no fee save a scattered sheaf
From the peasant's garner'd hoard,
Or cream-bowl pressed by a virgin-lip
To be left on the household board."

The Phynnodderee sometimes, when in a good mood, used to cut down and carry meadow grass which would be destroyed if permitted to continue exposed to the wintry storms. Upon one occasion the owner of the Round Meadow having expressed his displeasure with the spirit for not having cut his grass close enough to the ground, the hairy one in the following year allowed the dissatisfied farmer to cut it down himself, but went after him stubbing up the roots so fast, that it was with difficulty the farmer escaped having his legs cut off by the angry sprite. For several years afterwards no person could be found to mow the meadow, until a fearless soldier from one of the garrisons at length undertook the task. He commenced in the centre of the field, mowing round and round in a circle, at the same time keeping one eye upon the scythe, while the other

"Was turned round with prudent care
Lest Phynnodderee catch him unaware,"

and thus succeeded in finishing his task unmolested.

Before leaving this wonderful Phynnodderee, we give the following story indicative of his prodigious strength.

"A farmer having resolved to build a large house on his property a little above the base of Snaefell, at a place called *Tholt-e-will*, caused the requisite quantity of stones to be

quarried on the beach, but one immense block of quartz, which he was very desirous to have for a particular part of the intended building, resisted all his efforts at removal. The Phynnodderee, however, conveyed it one night to the desired spot, and the farmer, wishing to remunerate the naked sprite, caused a few articles of clothing to be laid down for him in his usual haunt. The hairy one, on perceiving the habiliments, lifted them up one by one, and thus expressed his feelings:

> "'Cap for the head, alas! poor head;
> Coat for the back, alas! poor back;
> Breeches for the breech, alas! poor breech;
> If these be all thine, thine cannot be
> The merry Glen of Rushen.'"

Having repeated these words, he departed with a melancholy wail, and now

> "You may hear his voice on the desert hill
> When the mountain winds have power;
> 'Tis a wild lament for his buried love,
> And his long lost fairy bower."

Without the aid of the *Buggane*, the Rev. Mr. Cumming endeavours to solve the mystery connected with the roofless state of St. Trinian. He says:—"St. Trinian, or Tranion, is generally considered to have been a British bishop ordained by St. Palladius, but more probably the name St. Trinian is a corruption of St. Ringan, as the Scotch call St. Ninian; for this church belonged to the Priory of St. Ninian, at Withorne, in Galloway.* The Prior of Withorne, as well as the Prior of St. Bede, in Copeland, the Abbot of Bangor, or Banchor, in Ireland, and the Abbot of Furness, in Lancashire, were barons of Man, holding lands in the island, and as such were cited by the second Sir John Stanley, at the Hill of Reneurling, in Kirk Michael, in the year 1422, to come within forty days and do fealty to him for their holdings; and not appearing, their lands were forfeited. To this day separate Courts Baron for these lands are held by the Crown officers.

"The nave and chancel of the church, according to the usual Manx type, are without any architectural division. The church is 69 feet long, outside the walls, and 24 feet wide.

* Dr. Oswald says the name Trinion appears to refer to the etymon of Trin or Treen.

One fact which is noticeable is, that a series of square holes pierce quite through the walls along the north and south sides of the church, at a height of 6 feet from the ground, and at the east and west ends, at the top and bottom of the windows on each side of them. Could they be intended for defence? or were they prepared as log-holes for the insertion of movable *bwhid-suggane*, or rope-stones, i.e., stones or pieces of wood placed in the walls of houses in the island, to which are fastened the ropes which tie down the thatch? *

"The Rev. William Mackenzie, in his notes upon 'Stanley Legislation,' printed in the 3rd vol. of the Manx Society, has conjectured that the building was interfered with by the confiscation of the barony by the second Sir John Stanley, as above detailed, yet the architecture appears of an earlier date than the 15th century.

"In the early part of the 14th century the Scotch had possession of the Isle, and were expelled by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, in 1333, which seems more to coincide with the date of the building. As the barony was held by Scotch proprietors (the Priors of Withorne, in Galloway), this circumstance may give a clue to the story of the building never having been completed."

If the stranger enter the small inn close to the church, and hold a gossip with the landlord, he will hear some strange ghost and fairy stories; and happily for the listener the old man is a firm believer in their truth. He is certainly a fit resident for a spot so haunted.

It is interesting to notice his serious manner when he is relating how, at one time, a young man, a stonemason, who was lodging at his house, having removed a stone from St. Trinian's church, and inserted it into the wall of a neighbouring outbuilding, became suddenly ill, with his body covered all over with sores, and remained in that state for many months. At last the cause of the young man's illness was discovered; the stone was taken back to the church, and the result was a speedy recovery, and a return of health and strength.

He will also tell of a boy who resided at a mansion at the foot of Greeba, who gradually pined away, and for a long

* The landlord of the inn close by solves this difficulty by supposing the holes were for the purpose of fixing the scaffolding when the walls were being built, and, being a master builder himself, he is an authority on the subject.

time no one could discover the cause. At last it became known that the boy had once taken a small stone from the church when in sport with his companions. Search was made for the stone; it was found, and the youth recovered.

These stories serve to show with what veneration the natives look on their religious relics, and enable us to understand the force of the following curse handed down by their ancestors: "May a stone of the church be found in a corner of thy dwelling."

A solitary tumulated ruin remaining for ages undisturbed in a field, merely because it is called a *Keeil*, is a striking instance of the veneration with which the Manx regard such things. A veneration for ante-historic superstitions is a certain indication that an element of religion and the fear of God is powerfully implanted in the mind, either for good or for evil, and inspires a man with a conviction that he is designed for higher ends than he is able to comprehend. This principle, which everyone possesses, more or less, when well cultivated, elevates the moral condition of man; but without education, produces grovelling superstition and obstinate bigotry, often of the most destructive kind.

Leaving the landlord to muse alone on his strange stories, the traveller presently arrives at the foot of Greeba mountain, and finds that what has hitherto appeared only one castellated and picturesque building, now resolves itself into two modern mansions, the Stanley Mount, and Greeba Tower. The grounds abound in foliage, and the situation is one of great beauty.

When 6¾ miles from Douglas, a smithy will be observed on the wayside, opposite to which a road crosses the valley, and leads in the direction of Ballacurry glen. On the right-hand side of this road, and about a hundred yards from the smithy, is the "Round Meadow," previously referred to as the field where the Phynnodderee mowed the grass.

The level land in the valley around here is called the *Curragh-glass*, or "Gray-bog," and is said to have been in ancient times "a wide-spreading lake which glassed the deep shadows of the surrounding mountains." This lake, or pool, has been gradually filled up by the growth of peat-beds, in which is often found the bog oak, and sometimes the remains of the antlers and other portions of the skeleton of the great Irish elk.

There is nothing of special interest on the road, until a few yards beyond a small house, called the Hawthorn Inn, when

the St. John's church and the flagstaff on the historical Tynwald Hill come in sight, directly in front; and on the left is Slieu Whallin, with Peel hill and Corrin's tower in the distance.

Half a mile before arriving at St. John's is the hamlet of Ballacraine, where is a good-sized house, called Ballacraine Hotel. Here a road branches to right for Glen Helen and Kirk Michael, and it is the route the coaches take for Ramsey by the "long round." That on the left leads to Castletown.

On arriving at St. John's church and the Tynwald Hill, many thoughts will rush into the mind of those who now pay their first visit to the spot. The student of history, and those acquainted with the laws and customs of the ancient Scandinavian nations, will at once revert to the times when each tribe and nation of northern Europe had its solemn annual open-air legislative meeting of rulers and people. With a kind of reverential awe will they look upon this tiny plot of ground where now, as in days of yore, annually on Midsummer-day, July 5th, meet the whole Manx nation, for the purpose of appointing officers and enacting new laws. In no other country has the custom been continued.

We do not know when these meetings were instituted in Man, but in all probability it was in very remote times. The first historical notice of them is in 1417, when Sir John Stanley, King and Lord of the island, assembled the worthiest of the land to meet his deemsters, or judges, at this place, in order that they might declare what was the law and constitution of old time, and promulgate the same to the people from the Tynwald Hill. After this time the laws continued to be committed to writing; but previously they had been locked up in the breasts of the deemsters.

The ceremony of the Tynwald Hill is thus stated:—

"This is the constitution of old time, how yee shall be governed on the Tynwald-day. First, you shall come hither in your royal array, as a King ought to do, by the prerogatives and royalties of the land of Mann. And upon the Hill of Tinwald sitt in a chaire covered with a royall cloath and cushions, and your visage unto the east, and your sword before you, holden with the point upward. Your barrons in the third degree sitting beside you, and your beneficed men and your deemsters before you sitting, and your clarke, your knights, esquires, and yeomen about you in the third degree; and the worthiest men in your land to be called in before

your deemsters, if you will ask anything of them, and to hear the government of your land and your will; and the commons to stand without the circle of the hill, with three clearkes in their surplices. And your deemsters shall make call on the Coroner of Glenfaba, and he shall call on all the coroners of Man, and their yardes in their hands, with their weapons upon them, either sword or axe; and the moares, that is, to witt, of every sheading. Then the Chief Coroner, that is, the Coroner of Glenfaba, shall make affence, upon paine of life and lyme, that noe man make any disturbance or stirr in the time of Tinwald, or any murmur or rising in the King's presence, upon paine of hanging and drawing; and then to proceed in your matters, whatsoever you have to doe, in felonie, or treason, or other matters that touch the government of your land of Manne."

At the present day, after prayers, a procession is formed from the church to the Tynwald Hill, in the following order:—

Constables.
Coroners.
Captains of Parishes.
The High Bailiffs.
The Clergy.
The Members of the House of Keys.
The Vicar-General.
The Archdeacon.
The Water-Bailiff.
Clerk of the Rolls.
The two Deemsters.
The Attorney General.
The Lord Bishop.
Sword of State.
His Excellency the Governor.
Government Chaplains.
Constables.

On arriving at the summit of the hill, the Governor and Bishop take their seats, surrounded by the Council, and Keys, the people being assembled on the outside.

The Tynwald Court is fenced, prior to the commencement of proceedings, by the Lieutenant-Governor calling upon the Coroner of Glenfaba, the senior coroner of the island, whose power extends over the whole of it, to "fence the Court." The form was anciently as follows, and continues much the same at the present day:—"I do fence the King of Man and

his offices, that no manner of men do brawl or quarrel, nor molest the audience, lying, leaning, or sitting, and to show their accord, and answer when they are called, by license of the King of Man and his officers.

"I do draw witness to the whole audience that the Court is fenced." This is repeated thrice.

After the Court is fenced, the Coroner of Glenfaba gives in his wand* of office, when the Lieutenant-Governor appoints his successor, upon taking the usual oath upon his knees, administered by the senior Deemster; the other five Coroners in succession doing the same. They only retain office for one year, and remain out of office one year, when other persons are appointed in their places for the year following; their office is that of sheriff.

After these proceedings, the laws that have received the sanction of the Manx Legislature and Her Majesty the Queen, are read by the first Deemster, by reciting the title and heading of the various clauses in English, and by the Coroner of Glenfaba in Manx.

Until 1865 the laws were read *in extenso* in English and Manx, which rendered the proceedings at times rather lengthy. In that year a short Act of Tynwald was passed, providing for the above change.

When this business is concluded, the parties return to the chapel, where the Governor, Council, and Keys sign the Acts, attesting the promulgation (the laws having been previously signed by the consenting parties, of whom, by the Constitution, thirteen at least of the Keys must have signified their assent), and then transact any other business that may be brought before them; after this the laws become valid as "Acts of Tynwald," for they cannot be enforced until they have been thus proclaimed from the Tynwald Hill.

There is, however, an Act of Tynwald which authorizes, in cases of emergency, measures to be adopted, and to have the force of law, before they can be proclaimed at the annual meeting at the Tynwald Hill.

Meetings, which are termed Tynwald Courts, are held many times during the year at Douglas or Castletown, and are attended by the Governor, Council, and Keys, when various interests of the island are discussed and new laws

* The rod or wand of office, or, as it is sometimes called, the *yard*, is now generally formed of a piece of cane, decorated with scarlet or blue ribbon.

made ready for promulgation on the following Midsummer-day.

When the 5th July falls on a Sunday the Tynwald is held on Monday, the 6th, an Act having been passed in 1610 forbidding them to be held on the Sabbath-day. Previous to the alteration of the calendar in 1753 they were held on the 24th June.

Whether the Tynwald Courts were held yearly at St. John's in ancient times is uncertain. One historian tells us they were permanently removed to that place in 1577. In 1422 a Tynwald was held at Reneurling Hill, near Kirk Michael, and in 1429 one met at Cronk-y-Keeil-Abban, in Baldwin, and in 1430 at the Castle of Rushen, in Castletown; but in all probability these latter were extraordinary Tynwalds held for a special purpose, and did not interfere with the yearly meetings on Tynwald Hill at St. John's. Some authors have, however, maintained that in former ages a Tynwald was held on Reneurling Hill, for the northern part of the island, and one at Cronk-y-Keeil-Abban for the southern district.

Bishop Wilson says that the islanders had a right to present petitions at the Tynwald, and undoubtedly when such meetings were first instituted the people would deliberate and vote. Such privileges appear in later times to have been deemed disloyal, for it was enacted :—"If any person rise up against the Governor sitting in any Tynwald Court, wherein he represented the Lord's person, they are to be deemed traitors, and to be sentenced to death without any inquest on them by the Deemster; that they be first drawn after wild horses, then hanged, and afterwards quartered, and their heads struck off and set upon the Castle Tower, over the town, with one quarter there, the second quarter to be set up at Peel, the third at Ramsey, and the fourth at Douglas."

On the Tynwald-day a company of military is usually in attendance from Castletown, and people arrive in great numbers from every part of the island, and consider it a regular holiday. From time immemorial a fair has been held, and the adjoining grounds are covered with tents, cattle, and sheep.

The Tynwald Hill is close to the main road. It derives its name from the Scandinavian *thing*, a court of justice, and *wald*, fenced. The Manx call the hill Cronk Keeillown, or the Hill of St. John. It is composed of soil traditionally said to have been collected from each of the seventeen parishes of the island; but this is a matter of great doubt, as no authentic record of such a fact is to be met with. The

mound rises about 12 feet high, by four stages or circular platforms, each 3 feet higher than the next lower. The circumference of the base is 240 feet, and at the top 18 feet, the lowest platform being 8 feet wide, the next 6 feet, and the third 4 feet. The whole is covered with short turf, neatly kept. Formerly it was walled round, and had two gates. The approach to the top is by a flight of 21 steps cut in the turf, directly facing the Chapel, to which there is a spacious road of approach from the foot of the mound of 366 feet in length.

The chapel was erected in 1847, on the site of one much older. It is a neat, elegant building, composed of stone from a neighbouring quarry, and the whole is faced with granite from Foxdale, at the foot of South Barrule. The spire is 100 feet high. The inside of the chapel is arranged with the special object of accommodating the Governor, Council, and Keys, on the Tynwald-days. There is no burial ground attached. The total cost of the building was 2535*l.* The British Government granted 1500*l.*, and the remainder was raised by private subscription. When the old chapel was pulled down, part of a Runic cross was found in the walls. It now stands in the porch, and reads as follows :—

"*Iva sortr raist runar thser.*"

i. e. :—

"Iva the Swarthy, or Black, engraved these Runes."

In the neighbourhood of the Tynwald Hill a battle was fought in 1229, for the sovereignty of the isle, between Olave the Black and his brother Reginald, who had usurped the throne. Reginald, with many others, fell in the conflict, and his body was afterwards conveyed to the Abbey of Furness.

Another combat took place between two factions, on the occasion of a meeting of the people at Tynwald, and some were slain.

Numerous remains have at various times been found in the neighbouring fields, supposed to have been those killed in the various conflicts. In 1847, when widening the road at the west end of the Tynwald Mount, a tomb was discovered, consisting of four upright stones with a large stone above. It is called the Giant's Grave, in which there was nothing except a little black mould; but 50 yards distant another was found, containing a battle-axe, stirrup, and beads of various colours, shapes, and sizes. These latter were placed, by the late Professor Edward Forbes, in Jermyn Street Geological Museum, London.

The Glen Helen stream is crossed ½ mile out of the village of St. John's, and it afterwards joins the stream from the Foxdale glen; and the two form the Neb river, which enters the sea at Peel.

When over the bridge, the Ballaleece farmhouse will be observed on the right hand. It is the scene of a fairy legend, related to us by three or four persons residing in different parts of the island. It appears the fairies came and stole away the farmer's wife. After some time, the man took to himself a second partner, and then the first paid him a visit, in company with a troop of sister fairies, riding on small horses. She arranged with the husband that they should come again at a stated time, when she would be on the second horse, and he was therefore to seize hold of the bridle and detain her; but it was stipulated that he should not succeed in doing so, unless he swept the barn floor so clean that there was not left a single bit of straw. The man made everything in readiness for the meeting, but in the meantime told the secret to his second wife, and she, through jealousy, and in order to circumvent her rival, placed a single straw secretly under a bushel on the barn floor. The result was, that when the fairies came, the farmer seized hold of the second horse by the bridle, as pre-arranged, but could not detain it, and away went all the troop; not, however, according to one or two relaters of the story, without doing a dark deed, by murdering their unsuccessful sister, for blood was discovered next morning on the threshold of the barn.

Presently the parish church of St. Patrick is seen across the valley on the left, with Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule beyond, and the Peel hill and Corrin's tower in front. After passing the Cemetery a view is had of the sea, with the classic and picturesque ruins on St. Patrick's Isle; and a quick descent is made into the town of Peel.

Douglas to Peel, by Railway.

Union Mills, 2½ miles; Crosby, 5 miles; Glen Helen, 7½ miles; St. John's, 8 miles; Peel, 11½ miles.
(Douglas to Castletown and Port Erin, by Railway, see page 88.)

The railway between Douglas and Peel, opened for public traffic July 2nd, 1873, was a new feature in Manx history. At first it met with much opposition from part of the inhabitants and landowners, similar to that experienced in England in the time of the elder Stephenson; and even yet

some of the farmers think it is ruining the island, by depriving them of the services of many of the horses, which formerly were used by the car-drivers in summer, and then sent to work on the farms during the rest of the year.

It was amusing to see countrymen from the north-west part of the island looking with blank astonishment for the first time on the wonderful fire-horse. It recalled to mind times comparatively recent, but which, in our age of rapid advancement, appear to belong to a remote past.

The line is single, with a narrow gauge of 3 feet, that common in England and Scotland being 4 feet 8½ inches; the broad gauge, found on some railways in the south of England, being 7 feet, whilst in Ireland the gauge is 5 feet 3 inches.

Another railway is constructed from Douglas to Port Erin, *viâ* Port Soderick, Santon, Ballasalla, Castletown, Colby, and Port St. Mary, in connection with the above, and these railways enable tourists to see the island to the best advantage, at the least expense, and in the shortest time.

The undertaking has been carried on by a limited liability company, formed under an act of the insular legislature, with a capital of 200,000*l.*, divided into 40,000 shares, of 5*l.* each, of which 189,688*l.*, has been subscribed.

A line of rails is now also laid from a point near St. John's to Ramsey, *viâ* Kirk Michael, Ballaugh, and Sulby.

The Duke of Sutherland and John Pender, Esq., M.P., each took an active part in the formation of the company, of which the former was for several years, and the latter is now, chairman, and Major Goldie Taubman is vice-chairman. The board of directors consists of the following gentlemen:—

John Pender, Esq., M.P., Chairman.

Major J. S. Goldie Taubman, Isle of Man, Speaker of the House of Keys, Vice-Chairman.

J. T. Clucas, Esq., Sunnyside, Isle of Man.

George Sheward, Esq., Brondesbury Road, London.

Richard Pentreth, Esq., Hampton Court, Isle of Man.

W. B. Stevenson, Esq., Balladoole, Isle of Man.

Henry Vignoles, Esq., of London, was engineer; and Messrs. Watson and Smith, of London, contractors. The engines, named respectively Sutherland, Derby, Pender, Loch Mona, Peveril, and Tynwald, were made by Messrs. Beyer, Peacock, and Co., of Manchester; and the rolling-stock by the Metropolitan Railway Carriage and Wagon Company, Limited, and Messrs. Bruon, Marshall, and Co., Birmingham. The chief offices of the company are at St. George's

Street, Douglas. Sir James Gill, Attorney-General for the Island, and G. A. King, Esq., are Advocates; and G. H. Wood, Esq., secretary and manager, to the company.

The following return shows the receipts for traffic on the Peel and Port Erin lines for the year 1883:—

Month Ending	Passengers.			Goods.			Total.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
January 31,1883..	840	17	0	282	15	0	1123	12	0
February 28 „ ..	759	11	6	308	13	8	1068	5	2
March 31 „ ..	974	8	8	377	9	1	1351	17	9
April 30 „ ..	858	7	10	322	11	7	1180	19	5
May 31 „ ..	1401	7	8	339	19	8	1741	7	4
June 30 „ ..	1544	14	3	334	0	0	1878	14	3
July 31 „ ..	3094	0	7	337	6	4	3431	6	11
August 31 „ ..	5632	18	9	336	11	8	5969	10	5
September 30 „ ..	2457	14	2	266	0	8	2723	14	10
October 31 „ ..	1148	1	5	323	15	10	1471	17	3
November 30 „ ..	889	12	10	308	8	4	1198	1	2
December 31 „ ..	944	6	9	287	16	8	1232	3	5

The railway station at Douglas is situated at the end of Athol Street, close to Douglas Bridge. The line runs along the low land called "The Lake," and then by the side of the Nunnery grounds, the mansion (the residence of the vice-chairman of the company) appearing through the trees. Half a mile out of the station the Castletown line branches on the left. After passing the crossing leading to Pulrose Mill, the river Glass is spanned, close to the Quarter Bridge, the surrounding grounds of Ballaughton and Spring Valley being beautifully wooded.

When over the level crossing at Quarter Bridge, which is exactly one mile from Douglas, the line runs close to, and parallel with, the Peel highway; the charmingly-situated mansion of Kirby, the residence of his Honour Deemster Drinkwater, being on the left, and on the right the level grounds of Port-e-Chee, which are also the property of the Deemster. The farmhouse at the end of Port-e-Chee was occupied by the Duke of Athol prior to the erection of Castle Mona. On leaving the grounds of Kirby, the Kirk Braddan churches are close to on the left, and present a picturesque appearance. Here the line runs under the Peel road, and by the side of the Dhoo river, which it afterwards crosses three times.

Close to the Union Mills station are a few pleasant villas, and Dalrymple's cloth and flour mills; also a small inn, and a pretty memorial chapel belonging to the "Independents."

Half a mile farther a capital view is had of the Asylum and the Race Course, by looking back in the direction of Douglas. There is nothing worth notice for the next mile, but on passing the crossing leading to Glen Darragh and Mount Murray (which is generally called Closemooar Crossing) the grounds all around begin to present a cheerful aspect, villas and farmhouses being prettily situated in the midst of clumps of trees. The large chimney on the left is connected with the Great East Foxdale silver-lead mine. The new parish church of Marown is on the right, the old church being on the high ground of Archallagan, and almost out of sight, on the opposite side. The castellated mansion, called Eyreton Castle, mentioned in the last chapter (see page 49), is seen on the right.

Close to Crosby station is Crosby village, charmingly situated at the base of the Greeba mountain, which height comes fully in view, and presents a beautifully coloured front. Perhaps in no part of the island, at a distance from the seashore, are there more delightful places of residence than hereabouts.

Crosby is the point whence the tourist ought to visit St. Trinian's church, the stone circles of Glen Darragh, and ascend the Greeba mountain.

A mile beyond the Crosby station may be seen the roofless church of St. Trinian, amongst the trees in a meadow, close to a small inn, and at the foot of Greeba.

For fuller particulars respecting this and other places of interest which are passed refer to page 48.

An excellent view is now obtained of the ivy-covered embattled mansions of Stanley Mount and Greeba Castle. They are modern, but present so noble an appearance that the stranger will at once jump to the conclusion they are the residences of some of the greatest personages on the island. They are, however, not occupied by persons of note in Manx history either past or present. Mr. Noel, an English merchant, erected the higher building, and called it Greeba Castle. It was then purchased by Mr. Emmerson, an Irish gentleman, who changed the name to Stanley Mount, a son of his bearing the christian name of Stanley. A dispute having arisen between Mr. Noel and Mr. Emmerson, respecting a boundary fence, the case was tried in one of the Courts of the island, and the decision being in favour of the latter

gentleman, the other, still considering he had right on his side, built the lower mansion to obstruct the view from the higher, and called it Greeba Castle, but it now often goes by the name of Greeba Tower.

On the left of the railway is the height of Creg-y-Whualliam, just beyond which is the Ballacurry stream, which comes from the Cornelly lead mines, through the Cornelly glen. This stream flows to Peel, and the stream rising at the back of Greeba flows to Douglas, the two not being in one place many yards apart, so that the traveller is on the watershed and on the highest point of the railway between Douglas and Peel.

The "Round Meadow," or *Yn Cheance rhunt*, where the reprobate fairy, the Phynnodderee, formerly played his wicked pranks, is situated about 80 yards on the right-hand side of the railway, close to the Ballacurry stream, on the south-west side, and about one mile from St. Trinian's church.

Should the tourist now look ahead in the direction of Peel, he will see the Slieu Whallin mountain, St. John's church, and Corrin's tower on Peel hill.

A cutting seen a few yards before arriving at the St. John's station will be glanced at with interest by the geologist. In it is displayed a fine section of the Pleistocene strata of sand, gravel, and small rounded stones; and the onlooker will picture in his mind the time when the valley formed a kind of bay or strait covered by the sea. Along the whole length of the line there is not a tunnel, and hardly a single cutting. It runs along the ancient strait, and rests upon the sand and gravel formed at the geological era known as the Pleistocene, or recent.

The St. John's station is the best point whence to visit Glen Helen, which is $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles distant. Coaches and other vehicles run to and fro during the summer months and meet most of the trains, the fare being 6*d*. Many visitors also alight for a journey to Glen Meay, 4 miles off in the opposite direction, to which place vehicles also run on the arrival of trains at St. John's. At the station there is a good view of the Peel hill and Corrin's tower. Slieu Whallin rises direct from the station to a height of 900 feet, and may be ascended in half an hour. The Tynwald Hill and St. John's church are only a few yards from the station. The spire of St. John's church and the flagstaff on the ancient historical mound are seen from the train. A road runs direct from the Tynwald Hill, past the station, by the foot of Slieu Whallin, and through the Foxdale valley, to Castletown.

Half a mile beyond the station the river Neb is crossed.

It rises amongst the hills on the right, and flows from Glen Helen, where it forms the Rhenass waterfall, and is presently joined by the discoloured water from the Foxdale valley and mines.

One mile from St. John's station are some brick and tile works, called Abbey Clay Works, very few of which exist on the island, the principal building material being the stone from the slate rocks.

The line now winds by the side of the Neb river, and at the base of small sand-hills. On the left is seen the parish church of St. Patrick, over which peers, in the distance, the top of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa.

A short distance farther, the Peel hill stands prominently on the left, and when the Glenfaba mill is passed, the ruins and houses at Peel come in sight, and the town is entered.

Douglas to Glen Darragh, and back.

12 miles.

Glen Darragh may be visited either with carriage or on foot. The pedestrian will take the train to Crosby station, and thus reduce the walking distance to 7 miles. Crosby is also the best route for those who travel in a carriage.

Close to the station the road crosses the line, and over the Dhoo river. It then makes a steep ascent up the heights of Archallagan, with a fine prospect across the vale, and beyond Crosby to the Greeba mountain, and in the distance Carraghan and Pen-y-Pot.

The old parish church of Marown is reached ½ mile from the station. It stands by the roadside, is now half its original size, and is merely used for burial services. Here, according to a Manx ballad written at the beginning of the 16th century, are interred the three bishops, Lomanus, Conaghan, and Rooney (from the last of whom the church and parish derive their name); but there is nothing existing to denote their graves. In all probability it is a very ancient place of interment. When we visited it, the adjoining road was being cleared, and some stones on the road, opposite the north-east corner of the graveyard, were uncovered, which evidently formed a grave. It is just possible that Bishop Rooney, the patron saint of the place, may lie neglected and unknown under the wheels of the traveller's carriage. In the yard, at the foot of the bell-turret, lies, uncared for, a large

old font, and near it is a granite pedestal, upon which was formerly erected a sun-dial.

From the church the tourist may go down a lane to the Great East Foxdale silver-lead mine, which is situated on the Ellerslie estate, and thence to Glen Darragh; but most persons will desire to see *St. Patrick's Chair*, which stands ½ mile off, and is reached by continuing along the road beyond the church for some distance, and then turning up a lane on the right. It is discovered in the third field on the left, called *Magher-y-Chiarn*, or the Field of the Lord. It consists of a few upright stones, on a stone platform, forming a seat. Two upright stones have crosses carved on them facing to the west. This chair, in which St. Patrick is traditionally said to have sat to bless the people, stands in a commanding position, allowing a prospect which embraces a wide extent of undulating country, through which flows the river Dhoo, with the heights of Slieu Chiarn and Mount Murray on the right, and on the left Greeba, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, and the Cairn.

Again returning to the road, the point is reached, ½ mile farther, where four ways meet. The direct road leading to St. Mark's, and the right to Eairy, in Foxdale; the left-hand one, which the tourist must follow, leads to Cooil, each place being 2 miles distant.

The view on the right includes the dark, heath-clad heights of South Barrule, and the Granite Mountain; also a wide extent of country, watered by the river Santon Burn, and on the left Slieu Chiarn. The houses of St. Mark's are seen perched on the top of the opposite high ground.

The road winds round the south side of Slieu Chiarn, and between that hill and Mount Murray. The Mull Hills, and the landmark on Langness promontory, with a patch of the sea, are also in sight. Half a mile farther four roads meet, the right-hand being the main way to St. Mark's, and the left leading down to Ellerslie and the Great East Foxdale mines. Keep straight on, and presently the Stone Circles are observed in the gorse-covered ground on the left. The stones are very small, and there appears to have been more than one circle. They are sometimes called Druid circles, but they are in all likelihood very ancient burying-grounds. These circles will disappoint many visitors, but they are placed in such a commanding position that few will regret visiting the spot. The view is beautiful and extensive; whitewashed houses, embosomed in trees, are dotted here and there in the

valley and on the upland, which is backed by the central mountains of the island. Standing like giant sentinels are Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, Slieu-Mullagh-Ouyr, and the Cairn; and over the neighbouring height of Slieu Chiarn peers South Barrule, and over Archallagan are Slieu Whallin and the Beary hill.

After leaving the circles, the view opens in the direction of Douglas, with the town, a pleasant object, in the distance.

From the hamlet of Cooil the traveller may descend to Kirk Braddan, or to the Quarter Bridge; and the pedestrian may enter a footpath when a short distance down the road leading to Kirk Braddan. It commands a good view of the sylvan lands of Spring Valley, and leads into the Saddle road, close to the Saddle stone. Thence a walk through the Nunnery grounds to Douglas forms a pleasant termination of the day's excursion.

Douglas to Glen Helen, and Rhenass Waterfall.

Douglas to Glen Helen and back:

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse, to carry four persons and the driver, 11*s.*

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry six persons and the driver, 17*s.* 6*d.*

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry eight persons and the driver, 19*s.*

For a post-carriage and pair of horses, to carry six persons and the driver, 17*s.* 6*d.*

For a sociable and long car, to carry ten persons and the driver, 22*s.*

Glen Helen may justly claim to be considered the most lovely of the glens of Mona; some are larger, and some more wild, but this is unequalled for quiet, unassuming beauty.

As an inland place of resort, it is the tourist's favourite, and it may be visited in many ways. Some will drive from Douglas, a distance of ten miles, going by the Peel road as far as Ballacraine, and then through Glen Mooar (see fares quoted above). This drive may also be varied and lengthened by visiting Peel and Glen Meay. Others will include it in the long drive round by Kirk Michael, Ramsey, and Laxey; but in so hasty a glance as must then suffice, justice is not done to the place. Those who drive from Douglas, by Injebreck, and Little London, or Kirk Michael; or from Snaefell, by Sulby, Kirk Michael, or Little London; often

stay at Glen Helen on the return home, and remain there for a short time, having tea, and a stroll to the Fall before finishing the day's excursion. Most persons, however, go by train to St. John's station, and thence to Glen Helen by coaches which run to and fro, and meet almost every train during the summer months. The railway company issue cheap return tickets from Douglas. The coach fare from the station to Glen Helen is 3*d*., and on the way is passed the Tynwald Hill, one of the most interesting spots in Europe.

Those who walk from St. John's station may save ½ mile by following the road which passes close by the west end of the Tynwald Hill. A few hundred yards distant the Glen Helen stream is met, and as the water in it flows from the Rhenass fall, the tourist cannot make a mistake if he follow its course. The best plan is not to cross the bridge, but to continue by the side of the river a short distance, until a cloth-mill is reached, and then go over a wooden footbridge. Presently the road is entered which leads through Glen Mooar to Glen Helen.

The coach travels from St. John's station to Ballacraine, and then enters the road which runs through Glen Mooar. Half a mile from Ballacraine the Glen Helen river is crossed at the Ballig bridge, and the road continues by the side of it for 1½ mile, with the Beary hill on the right, and on the left the Ballakilley hill and old slate-quarries.

It is a pleasant drive through the narrow secluded glen, but there is nothing of special interest until the beautiful miniature Suspension Bridge and the Swiss Cottage are reached. Here the scenery is remarkably beautiful; hills covered with foliage rise on every hand, and the crystal stream winds pleasantly at their feet.

The Suspension Bridge is a very pretty object. It spans the river, and leads to the slate quarries, which have recently been closed. These quarries, and also the lovely Swiss-like cottage and grounds around, belonged formerly to Mr. R. Bell, a Glasgow merchant. The slate is of a deep blue colour, and of a very durable material. It is principally used for roofing on the island; the Kirk Braddan new church and other important buildings are covered with it, and occasionally there are consignments to Glasgow and other places. The slate being also suitable for tombstones, chimney-pieces and cisterns, &c., works for dressing it have been erected close to the quarry, with a saw-mill driven by water power.

The Swiss Cottage was built about thirty years ago, as a

private residence, by a Mr. Marsden, of Liverpool. It stands on a small rivulet, in which fish may occasionally be caught by holding a line out of one of the windows.

To Mr. Marsden the public are indebted for ornamenting, and thereby making this the most beautiful glen on the island. He planted about a million trees, and was awarded a premium by the managers of the Woods and Forests Department in England. Here is a variety of wood, such as Scotch fir, larch, sycamore, ash, oak, hazel, chestnut, &c., apparently in a thriving condition, thus proving that timber, the one great desideratum on the island, might be advantageously introduced, not only for its scenic effects, but also as a commercial speculation. It is to be hoped that some proprietors will follow Mr. Marsden's example, and by planting beautify other glens, so as to make them vie with this most lovely spot.

After Mr. Marsden's death the cottage and grounds passed through many hands, and they are now the property of the Glen Helen Hotel and Estate Company.

The tourist may enter the Hotel free of charge, but to visit the grounds, where croquet, swings, skittles, and other sources of amusement are provided, the charge is 4*d.* each person, and this includes admission to the waterfall and grounds in the neighbourhood, where the traveller may enjoy himself and wander at his will. Tickets, 1*s.* each, also include trout-fishing in the stream, but parties must provide their own tackle.

The Rhenass Fall is about a mile farther up the glen, the latter being called Glen Helen, after a daughter of Mr. Marsden. The best plan is to follow the path with the stream below on the right. A few hundred yards from the Hotel a rill is seen descending the opposite bank and forming some pretty cascades. All the way up the glen the stream flows musically along a rugged bed strewn with large boulders, and hills rise on either side, those on the right being entirely covered with trees, but it is to be regretted that on the left there is hardly one remaining of the many formerly adding so materially to the beauty of the place. Most of them were destroyed by fire. The ground has been replanted within the last few years.

Just where the stream divides into two branches, the water on the left hand winds through a narrow gorge and makes a descent of about 20 feet, forming the Rhenass Fall. The cascade itself is not large, nor one of great beauty, but the

picturesque rocks, and wooden bridges spanning the chasm, with the surrounding foliage, impart to the place an aspect in the highest degree romantic and pleasing. Here the lover of nature may loiter and muse for hours not unpleasantly.

Ascending by a winding path, and arriving at the top of the fall, the chasm is found to be spanned by footbridges, where are wild picturesque rocks, through which the water eddies and rushes with loud deafening sound, and forms three or four other falls, which some will consider better than the one observed from below. Any feeling of disappointment that may have been felt by those who have expected the water to make a longer descent, will be succeeded by one of satisfaction and wonder, for every spectator on standing here and looking down the sylvan glen, with its beautiful silvery stream, must feel that he is gazing on a truly lovely scene, one which will bear comparison with any of a similar nature in the British Isles.

A few yards above the falls is a small unoccupied stone building, adapted for pic-nic parties, and a place of retreat in case of rain. Close to it a peep is had up a little glen, down which tumbles the Blabae streamlet over ledges of rock, with heather, shrubs, and trees, on either hand, forming a little gem in the diadem of this charming spot.

Some tourists may delight in following the Rhenass stream for ½ mile farther, to the Rhenass farmhouse, and on the way, in the secluded glen, perhaps enjoy the luxury of a bathe in one of the tiny pools of pure transparent water. At the farmhouse they may enter a rugged road which leads to Cronk-y-Voddee, and there joins the main road from Glen Helen to Kirk Michael, and from the latter place they may reach Douglas by train; or they may continue by the side of the stream for another ½ mile to Little London, and then follow the mountain road which descends to Injebreck, and thence by the Baldwin valley to Douglas.

At the hamlet of Little London may be heard strange fairy tales, and an account of manners and customs of the Manx country people which are only just dying out, but which seem to carry us back to antediluvian times; and, curious to note, they are related by some elderly resident farmers of the name of Cain. An old gentleman of that name told us he well remembers the time (some fifty years ago) when to one plough, which was made of wood, with the exception of a small piece of iron for the sock, they used to yoke two oxen and three horses, attended by three men; one man holding the handles, one sitting on the plough to keep it

in or lift it out of the ground, and one leading the horses. The harness was made of straw and old stockings. In the harrows, instead of iron, they used pins made of the stems of gorse. They had no carts, and carried all their lime and manure in cradles made of twisted straw, which were fastened to a piece of wood and then placed on the horse, one cradle thus being on each side. Our readers may find it difficult to credit these statements, but we can assure them they are quite correct and free from exaggeration, for we heard the truth of them attested in many other parts of the island.

Some tourists will return from the Rhenass farmhouse, by a cart-road which ascends the hill on the right, passes two other farmsteads, and then crosses the Blabae streamlet near its source. When on the hill a glimpse is caught of the sea to the south-west, and the traveller is surrounded by heath-clad hills, which look so suitable for a ramble, that the pedestrian fond of mountaineering will have a difficulty in resisting the temptation to cross over the Greeba and Colden range, and descend to Baldwin. When the Blabae rivulet is crossed, it may be followed through a plantation to the Rhenass Fall.

Those who do not desire to extend the day's excursion in any of the ways just mentioned will find pleasant paths leading from the waterfall, and across the twin stream, by a wooden bridge, to a circular summer-house perched on a mound on the opposite side of the water, where the surrounding foliage presents a delightful variety. Paths lead down the glen, either high up the side of the hill or close to the stream, on the opposite side to that by which the tourist came. By following the higher track, a small but perfect stone circle will be found in a field at the back of the plantation, on the Eairy Moar farm, nearly half-way down the glen. It is evidently one of the many ancient burial-places met with on the island.

The lower path is the one most frequented. It may also be entered from the foot of the fall by crossing the Blabae rivulet, at a small bridge; but the visitor is recommended not to leave without following one of the winding paths previously mentioned, which cross the rill a few yards higher up the hill. The walk down the glen will be found very agreeable, with here and there some pretty peeps of a character differing from those which were presented on the other side. At one or two places bridges lead over the streamlet, but it is well not to cross until the slate quarry is passed, and then a foot-bridge will be gained which conducts direct to the Swiss Cottage.

Those who desire to drive from Glen Helen to Peel must turn to the right before crossing the river. The distance is about 4 miles. Pedestrians going to Peel may, by taking a shorter but rather out of the way course, visit a remarkable grave, called the Giant's Grave, situated on the Kew hill, near Rock Mount, the residence of William Harrison, Esq. Though little known, it is perhaps the largest and most perfect ancient tomb to be met with on the island. A mile from the Swiss Cottage, down the valley, enter a steep rugged cart-track, called Laurel Bank road, which commences on the right hand close to a thatched cottage and a small rivulet. Leave a Methodist chapel on the right; and, after taking direct across, where four roads meet, a slight ascent is made, and the grave will be found close to the road, behind a high earthen fence on the right hand. It consists of thirteen large unhewn stones or boulders, from 3 to 4 feet high. It lies due east and west, and is 10 yards long, and from 1 foot to 4 feet broad; the head or east end being the narrowest part. The position is one commanding an extensive view of the sea, and the town and neighbourhood of Peel, and it is a spot that cannot fail to interest the thoughtful visitor.

Those who drive to Peel may also visit the grave, after leaving Glen Mooar, by entering the second road which branches to right and leads past Rock Mount, or the third road which branches at the hamlet of Poortown. From those two places the grave is only a few hundred yards distant.

Douglas to Port Erin, Port St. Mary, and Castletown, by road.

Ballasalla, 7½ miles; Port Erin, 13½ miles; Port St. Mary, 15 miles, Castletown, 19 miles; Douglas, 28¾ miles.

Douglas to Port Erin and back:

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse, to carry four persons and the driver, 15*s*.

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry six persons and the driver, 23*s*.

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry eight persons and the driver, 26*s*.

For a post-carriage and pair of horses, to carry six persons and the driver, 23*s*.

For a sociable or long car, to carry ten persons and the driver, 28*s*.

This is the principal drive in the southern part of the island, and it will always be an especial favourite with tourists. Almost every inch of the ground traversed commands charming and extensive prospects of the mountains, the plains, and the sea; changing alternately from the Douglas to the Castletown district, as the high ground in the direction of Mount Murray is ascended in going and returning.

Besides being favoured during the whole journey with excellent views, the tourist visits Rushen Abbey and Rushen Castle, places of great historical interest; Port Erin, a bay, almost universally pronounced the most lovely spot on the island; and Port St. Mary, the *beau ideal* of a Manx fishing village.

By starting early in the morning the day's journey may also include a visit to the Calf of Man, and to the chasms on Spanish Head, where Nature will be seen playing some of her most wild and fantastic pranks.

The railway supplies a want formerly much felt, but it is to be hoped that it will not prevent those whose means will allow taking the tour on the good old plan, for so pleasant a day's drive affords a real treat to all who visit the island.

After crossing the Douglas Bridge turn to the right, along the South Quay, and presently the Nunnery grounds are passed, and a fine view had of the beautiful castellated mansion. Then there is an extensive prospect across the valley, and beyond the Asylum and the Race Course, to the upland country, backed

by the mountains of Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, and the Cairn.

One mile from the bridge the road branches. On the left hand is the old Castletown road, which is very uneven, and necessitates hard work for the horses, although it allows of the best views, and is ¾ mile shorter than the other way. It is now very little used. The reader will find it described in the next page. The right-hand branch is called the Castletown New Road, although it has been in existence a great many years. The two meet when about 6 miles from Douglas.

Following the latter, and passing under the Castletown Railway, a steep ascent is made up the Kewaigue hill, with fine retrospective views of Douglas town and bay. After another descent a rise is made up the Richmond hill, with the same excellent prospect in the rear, and the sea gradually appearing on the left, in the direction of Port Soderick.

Three miles from Douglas the Richmond Hill Inn is passed, and presently the tourist leaves the parish of Kirk Braddan and enters Kirk Santon parish, at the small stream called Crogga, which flows into the sea at Port Soderick. Close to the stream is the pleasant mansion of Mount Murray. Here Douglas is lost to sight, but this is amply repaid by the grand prospect which opens in front, including the mountains Slieu Whallin, South Berrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the Mull Hills, and Spanish Head. Port Erin rests out of sight in the hollow on the right of the latter height. There is a wide tract of sea, with Castletown close to the shore; King William's College, with its cathedral-like tower, forming a prominent object. The high ground to the right of the road is Mount Murray.

The "Lancashire Half-way House" is presently reached, 4¼ miles from Douglas; and a few hundred yards farther is the Brown Cow Inn, or "Old Half-way House," evidently the original bearer of this favourite Manx title, for it looks more dignified in its old age than its younger neighbour, but it appears as though its conservatism were standing in the way of its interests, and promoting the advantage of its radical opponent.

The small stream is now crossed which enters the sea in the Greenwick Bay, and presently the road runs over the railway, and crosses the river Santon Burn at the Ballalona, or Fairy Bridge, a spot which tradition has rendered sacred to the revels of the fairy elves, those tiny mischievous people who play so important a part in the domestic life of the

Manxman. There are still living hundreds of persons on the island who firmly believe that they have seen the "good people," but this superstition is fast dying out and succumbing to the ridicule and scepticism of the rising generation. Now that railways have been made, and the land is being overrun every summer by tourists, the last haunts of the fairies will be invaded, and those interesting little folks will have to betake themselves to some more congenial sphere.

A very respectable farmer's wife told us that when she was a girl her mother and family seldom retired to rest without first seeing that water was in the house, in the crock, ready for the fairies, and a thin cake broken and spread on the table for them. One night her mother could not sleep, being disturbed by disagreeable noises; but remembering she had forgotten to leave the cake, she went down stairs and threw it on the table, saying at the same time, "There, eat that;" and when she returned to bed she fell asleep in the happy consciousness that her nocturnal visitors were then satisfied. She always maintained she had once actually seen the fairies, and described them as young girls, with scaly, fish-like hands and blue dresses. The custom here described of leaving water and bread for the fairies, was common over the whole of the hilly part of the island until within the last few years. We prefer giving these stories as they were told to us, and without exaggeration, in order that our readers may obtain a just insight into the actual workings of this curious phase of credulity.

Soon after leaving the Ballalona Bridge the Kirk Santon parish church is observed at some distance on the left. After recrossing the railway the point is reached where the old and new Castletown roads meet; and before proceeding we will describe the former from the place—a mile out of Douglas—where the two roads divided.

Two miles from Douglas the old road crosses the railway, and then ascends a hill where the traveller obtains a sight of the sea in the direction of Port Soderick, and a retrospective view of Douglas.

One and a half miles farther the Crogga stream is passed, close by the railway, and a pretty peep had down the tiny glen to the northern portion of the bay of Port Soderick and the rocky promontory of Little Ness. In the glen, behind a stone quarry, and 20 yards on the right of the railway, is the Fairy Well, a small and rustic but neglected grotto, with water trickling down it, which must have been in former

times a most suitable place for elfin games. To this spot the natives used to resort to drink the water, and it was the custom to leave a small piece of silver, or some such articles as pins and buttons, as a payment to the fairies. There are people still living who remember the observance of this custom.

When a steep ascent is made, and the brow of the hill gained, the prospect opens to the south, with Langness promontory spread to view, and to the right, in the distance, appears South Barrule.

A mile from the Crogga stream there will be observed, in a field to the right, on the Ballakelly farm, a dozen large upright stones which are placed rather irregularly. They appear to form a grave some 10 yards long and 3 or 4 yards wide. The stones are unhewn, and 3 or 4 feet high, placed almost due east and west; but what now appears to be the head is to the west. The natives call it a Giant's Grave, and in one stone is a number of round holes about ½ inch deep, which they say were made by the giants with their fingers when the stones were being brought to the spot. It is scarcely to be wondered at that ignorant, superstitious people should look with awe on these wonderful monuments of an unknown past, which are perhaps more plentiful in Man than in so limited an area in any other part of the world.

When over the railway, and the rivulet flowing to Greenwick Bay, the Kirk Santon parish church is reached, and in the churchyard will be found two or three noteworthy gravestones, particulars of which are given at page 145.

After leaving the church, Castletown and King William's College appear, and presently the Santon Burn stream and railway are passed and the New Road is entered.

There is now an extensive prospect embracing the heights of South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the Carnanes, Brada Head with its tower, and on the opposite side of the gap in which rests Port Erin, are the Mull Hills and Spanish Head; and nearer the spectator are Castletown, the College, Langness, and a large tract of ocean. This part of the drive is very pleasing, the eye ranging over almost the whole of the southern part of the isle.

On arriving at Ballasalla the traveller has the choice of routes. He may go direct to Port Erin and thence to Port St. Mary and Castletown, which is the plan usually adopted; or he may go first to Castletown and then to Port St. Mary and Port Erin. For those who desire to visit the Chasms on

Spanish Head, perhaps the latter plan is preferable, as it allows of the conveyance being sent from Port St. Mary to Port Erin, with orders for dinner to be in readiness, whilst the tourist walks up to the Chasms, and thence over the hill to Port Erin, a distance of 4 miles. If that walk be considered too toilsome the carriage may be taken up the Mull Hills to Craigneish, the most southern village on the island, and within ½ mile of the Chasms. A good dinner may be obtained at either Castletown, Port St. Mary, or Port Erin, but it is usual to dine at the latter place, and afterwards to loiter for an hour or two in that lovely bay.

Those who go direct from Ballasalla to Castletown, 2¼ miles distant, will bend to the left, and presently obtain a view of Derby Haven village, Langness promontory and tower, and St. Michael's Isle, upon which stands a small ancient chapel and an old circular fort. Castletown is directly in front, with its castle and church very prominent. The prospect all the way is excellent. On the right, a few fields distant, is the Kirk Malew parish church, beyond which is spread a wide extent of country dotted all over with cheerful-looking white-washed houses, backed by the heights of South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the Carnanes, Brada Head and Milner Tower, Mull Hills and Spanish Head, to the left of which are the Calf Islet and the Burrow and Eye Rock. Close to the road is Quayle's Tower, an old square building resembling an observatory. It was built in the beginning of this century by Captain George Quayle, and is now used as a summer-house. In it are two old carriages, one of which is said to have been the first spring vehicle used on the island. The College is a noble cathedral-like object, and the neighbouring ruin on Hango Hill presents quite a picturesque aspect, and recalls to the mind of the tourist the fate of William Christian, who occupies a prominent position in Manx history, and who was shot here in the year 1662. Castletown also shows to advantage, and gives the impression of being much larger than it really is. After leaving Lorn House on the right, where formerly resided two or three of the Lieutenant-Governors of the isle, the road runs along the edge of the bay, and then crosses the river Silver Burn, at a stone bridge by the head of the harbour, and under the walls of the castle, to the Market Place.

If the tourist go direct from Ballasalla to Port Erin, he will turn to the right, in the village, and then to the left, and over the river Silver Burn, but before leaving Ballasalla he

will probably desire to loiter for a few minutes in the grounds and among the ruins of

Rushen Abbey.

Very little of the old monastery remains; only parts of the tower, refectory and dormitory, which do not present any architectural pretensions. The only relic is a coffin lid, but constantly, when turning over the soil, bones, graves, and coffins are exposed, and then re-covered with the earth. The house on the grounds was in recent years an hotel, but now it is a private residence. The tourist will regret the change, for it was a delightful sylvan resting-place. The grounds encircling the ruins at the back of the house are rented and cultivated as fruit gardens, in which strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, and cherries are produced; about fourteen tons are preserved annually on the spot, and shipped to Liverpool, and then principally to South America. The old refectory and dormitory are used as store rooms.

A few yards higher up the river is the Crossag stone bridge, which spans the stream by two arches, and is of a very ancient date, as it appears in the earliest histories of the island. It is too narrow for carts, and only suitable for foot passengers and pack horses.

Rushen Abbey is noted as being the latest dissolved monastery in the British Isles. It is said to have been founded in 1134 by Olave, King of Man, who granted lands for the purpose, to Ivo, Abbot of St. Mary's, of Furness. Previous to the grant of Furness the lands had been offered to the monks of Rievaulx, in Yorkshire; but they did not build upon them.

It has been stated by some historians that a religious foundation had been begun at Rushen in 1098 by Macmarus, a governor of the isle; and this is supported by the fact, that in a bull of Pope Eugenius III., which confirms to Furness the gift of Olave, mention is made of a monastery of Rushen, called St. Leoc. From this we must conclude either that the Abbey of Rushen was originally known by the name of St. Leoc, or that another monastery had previously existed in the Isle of Man, which became absorbed in that of Rushen.

Although the lands were granted to Furness in 1134, the building was not completed and dedicated until 1257. We have, however, the record of interments within the Abbey of several illustrious persons prior to this date, chiefly kings and bishops of Man, and others connected with the royal family.

The Abbey was occupied by an abbot and twelve monks of the Cistercian order, who wore neither shirts nor shoes, and only ate flesh meat when on a journey. At first they were meanly endowed, and lived mostly by their labour; but in process of time they had good revenues. They received one-third of the tithes of the island for education of youth and the relief of the poor.

The Abbots were appointed from Furness. They were endowed with great privileges, being barons of the island, held Courts for their temporalities in their own names, might demand a prisoner from the King's Court if he were their tenant, and try him by a jury of their own.

There is said to have been a subterranean passage leading to Rushen Castle. To make such a passage must have caused no little trouble to the excavators in those days, as they would have had to tunnel through two miles of hard mountain limestone. There are, however, few abbeys or castles without a similar legend, and of the same amount of credibility.

The dissolution of the Abbey did not occur until late in the reign of Elizabeth. The endowments were considered to revert to the Crown of England; but in 1610 they were granted to the Earl of Derby, Lord of Man, and his heirs, to be held under the manor of East Greenwich, under a yearly stated rental.

On leaving Ballasalla and Rushen Abbey, the traveller presently passes the principal lime-kilns on the island. The limestone rock no doubt occupies most of the southern basin, but, with the exception of this and a few other spots, is hidden by a covering of the sand and gravel of the post-tertiary formations.

On the left is observed Kirk Malew parish church. South Barrule is in sight all the way, and the principal objects now seen are Castletown, with its Castle, Port St. Mary, Spanish Head, and the Milner Tower on Brada Head, overlooking Port Erin.

At Arbory, 2¼ miles from Ballasalla, stands an old house, on the left-hand side of the road, with a lot of large elm and ash trees in front. Here formerly existed the Friary of Bimaken, which was founded in 1373, and is sometimes alleged to have been dependent on Rushen Abbey; but this is extremely doubtful, as the friars were Franciscans, whereas the monks of the Abbey were Cistercians. The remains of the ancient building have been converted into a large barn.

Close to the road on the right hand, at the extremity of

the village, stands the parish church of Arbory. Three-quarters of a mile farther is a small inn, called King Orry's Tavern, and then the road runs through the Colby village, and over the Colby stream. At the hamlet called the Level are observed the Ballacorkish and Scholaby lead mines, at the foot of the Carnanes.

Brada Head now comes fully in view in front, with Milner Tower very prominent. On the right of this height is the hollow in which rests Fleshwick Bay, and on the left Port Erin.

Fleshwick Bay is not usually visited, but the stranger would be amply repaid if he made a slight detour to it, for it is a most secluded and charming little creek. It might be reached from near Colby or the Level, and a road conducts from the bay at the base of Brada Head, and through the Brada village to Port Erin.

When beyond the Level, Rushen parish church is passed on the left, and the houses on the sides of Brada Head and the Carnanes present a pretty effect.

In the church have lately been placed two coloured windows in memory of the late Mr. Milner of Liverpool.

A mound in the fields on the right hand is called Cronk Mooar, and sometimes Fairy Hill, as being traditionally the favourite resort of those elfin people—the natives supposing that the interior of the hill was formerly the palace of the fairy king. It is 450 feet in circumference, and 40 feet high, and at the base are the remains of a wide ditch. On the summit there is an area upwards of 21 feet in diameter, surrounded by elevated edges, in the form of a parapet, 5 feet high.

Cumming says: "In so many instances it has been determined by actual examination that the barrows, or elevated mounds of earth, as well as the cromlech and the so-called Druidical circle, are places of sepulture, that it seems useless to note the conjectures which have been hazarded by different persons as to the original intention of this carnedd.

"Reginald, son of Olave the Black, was slain here in 1249 by the knight Ivar. As we have, however, the record of his interment in the Church of St. Mary of Rushen, this is evidently not *his* mausoleum. Nor is it certain that any battle took place on that occasion between the followers of Reginald or Ivar: otherwise we might presume that it covers *their* remains. It is probably of a very much earlier date than the 13th century."

In the 5th volume of the Manx Society's publications, Dr. Oswald writes:—"I am inclined to conclude that it was built for a far different purpose from that of a sepulchral monument. Its structure bears every evidence of its having been a fortified position for twelve or twenty men, and, excepting against missile weapons, it must have been a redoubt of no mean pretensions in ages when, even in England, a hundred men were considered an army of a formidable description. It somewhat resembles the fortified hills which occur in Ireland, and is not unlike the moat hills in England. It is situated so as to oppose the advance of men landing at Port Erin on the west, or at Port St. Mary on the east, which are the only landing-places at this part of the island. It is, however, by no means unlikely that, according to tradition, this barrow, or the small one adjacent, may have been used as a place of interment for the dead; for it appears, from sections of the mounds which occupy the internal area of Peel Castle, where human bones have been frequently dug up, that it was one of the customs of the early ages to bury their dead in the defensive embankments of fortified places."

The flagstaffs on the two hotels at Port Erin* have for some distance revealed the situation of those houses; and now, at a sharp turn in the road, they come fully in view, and gradually is displayed the lovely Bay of Port Erin.

The Falcon's Nest and the Villa Marina are excellent hotels, and there is also a refreshment house, called Bay View House.

Whilst at Port Erin the visitor may agreeably diversify his time. He may stroll on the sands and to the breakwater, or fish in the bay, climb to the top of Milner Tower, walk, or drive, or take a boat round Brada Head to Fleshwick Bay; visit Craignaish, the Chasms, and the Sound; or go by boat to the Calf Islet.

On the sands there are a few bathing vans, and close to a row of cottages is St. Catharine's Well, which is kept in excellent order. In former times this well was much frequented, and like those at Douglas Nunnery, Maughold Head, Peel Hill, and other places, was held in much reverence, and considered to be endowed with many good properties.

* Port Erin (sometimes called Port Iron) in all probability derives its name from the circumstance that it is situated directly opposite Ireland, anciently called "Ierne," and by the Romans "Hibernia."

Almost all visitors stroll as far as the breakwater. It runs out from a rock on the south-west corner of the bay for a distance of 950 feet in the direction of Brada Head, and is founded in an average depth of water of 5 or 6 fathoms. It is composed of over a million tons of large rubble stones, and about 2500 large concrete blocks, weighing from 14 to 17 tons each. The cost has been 71,000*l.* It will shelter the bay from the heavy south-west gales which frequent that part of the coast, and thus make Port Erin one of the best and most perfect harbours in Great Britain, and a shelter for vessels of all sizes, but especially useful for the Manx herring fleet. A low water landing-place is in course of construction, running from the breakwater parallel with the shore for a distance of 310 feet, which will be completed about the end of the present year.

Visitors wishing to beguile time cannot do better than fish in the bay, for which purpose they can hire a boat and tackle at a charge of 2*s.* per hour.

Others, who may be more actively inclined, will enjoy a walk to Milner Tower, which is one mile distant, forming a prominent object on Brada Head. To gain the top of the tower a key must be obtained at the hotel, or at the house of Mr. Henry Kermode, in Brada village. The tourist will have a delightful walk round the bay, and when he reaches the tower he finds it is a large and elegant building, with the following inscription on a stone slab over the door:—

"To William Milner, in grateful acknowledgment of his many charities to the poor of Port Erin, and of his never tiring efforts for the benefit of the Manx fishermen; this tower was erected by public subscription, A.D. 1871."

Mr. Milner resided in Liverpool, and was the head of the firm which manufactures the "Milner Safes." His family own property around Port Erin, and have taken a very active interest in the prosperity of the place. The tower commands an extensive and excellent prospect. Immediately below is the bay of Port Erin, presenting a lovely little picture, beyond which is a large stretch of level land, with the promontories and bays in the direction of Castletown. A wide extent of sea is visible, with the Irish coast and the Mourne mountains in the far distance. On the right are some of the Brada Head cliffs and mines, over which peer the Peel hill and Corrin's tower, whilst on the left is the Calf Islet, looking like a

fairy-land, with the Stack Rock at one end, and Kitterland and the Sound on the other. The rock-bound coast at the base of the Mull Hills is also a grand object. The whole scene is very pleasing, and will well repay those who take the trouble to visit the spot; still more will they be delighted if they stroll for some distance along the edge of the cliff, for the rock-scenery in two or three places is almost unequalled for grandeur by any other in the island, the cliffs rising perpendicularly from the ocean to a great height, and being in some parts beautifully varied in colour by strips of quartz and other rocks. At their base, close to the sea, are some mines now worked, and others closed; and near where the spectator is standing are other old workings, and offices connected therewith. The veins yield copper and lead, and are the property of the Brada Mining Company.

At the north end of Brada Head is Fleshwick Bay, an extremely wild and solitary sea-side nook. It may be visited by taking a boat round Brada Head, where sublime rock-scenery will be presented during the whole of the journey of 4 miles. The charge for boat and man is 2*s.* per hour. It may also be visited with carriage from Port Erin by driving through Brada village, and along the base of the hill, the distance being 1¾ miles. The pedestrian may save ½ mile by going through the first gate on the right after leaving the hotel, and then entering a cart-road which runs to Rowaney house, and there bends to left. As soon as the fields are entered, the sea in the direction of Port St. Mary appears, and directly afterwards another strip of the ocean is also seen through the gap in which nestles Fleshwick Bay. At a thatched cottage after leaving Rowaney house turn to left, and a footpath conducts through the fields to the road at the base of the Brada hill.

Craigneish, the most southern and romantic little village on the island, is situated on the top of the Mull Hills, 2½ miles from Port Erin, and may be reached by walking along a rugged track which ascends direct from the bay. A few hundred yards before arriving at Craigneish, a perfect stone circle will be passed, and half a mile beyond the village are "The Chasms" (see page 150). Craigneish may also be reached with carriage by following the Port St. Mary road for some distance, and then turning to the right, the journey being thus increased to 4 miles.

The Calf Islet is also often visited by boat from Port Erin,

the distance being 3 miles. The charge for boat and men is 10s. Those who take this excursion might get the boatmen to land them at the Sound, and thence walk ¾ mile to Craigneish, and, after visiting the Chasms, return to Port Erin, or descend direct to Port St. Mary.

When the tourist has returned home from his visit to the Isle of Man, perhaps the one spot above all others to which his mind will revert with the greatest pleasure, and which he will most desire to visit again, will be the quiet, sweet, homely bay of Port Erin; and therefore, before commencing the return journey, we will give a few extracts from Edwin Waugh's description of the place:—

"All around the shores of the 'Fairy Isle' there is not a more charming sea-side spot than Port Erin, a little crag-defined bay at the southern end of the Island. It is a pleasant seclusion, sweetly retired from bustle of any kind, except such as the sea makes when a strong west wind brings Neptune's white-maned horses into the bay in full career. Then, indeed, Port Erin wears an aspect of a nobler and more spirit-stirring kind. But even then, when the spray is flying over the roofs of the fishermen's cottages, low down, near to the beach, the briny tumult is mere child's play in a nursery nook compared to the roaring majesty with which the billows rage among the creeks and chasms and craggy headlands outside. At such a time, the thunders of the sea in the 'Sound' which divides the 'Calf Island' from the mainland, and amongst the storm-worn headlands that overfrown the ocean immediately beyond the entrance to Port Erin, come upon the ear of the listener in his pleasant shelter at the head of the bay like the boom of distant war. But, when the wind is still, the tide fondles on the beach at the foot of the village as if it was glad to see that quiet nook of 'Mona's Isle' once more. Full of beautiful sounds and hues and motions, it comes with tender caresses croodling its dreamy old sea-song; and as it rises in gentle sweeps nearer and nearer to the cottages where fishermen dwell, at the foot of the village slope, it flings fresh shells upon the sand with every surge, like a fond traveller returning home laden with memorials of his journey, which show that he has been thinking of those he loved whilst far away.

"But let us sit down upon some pleasant 'coign of vantage' at the head of the bay, and look about at the quaint little village there. The hotel, called 'The Falcon's Nest,' looks

right out to sea from the head of the bay. It crowns a green slope of grass-bound sand, which rises from behind an irregular line of old cottages upon the beach, not far from the head of the tide. There is a green terrace in front of the hotel at the head of the slope, where I have many a time sat and looked about me with delight upon a summer's day. Great piles of fantastic sea-worn rock, partly overgrown with greenery, stand here and there upon the terrace; and ornamental seats are placed there for the use of the visitors, when the weather is fine. The dreamy witchery of peace being on all around, it is very pleasant to saunter about that green terrace on a fine summer's day—or any other day, to one who loves Nature in all her moods. It is, perhaps, better still to sit down there and look lovingly upon the scene. . . . .

"And now mild evening begins to draw her delicate curtains over the drowsy world. All things below the sky are softening into shade, and the pensive spell of twilight deepens the charm that pervades this sleepy nook of 'Mona the lone, where the silver mist gathers.' The quiet life of the village is sinking to repose. Lovers are stealing off to quiet nooks outside the village, where they can whisper unseen. Boats are coming in from the 'Sound,' and from the blue sea beyond. The fishermen haul them ashore in a sheltered, shingly nook, under the craggy southern cliffs; and then they saunter homeward along the smooth beach, laden with fish and fishing-tackle; some of them singing drowsily as they saunter along. The murmurs of the sea become more distinct, filling the air with a slumbrous influence . . . .

"The broad glare of day is gone; the air is clearer; the green fields look greener; and all the hills of the landscape are richer and more distinct than before. The sun has 'steeped his glowing axle' in the sea. The gorgeous hues which linger about his track still glow upon the wide waters, but 'the line of light that plays along the smooth wave toward the burning west' is slowly retiring in the wake of the sunken sun. Let me look round while there is yet light, for the eye has glorious scope to roam in from the place where I am sitting . . . . At the head of the bay, the quaint, scattered village, and the green land,—green all along the slopes of the hills, and all over the fertile undulant plain between, stretching away inland towards Castletown. It is a pleasant nook of sea-side life at the head of the bay. But as I look seaward, the flanking headlands grow wilder as they recede, ending in

scenes of savage grandeur among the storm-worn crags which front the open sea.

> "'The cliffs and promontories there,
> Front to front, and broad and bare,
> Each beyond each, with giant feet,
> Advancing as in haste to meet
> The shatter'd fortress, whence the Dane
> Blew his loud blast, nor rush'd in vain,
> Tyrant of the drear domain.'

"Those grim sentinel crags have seen strange scenes of storm and battle and shipwreck during their long watch over the entrance to Port Erin. Oft has the ancient Dane steered his 'nailed barque,' laden with sea-robbers, into that little bay, and he has oft been wrecked upon that craggy coast. . . . . As twilight deepens down the breeze freshens, and the blue waves begin to heave with life. Great white-winged ships glide majestically by—some near, some far off, and some almost lost to sight in the distance. Far away in the west the dim outlines of the Irish mountains of Mourne and Wicklow are fading away from view. It is a bewitching hour! It is a bewitching scene! But now the Irish mountains have disappeared in the deepening shade, and the distant sea grows dim on the eye. The village about me is sinking down to rest; and candle-lights begin to glimmer dimly through cottage windows. The wind is rising still, and the air grows cold. I, too, will retire until the world has donned its night-dress; and so good-by to this fairy scene for awhile! The moon rises at ten! Perhaps I may come forth to look around me once more when the world lies sleeping beneath her quiet smile. But if not, then farewell to thee, Port Erin!"

If the return journey be by Port St. Mary and Castletown, the wide straight road must be followed for ¾ mile to the village appropriately called Four Roads. On the left are observed the Fairy Hill and Rushen parish church, with the heights of Brada Head and the Carnanes rising on each side of the gap in which rests Fleshwick Bay; whilst on the right hand are the Mull Hills. At the village, enter the road which diverges to the right—the direct road goes to Castletown, and the left-hand one passes Rushen church, and then enters the way leading past Colby and Ballasalla to Douglas. In a farm-yard in the village, close to where the four roads meet, is a slate slab, 10 feet long, leaning against the wall. Cumming says, "It is the tallest Runic monument on the Island, and

has been much defaced, but still bears some traces of knot-work about the base, and has four holes piercing the head." Probably it is the cross which Train, in his 'History of the Isle of Man,' says was standing on the roadside in like manner to the one at Port-y-Vullin, not far from Maughold Head.

Half a mile farther, at the Ballacreggan farm, a road on the left conducts to Castletown, and one on the right ascends to Craigneish, and near to the "Chasms." In a field in front of the farmhouse will be observed erected a large slab, 10 feet high, and another is perched on the breast of the adjoining hill, called Cronk Skibbylt. They are known as the Giants' Quoiting-stones, the tradition being that two giants tossed them thither in their games from the top of the Mull Hills. They may, however, have marked the situation of graves, as many ancient burial-places have been discovered in the neighbourhood.

Port St. Mary now comes in view in front, and on the left a wide tract of country, with Castletown and South Barrule. The bay is bounded by the Stack of Scarlet, and in the middle, visible at low water, is a small rocky cluster, called "The Carrick." Presently Port St. Mary is entered, anciently called in Manx Purt-noo-Moirey, and thence corrupted into Port-le-Murray. It contains a large comfortable inn, called Miller's Hotel, and other smaller ones. It derives its importance principally from the harbour being frequented by the herring fleet. There is little of special interest in the village, but it is well situated, and is the best point whence to visit the Chasms and the Calf Islet, the coast scenery about Spanish Head being more magnificent than in any other part of the island. (See pages 150, 154.) On the 31st of January, 1882, the Duke of Edinburgh laid the foundation stone of the "Alfred Pier," which is now in course of construction.

Quitting the village, the Chapel Bay is skirted, and at Ballacreggan, where are the Quoiting-stones, the road diverging to the right is entered. Presently the shore is gained, and the waves wash close to the road. The drive is very pleasant, allowing a view on one side of the sea, and on the other of a wide extent of country dotted all over with houses, and stretching to the heights of South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the Carnanes, and Brada Head. At Strandhall the shore is left, and on gaining the brow of the hill Castletown appears in front, its castle, church, and mill being prominent objects, also King William's College. On passing the Town

Hall, the Market Place is entered, and here, before proceeding on the journey, the traveller will probably rest awhile at the George Hotel or Union Hotel. He will then inspect the Castle and other objects, and have a stroll to the shore, and, if time allow, he cannot do better than walk to Scarlet Point and Poolvash Bay. (See page 139.)

The road between Castletown and Douglas has already been fully described.

Douglas to Ballasalla, Castletown, Port St. Mary, and Port Erin, by Railway.

Port Soderick, 2⅜ miles; Santon, 5 miles; Ballasalla, 8 miles; Castletown, 9⅝ miles; Colby, 12⅜ miles; Port St. Mary, 13¾ miles; Port Erin, 14⅞ miles.

Half a mile out of Douglas, opposite the Nunnery, this line diverges to the left, and crosses the river Dhoo. It then runs through a cutting in the slate rock, and presently over the New Castletown road, and along the pleasant district called Kewaigue, with the Carnane Hill on the left; and on the right, in the distance, are seen the mountains Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, and the Cairn.

At Oakhill it runs through a deep cutting in the Pleistocene or recent strata, composed of sand and gravel, deposited in the bed of the sea when it last covered this part of the land. A few yards farther the slate rock again appears.

On emerging from the cutting a glimpse is caught of the sea, the shore being only a few yards distant, and gradually a wide expanse of ocean is spread to view in the direction of Port Soderick, which nestles out of sight close under the adjacent cliffs.

After passing the Ballashamrock farm, a sharp curve is made, and the station for Port Soderick is entered.

If the traveller alight here he will have a pleasant stroll down the glen to the bay, which is half a mile distant.

The line now runs through the Crogga glen, a narrow and prettily-wooded glen, in which, on the right hand, about 20 yards distant, is the Fairy Well, much frequented by the natives in former times. This was a favourite haunt of the fairies, but as they love quiet and seclusion we suppose they will have been disturbed by the late desecration, and have had to remove to some more favoured nook:—

> "Where folks believe in witches, witches are;
> And where they don't, the de'il a witch is there."

Emerging from this deep recess, the sea again appears with the Langness promontory in the distance; and on the right are South Barrule and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa. Overlooking the Greenwick glen, on the left is observed the Kirk Santon parish church and parsonage.

After leaving Santon station, the line winds and passes the Santon Burn stream, a short distance above Ballalona or Fairy Bridge; then a fine view is had of King William's College and Castletown, with the sea and Langness; whilst on the opposite side are the heights of South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the Carnanes, Brada Head, and the Mull Hills.

Leaving Ballasalla, where the tourist will alight if he wishes to visit Rushen Abbey, the line follows the course of the Silver Burn river. Kirk Malew parish church, and the distant mountains, are the principal objects of interest on the right; and on the left, the old square building called Quayle's Tower: near to it King William's College presents a noble appearance. The houses at Castletown are observed clustering round the fine old Castle. The railway skirts, without entering, the town, and the station is five minutes' walk from the Market Place.

From Castletown the rail runs direct inland to Colby, with Malew Church on the right; and in front, South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and the Carnanes. Presently also the Mull Hills and Brada Head appear, Milner Tower being on the latter, and Port Erin in the hollow between the two hills.

Passing Arbory parish church on right, the line winds to left to Colby Station. The sea in the direction of Poolvash Bay is in sight, and then the station for Port St. Mary is entered, the town being half a mile distant.

During the next mile the Rushen parish church, and a small mound called Cronk Mooar, and sometimes Fairy Hill, are seen on the right, and then Port Erin is entered.

Fuller particulars of many of the objects mentioned are given in other parts of this book.

Douglas to Glen Meay and Dalby, and back by Foxdale and St. Mark's.

St. John's, 8¼ miles; Glen Meay, 12 miles; Dalby (Niarbyl Point), 14 miles; Foxdale, 20 miles; St. Mark's, 23 miles; Douglas, 30 miles.

This is a drive rarely undertaken by tourists, yet it is, we think, one of the most delightful on the island, for it conducts through a greater variety of wild and beautiful coast and inland scenery than is to be met with in any other single day's excursion.

The journey may be varied in many ways, but perhaps the plan as stated above will be found the best. Some persons will, however, take the train to Peel, and there hire a conveyance, and send it home from St. John's empty, whilst they return to Douglas by rail. Others will descend from the Round Table to the southern part of the island, and then return either by St. Mark's or Ballasalla. Each of the various plans will be found fully described.

Those who drive from Douglas must refer to page 48. After crossing the railway at St. John's station, enter the road which branches to the right, and runs along the northern foot of Slieu Whallin, by the side of the stream from Foxdale. Just below the point where this stream is joined by the one from Glen Helen, the two forming the Neb or Peel river, the road winds to the left, and passes through a pleasantly wooded district, to the parish church of St. Patrick, distant 2 miles from St. John's. Here the road is entered which runs from Peel to Glen Meay.

Travellers starting from Peel will cross the Neb river ½ mile out of the town, at Camerill's Bridge, close to the Glenfaba corn-mills. When over the stream the ivy-covered bridge presents a pretty appearance, a fit subject for the artist's pencil. For the next mile to the church, the Peel hill, crowned with Corrin's tower, is on the right, and more distant, on the left, Greeba and Slieu Whallin.

Kirk Patrick parish church has recently been rebuilt, and has now a neat appearance with some ecclesiastical pretensions. Previous to 1715 the parish was united with that of St. German. The bell-turret is of the Manx type, and contains only a single bell, and the graveyard is not enriched with any Runic crosses.

From the church the road slightly ascends, leaving on the

right the hill upon which stands Corrin's tower, and directly in front, over the Dalby hill peers the top of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and then again quickly disappears.

If the traveller remember that he is approaching the neighbourhood of Glen Rushen, famed in days of yore for being the favourite haunt of the Phynnodderee, he will hardly be surprised to discover, should he converse with some of the inhabitants residing hereabouts, that they have many stories, both respecting that wonderful mythical character, and the more dwarfish, but not less important people, the fairies. At Baldwin we had often been informed that the Phynnodderee used to thrash the corn and gather the sheep for the owners of the Lanjaghan farm, situated between Baldwin and Onchan, and even at the present day, when anyone is quarrelling and having high words with those residing on that farm, they taunt them with being connected with the "hairy one." Afterwards, in other districts, we found it very generally stated that the same work had also been done for the people residing at the Gordon farm, situated close to the road on the right-hand side between Kirk Patrick church and Glen Meay, and about a mile distant from the church. As we were now passing the place we made inquiries and found the story well known. If the corn were unbound and placed in the barn, and the flails hung upon the nails ready for use, the Phynnodderee would come at nightfall and thrash all the corn before the following morning. When a storm was approaching, the Phynnodderee would gather the sheep from the mountains, and bring them home. Once however, amongst the sheep there was a hare, and on being questioned respecting it he said it was a loaghtyn yearling, and the dogs having been unable to catch it, he himself had to chase it round Slieu Whallin three times. In Baldwin we had the same story, but with this difference, Snaefell was substituted for Slieu Whallin. Perhaps the Phynnodderee was excusable for mistaking the hare for a lamb, as the native Manx sheep, the loaghtyns, are remarkably small. They are now fast disappearing, and being replaced by a larger and more mixed breed.

As an instance of the strength of the satyr, it was stated he met the blacksmith one night as he was going from the shop, and on accosting him and requesting to shake hands, the blacksmith gave him hold of the iron sock of a plough which he happened to have with him, and the strange visitor instantly squeezed it just as though it were a piece of clay.

The fairies often come into the neighbourhood; and late one night, when two brothers were returning home, they saw through the window the unwelcome visitors in the kitchen eating the crowdy which had been left for their suppers. When the fairies had eaten the whole they spat on the empty plates, and instantly the suppers reappeared. One young man afterwards ate his meal, but the other objected; the consequence was, the former took no harm, but the latter died next day.

Another person, a fisherman, who maintained that he had only a slight belief in the existence of ghosts and fairies, told us that his mother, who was a very pious person, and would on no account tell an untruth, was accustomed to relate that when a young woman, she went to sleep with an aunt, who had recently been confined, and whose husband was absent at sea. During the night she was lying awake, and saw something like the form of a human being enter the room. Her aunt immediately became uneasy, and exclaimed, "The Lord bless us," and then awoke, and said that something had wanted to tear the child out of her arms.

Leaving the Gordon farm, with its strange associations, the traveller quickly enters the village of Glen Meay, and obtains a glimpse of the sea. In the village are two small inns, the Odd Fellows Arms, or Glen Meay Tavern, and, close to the waterfall, the Waterfall Hotel.

A capital view is had up the glen; and, after descending a few yards, a lane on the right hand leads to the waterfall and the sea-shore.

The fall, situated a few yards from the hotel, is not large, the water having a descent of only about 20 feet down a rugged gorge. The rocks around are clothed with ivy and vegetation, and the glen for a short distance down is well wooded. It is a pleasant picturesque place, but the beauty of the fall is marred by the water being so muddy and discoloured owing to the lead washing at the mines situated higher up the stream at the foot of South Barrule. Walks have been constructed in the grounds, and the stream is spanned by rustic bridges.

The cart-road runs down the glen by the side of the stream, for ¾ mile, to the beach. After passing an old lead mine, now closed, the glen becomes very wild and picturesque, the water flowing along a bare rugged bed at the base of high perpendicular cliffs. At the beach a wooden foot-bridge spans the stream. It is a secluded and charming spot,

with a fine bathing-ground. On either side are grand rocks, and amongst those to the north are some large caves into which the visitor may stroll when the tide is low, but at other times one of the boats lying on the sands must be hired; and to make certain of a boatman, it is advisable to inquire at the hotel before leaving.

Glen Meay village is situated a few yards above the fall, and it is a fit starting-point for the ascent of South Barrule, the north-western shoulder of which is seen standing at the head of the glen. Those tourists who do not wish to go on to Dalby and the Round Table may ride up the narrow glen, along a cart-road, having the streamlet on the right hand. It is a pleasant journey, with the winding stream below, and green hills rising sheer on either side. The road, which is tolerably good all the way, branches when about a mile from the village, opposite some slate quarries. One branch leads up the glen, following the course of the rivulet, to the recesses of Glen Rushen, where formerly dwelt the famed Phynnodderee. The traveller must enter the left-hand branch, which ascends to the Beckwith Vein Mine, and then passes the Cross Vein Mine, both now very little worked, and enter the road which winds from the Round Table round the western side of South Barrule to Foxdale.

If time will allow, the tourist is strongly advised not to visit Glen Meay without proceeding on to Niarbyl Point, for there a glorious sight will meet his gaze, embracing the most magnificent part of Manx coast scenery.

After crossing the stream at Glen Meay village, a steep ascent is made, and then the road runs along the side of the Dalby hill, with a grand prospect of the sea, the Scotch and Irish coasts ever on a clear day presenting their faint blue outline on the extreme verge of the horizon.

At Dalby village is a schoolhouse serving as a chapel of ease in St. Patrick's parish. There is no inn, but the tourist can put up his horses at a farmhouse, where he will see "rumpy" cats and "rumpy" poultry, taste barley bread, observe the lady of the house spinning the wool shorn from the sheep bred on the farm, and hear the Manx language spoken in all its purity. It is a curious fact and worthy of note, that around Glen Meay and Dalby we also found there were "rumpy" dogs and "rumpy" pigs. We had previously heard there were such on the island, but had been rather sceptical; however, now our doubt was converted into a certainty.

On arriving at the coast of Niarbyl Point, a few hundred

yards distant from Dalby village, there will be witnessed as wild and picturesque a scene as is to be met with on the whole island. All around are rocks jutting into the sea, amongst which the waves play in all their various moods, sometimes rushing wild and furious, with loud deafening roar, and at other times subsiding into calm, and forming streaks of beautiful silvery spray.

To the south the sea appears to be formed in a number of charming bays by the heights of Carran, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the Carnanes, Brada Head, and the Calf Islet, which rise sheer from the water to a height averaging about 700 feet, but in Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa culminating in 1448 feet. The whole, as seen from Niarbyl Point, presents a magnificent spectacle.

A few yards from Dalby village a branch road to the right leads down into the glen, designated Dalby Lhag, and then makes a steep rugged ascent up the Carran hill, and along to the breast of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, leaving a hollow called Lhag-ny-Keeilley some distance on the right, close to the sea at the foot of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, where are the ruins of a treen chapel, said to be the burying-place of the old Kings of Man. This burial-ground is in a most romantic situation, and it is difficult to find without the aid of a neighbouring peasant.

Those who do not take this road—and for a carriage it is perhaps in one or two places too steep and rough—will, on leaving Dalby village, keep the direct road, which ascends steeply the heath-clad ground, allowing a view of the coast as far as the Stack Rock, at the foot of the Calf Islet. The little glen on the right, called Dalby Lhag, where is a small lead mine, is a pretty object; and during the ascent a glorious expanse of sea is visible.

When round Dalby hill a wide heath-clad upland comes in sight, stretching to the summits of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa and South Barrule, between which heights is the high land called the Round Table. A view is had down Glen Rushen, and the Beckwith Vein Mine is prominent, backed by the hills Slieu Whallin, Sartfell, and Greeba.

At the top of the Round Table four roads unite ; that on the right hand leads to Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and thence to Colby or Port Erin. By following the direct road for a few yards a fine view is had of a wide tract of the cultivated land stretching to Castletown, that town and King William's College being very distinct, with Langness promontory and the bays of Derby Haven and Castletown. This road

branches where the spectator is standing, the left-hand branch leading, by the southern side of Barrule, to Grenaby, and the other descending to Arbory, &c. The road which descends by the side of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa is a favourite with those who have travelled it, as it commands a glorious prospect of the sea and the southern part of the island, with the bays and promontories stretching from Langness to the Calf. It continues by the side of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa to its south-western end, within a few yards of the sea, to the hollow between that mountain and the Carnanes. It then bends sharply and runs at the foot of the Carnanes for some distance, where it branches, the right, and rather uneven road, leading near to Fleshwick Bay, and by the side of Brada hill to Port Erin; the left-hand descends direct to Colby, passing on the way two large erect stones, in all probability the remains of a stone circle marking the site of ancient burial-grounds.

Returning to the point on the Round Table where the four roads unite, the mountaineer would find it a good point whence to ascend South Barrule.

Those who have not been tempted to descend to the southern part of the island by any of the ways just mentioned, will proceed on the road which runs along the western side of South Barrule, with Glen Rushen on the left, and is afterwards joined by the road previously referred to, which leaves Glen Meay and passes the Beckwith Vein Mine.

The traveller is now high on the mountain side, and will be braced by a pure healthy breeze, whilst to the eye is presented an extensive panorama which gradually changes and presents new features at every step. First appear Slieu Whallin and the central mountains of the island, then the St. John's and Foxdale valleys with a grand stretch of country to the east, and the sea on both sides of the island. It is an ennobling spectacle, one that few visitors to the island are aware lies so near, and requires so little labour to be enjoyed.

When overlooking the Foxdale valley, with its mines, houses, and hamlets, backed by heath-covered upland, and higher and more distant mountains, the scene is highly picturesque, and if the sun be shining on the whitewashed cottages, and over the wide-spread landscape, it will prove a happy sight, and one to gladden the heart of those who have just escaped for a season from the turmoil and smoke of our large manufacturing towns.

Descending into Foxdale to the wide excellent road which runs from Castletown to Peel, the lover of the picturesque will be delighted by the appearance of the mine reservoirs, and the houses in the vale; and the geologist will be gladdened by a sight of the heath-covered hill on the opposite side of the road, which is called the Granite Mountain, and consists almost entirely of granite composed of flakes of silvery mica, white felspar, and pinky-white quartz. The road winds along the side of the mountain for some distance, in a southern direction, and just under a large slate quarry. The main road is entered at a point exactly half-way between Peel and Castletown.

Here the tourist has the choice of routes; he may either turn to the left to St. John's, or to the right to Castletown or St. Mark's; or he may pass the mines, and round the northern side of the Granite Mountain and by Eairy to Mount Murray.

For St. John's the road makes a gradual descent through the Foxdale village, and past the Hamilton waterfall to the railway station.

Those who take the route by St. Mark's, which is the one given at the head of this day's drive, will, after proceeding for ½ mile, reach the top of the hill, where the view opens to the south, with King William's College, Langness, Castletown, and the sea in sight. The chapel and houses at St. Mark's are observed on the high ground to the left.

After descending about a mile in the direction of Castletown a road turns off on the left to St. Mark's. Entering this the tourist will see boulders of granite strewn on every hand, which appear to have come from their parent source, the granite hill on the left, and he will perhaps recall to mind the story told of Goddard Crovan's Stone, a famous granite boulder, weighing between 20 and 30 tons, which formerly stood in a field near to St. Mark's, but has recently been broken to pieces, and part of it built into the parsonage. The legend is that Goddard lived with his termagant wife in a great castle on the top of South Barrule. Unable to endure the violence of her tongue he at length unceremoniously turned her out of doors. After descending the mountain some distance, imagining herself out of his reach, she turned round and began to rate him so roundly at the full pitch of her voice, that in a rage he seized on this huge granite block, and hurling it with all his might, killed her on the spot.

Sir Walter Scott, when speaking of this stone in 'Peveril of the Peak,' says, "The monumental stone, designed to

commemorate some feat of an ancient King of Man which had been long forgotten, was erected on the side of a narrow lonely valley, or rather glen, secluded from observation by the steepness of its banks, upon a projection of which stood a tall, shapeless, solitary rock, frowning, like a shrouded giant, over the brawling of the small rivulet which watered the ravine."

St. Mark's village, which consists of a few houses, a small inn, and a chapel which was built in 1772, stands on rising ground commanding a view of the immediate wild open country, a district which would perhaps have been little noticed had it not been rendered famous by Sir Walter Scott in his 'Peveril of the Peak.'

Many strangers will look anxiously around for a sight of the "Black Fort," which the "Great Unknown" tells us was visited by Peveril, in order that he might get a sight of Alice, the object of his love. Sir Walter Scott says, "In former times a Danish or Norwegian fastness had stood here, called the Black Fort, from the colour of a huge heathy hill which, rising behind the building, appeared to be the boundary of the valley, and to afford the source of the brook. But the original structure had been long demolished, as, indeed, it probably only consisted of dry stones," &c.

The traveller's curiosity will, however, in all probability receive only slight recompense. When the writer visited the spot, all he could learn from the natives was that in the direction of Ballasalla there was a height called the Black Hill, but of the fort he could not get any trace.

It is a pleasant drive over the 2 miles from St. Mark's to Mount Murray; but there is nothing of special interest until the high ground is reached between Mount Murray and Slieu Chiarn, and then a view is had of the country reaching to the summits of the central mountains of the island; and on the left hand, close to the road, are observed the stone circles mentioned at page 66. Presently a view is had of Douglas, and the traveller has cheerful prospects which allow of the day's drive being pleasantly terminated.

Douglas to Laxey.

Distance, 7½ miles.

Douglas to Laxey, and back:

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse, to carry four persons and the driver, 11*s.*

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry six persons and the driver, 16*s.* 6*d.*

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry eight persons and the driver, 18*s.* 6*d.*

For a post-carriage and pair of horses, to carry six persons and the driver, 16*s.* 6*d.*

For a sociable or long car, to carry ten persons and the driver, 22*s.* 6*d.*

Starting from the iron pier, the Shore road has to be followed, which passes Castle Mona Hotel and Falcon Cliff on the left, and on the right Strathallan crescent and Derby Castle. A steep ascent is made up Burntmill hill, fine views being obtained at every step of the bay and town of Douglas, with the Tower of Refuge, Fort Anne Hotel, lighthouse, and Douglas Head Hotel in the background.

When on the hill a glimpse is caught of Bemahague, the residence of his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor. It is some distance on the left across the fields, and is almost hidden by trees, but a flagstaff denotes its position.

A short distance farther, and 2 miles from Douglas, Onchan village is entered.

Those who reside in the high part of Douglas, in Buck's road and the neighbourhood, may reach this village by the road which crosses Heywood's or Deemster's bridge, and passes close in front of Bemahague.

When through the village, a branch road is observed on the right, which passes the church and takes to Onchan harbour and to Growdale.

On the main road, ½ mile beyond Onchan, the Growdale stream is crossed at the White Bridge, and 1 mile farther are two rival inns, each calling itself the "Half-way House." A few yards beyond the second house there is a road on the right which leads by the old parish church of Lonan to Growdale harbour, and thence to Onchan. The church is 1 mile and the creek 1½ miles distant.

Those who drive from Douglas to Laxey and back are advised to vary the journey by following this lane on the

return home. It adds 2 miles to the distance, and the way is not quite in such good order as the main road; but the tourist will be amply repaid if he make the detour; for besides the satisfaction derived from knowing that the same ground is not being travelled twice, the Lonan old church and the Growdale harbour deserve a visit. Should the traveller, when returning, adopt this plan, he will find the old church in the fields a few hundred yards on the left of the lane. It is one of the oldest, smallest, and most primitive looking parish churches on the island, and could not be distinguished by a stranger from a farm building, were it not for the bell-turret. It appears to have formerly been larger, but half of it is now without roof, and in a disgracefully dilapidated condition. The graveyard is still used as a place of interment. In the yard stands a large ancient wheel-cross, like the one at the foot of the Braddan old church tower, but less richly ornamented. It is plain on one side, and carved with knot-work on the other. A similar but smaller stone which was here a few years ago is now missing. We were informed by a resident that it had been placed under a hedge by some strangers, how vainly endeavoured to persuade a farmer to cart it to Douglas for them, and that afterwards it disappeared. On mentioning this circumstance to a native at Maughold Head, he told us that this very stone was in a photographer's garden at Ramsey, and calling there we obtained a sight of it. The person who has it in his possession states that one day when strolling near the Lonan old church he accidentally found the stone under some briers, and took it home with him. A similar history might be told of many other relics on the island. The church is said to derive its name from Lomanus, son of Tignida, sister of St. Patrick, who was Bishop of Man A.D. 518, said by some to have been first Bishop of Trim, in Ireland.

Leaving the church, a rather steep descent is made to Growdale harbour, a charming little spot, with a beautiful pebbly beach, and rocks stretching away to the north and south at the feet of Clay Head and Bank's Howe, where are wild water-worn caves which can only be visited by boat. In the glen, close to the bay, stand a flour-mill and the miller's house. It is to be regretted that an hotel is not built here. If such accommodation were provided the spot would, ere long, be as great a favourite and as much resorted to as Port Soderick. It might be reached by boat or by carriage, the distance by

road from Douglas being only 3½ miles. The tops of Bank's Howe and Clay Head could be visited, and excellent views obtained, or a delightful stroll made a short distance up the ravine, where there are rocks which form a wild and beautiful gorge.

From Growdale the road ascends and allows of views up the glen; and after passing, first a lane leading to Onchan harbour, and then Onchan church, the village is entered.

We now return with the tourist to the main road to Laxey, and note that, after passing the half-way houses previously mentioned, the new church of Lonan is a prominent object, and the sea is seen washing the rocks at the foot of Laxey Point.

Five miles from Douglas, at Ballagawne, in a field close to the road, are the "Cloven Stones," and a narrow lane, ½ mile long, conducts to the pretty little bay of Garwick.

The "Cloven Stones" consist of a tiny circle of ten stones, two of which present the appearance of having been in one, and afterwards cloven from top to bottom. These two stones seem to have given rise to the name by which the circle is popularly known. It has, however, been conjectured that the word *cloven* is a corruption of the word *clovan*, and this again from Kirk Lovan or Loman, the ancient name of the parish. The tradition of the spot is that a Welsh prince was here slain in an invasion of the island, and that these stones mark the place of his interment. In old books relating to the island it is stated that an excavation in the centre of the circle disclosed a vault containing considerable quantities of human bones and teeth; and from the same source we glean the following story:—

"The proprietor of the land on which the stones rest, being desirous of removing them, took some labourers to accomplish his object. Being arrived at the spot, and looking back, he saw his house on fire, and consequently returned in haste. Having arrived at home he found his house as it should be, but saw the stones on fire. The man was too wise to disregard so clear an omen, and the stones have ever since remained undisturbed."

Another writer suggests that it was the sepulchre of the ancient inhabitants of the adjoining gill, named Glen Gawne, and that it also was used as their temple of worship.

When on the high ground at Lonan, 6 miles from Douglas, the sea is seen beneath, washing the shore from Clay Head to Laxey Point.

During the descent to Laxey valley, a beautiful view is had of the bay with its pebbly beach, few houses, and little harbour. Presently the whole of the glen comes in sight, and very pretty it looks, with whitewashed houses dotted in every direction in the hollow, and on the sides of the hills, from the sea to the foot of the mountain range culminating in Snaefell, the large wheel being a prominent object in the distance.

The houses around are mostly occupied by persons working at the mines. Close to the shore is Old Laxey, and higher up the glen New Laxey, whilst on the north slope, directly opposite the traveller, is a cluster of houses, called Minorca, and a little higher another cluster, named King Orry, which derives its appellation from an ancient lot of stones existing there, known as "King Orry's Grave."

In Laxey are two comfortable hotels, the Commercial and the Queen's, where good dinners may be obtained; and while a meal is being prepared the traveller might stroll to the far-famed water-wheel, which is not quite ½ mile farther up the glen. It is said to be the largest wheel in existence, and every year to many thousands of visitors forms the chief attraction of the place. It belongs to the Great Laxey Mining Company, and was designed to keep the mines clear of water, and it performs its work admirably. It was constructed in 1854 by Mr. John Casement, a native of Laxey, and was called the *Lady Isabella*, after the wife of the Hon. Charles Hope, who was then the Lieutenant-Governor. It is 72 feet in diameter, 226 feet in circumference, 6 feet in breadth, contains 188 buckets, and 48 spokes, 24 on each side. The balance at the wheel-shaft is 10 tons, and the top balance 7 tons. It is 200 horse-power, and is supplied with water from a reservoir in Glen Drink, a short distance up the adjacent hills. The platform above the wheel is 75 feet high, and ascended by 95 steps. No charge is made, but few will leave without giving the man in attendance a trifle, or without obtaining something at the adjoining refreshment hut. Eight hundred people are employed at the Laxey Mines, which are very productive, and yield lead, blende, and copper. The lead ore is rich in silver.

On returning to the village the visitor might go round the washing works, which are situated just below the bridge which spans the glen, and there see the operations of crushing the rock and separating the ore.

Pleasure and fishing boats may be obtained at the beach

at the bottom of the glen, the distance from the Commercial Hotel being ½ mile. The road descends direct by the side of the stream and the tramway, but it is well to take a circular walk by entering a rugged lane in front of the Queen's Hotel, which makes a steep ascent, and commands a fine view of the whole of Laxey, from the bay to the foot of the mountains. Passing a road on the right leading to Riversdale at the head of Glen Roy, take the first turn to the left, and then cross the main road to Douglas, and descend direct to the shore.

The bay is a very pleasant spot, with a fine sandy beach suitable for bathing, and stretches away from the rocks called the Carrick, on the north, at the foot of Laxey Head, to Clay Head, on the south; including the pretty creek of Garwick. Close to the Carrick rocks is a tiny harbour capable of admitting a small steamer of 360 tons burden, which brings coals and takes away the produce of the mines. In March, 1874, the steamer 'Blende,' which left Laxey laden for Swansea, was lost in a storm with all hands, seven in number. Nothing was known of the wreck except that relics of the vessel were afterwards picked up in the south. Granite, from the Dhoon Granite Quarries, is also shipped here.

If the sea be calm a pleasant sail may be had southwards for 1 mile to Garwick Bay, or northwards to the mouth of the Dhoon, 2 miles distant, where a landing may be effected for a visit to the Dhoon Waterfalls.

Some strangers who have read old histories of the Isle of Man will search on the Laxey beach for Lord Henry's Well, which was much resorted to by the native inhabitants in ancient times, but it is now almost dry, and filled with loose stones.

An hour may be spent very agreeably by strolling into the Victoria Park, and thence up Glen Roy. The park is a beautiful spot, situated near the Commercial Hotel on the opposite side of the bridge. The charge for admission is 3*d*. A refreshment house, croquet ground, bowling green, &c., have been provided. Above the park, the stranger finds himself in a pleasant secluded spot, and strolls by the side of the streamlet with the green and gorse-covered banks of Lhergy Grow on either hand, and Cairn Gharjohl visible in front.

A mile from Laxey the stream divides, the right-hand branch flowing from the hollow of Ballaquine, and the height

of Slieu Mullagh Oure, and the left-hand branch from the upper part of Glen Roy, where is situated a house called Riversdale, and a lead mine.

From Riversdale the tourist can follow the mountain road to the right, and enter the Keppel Gate road; or he might turn to the left, and gain Laxey, or the Douglas road, in the direction of Lonan new church.

King Orry's Grave should be visited before the tourist leaves Laxey; it is only ½ mile from the village, and is reached by following the Ramsey road, which is seen ascending the high ground on the north side of the glen, and which commands fine views of Glen Roy and Laxey Glen, with Snaefell at the head of the latter. When at the top of the hill the old Ramsey road branches to left, and the grave is situated about 20 yards up the old way. On the left of the road, in front of two cottages, are some rugged stones, forming a kind of large grave, and at their head stands a larger and much taller stone. They reminded the writer of the Giant's Grave in Penrith churchyard, which Sir Walter Scott used to take such an interest in visiting. They appear to be of the same character, the stones being similarly placed. A few years ago the owner of the property, being little careful of antiquarian matters, removed some of the lesser stones from the central heap, for the purpose of building a fence. He broke in upon a vault, inside of which were the teeth of a horse and some brittle bones. The residents in the cottage close by have in their possession a small piece of old rusted iron, in the shape of a horse-shoe, which they say was dug out of the grave. If their statement be correct, and they appear to tell a straightforward story, this fact, and the character of the teeth which were discovered, would help to bear out the supposition that here was buried some Scandinavian warrior with his charger; it being the custom in those days for the old heroes to have their favourite horse interred in the same grave with themselves, imagining it would be of service in the future world. The popular belief is that it is the burial place of King Orry (the founder of the Norwegian dynasty on the island, and the originator of the House of Keys), the most noted personage in Manx history. Such being the traditionary account of the place, it argues little for the conservative feeling with which the Manx people are said to be so strongly imbued, when they leave a spot, around which centre so many associations, utterly uncared for, and at the mercy of the neighbouring villagers or any passing traveller. But this is no solitary

instance, for the writer met with similar neglect in many other parts of the island. Almost within sight of this spot are two notable instances, the old parish church of Lonan, previously noticed, and the antiquities at Maughold Head. At the latter place, one of the most sacred spots on the whole island, many of the stone crosses, old Norwegian swords, and other mementoes which have made Kirk Maughold so famous in Manx history, have been broken to pieces, taken away, built and covered in the walls of cottages, or stowed in barns, utterly regardless of their historical and antiquarian value. Fortunately the present Vicar is interesting himself in the preservation of the relics. Whilst referring to this subject we cannot refrain from dwelling upon the unpardonable neglect evinced in this respect by all classes of Manxmen, a neglect which will be apparent to every reader when they learn that there does not exist a single museum on the island, although few people possess more precious relics suitable for such a collection. If they are alive to the benefit of such an institution it behoves them to establish it at once, for owing to the great number of visitors resorting to the island, the increasing value of such relics, and the constant reclamation of waste lands, perhaps more damage is now done to antiquities in one year than during a century previously. Those who take little notice of such matters would throw off their lethargy, and give a helping hand, if they were made aware that that neglect will eventually recoil on themselves and injuriously affect their pockets, by depriving the island of those antiquities and historical places which are so interesting to many visitors.

Before leaving "King Orry's Grave" the stranger should cross the road and look at a similar, but rather more irregular, lot of stones, on a plot of ground directly opposite. It seems as though the two spots had in ancient times been one, but afterwards separated on the making of the road.

If the tourist have time he ought to take this opportunity of visiting the *Dhoon Waterfalls*, which are undoubtedly the largest and most beautiful cascades on the island. They are deeply recessed in a romantic and well-wooded glen, and are not more than ½ mile from the Ramsey road and the same distance from the sea. The charge for admittance is 4*d.*, and the owner has provided a small refreshment house, and made walks on either side of the stream. The tourist may visit the falls from Laxey either by carriage or boat. During the excursion by sea there are passed some imposing cliffs

presenting rugged rocks and sea-worn caves. With a carriage the Ramsey new road must be followed for 3 miles beyond "King Orry's Grave." The road overlooks the shore for some distance, the ground being very steep, with the sea washing amongst the rocks in Bulgum Bay below. Three miles from Laxey the Dhoon stream is crossed, and a road branches down to it. Perhaps, however, it is best to take the long sweep round the Dhoon Glen to the Dhoon Granite Quarries, situated close to the road, 3½ miles from Laxey. These quarries were opened in the spring of 1873. The granite is very compact, the different particles of quartz, felspar, and mica being small; in some parts of the rock it approaches the condition of a syenite, the flakes of mica being substituted by hornblende. At present the company are confining themselves to preparing it in small blocks of about 12 inches by 4 inches, which they cart to Laxey harbour and there ship to Liverpool, where it is used in making and repairing roads. It is intended to open another quarry a little lower down the hill, and in all probability a small harbour will be constructed at the mouth of the Dhoon stream, when the granite will also be prepared and sold for building purposes. The granite extends in a horse-shoe shape from the south side of the Dhoon mountain, and across the road to the Slieu Lhean range of hills on the opposite side.

Some will desire to make the ascent of Snaefell from Laxey. The distance to the summit is 3¾ miles. Leaving the hotel, walk over the bridge spanning the Glen Roy stream, and when a few yards farther, at the bridge which crosses the Laxey Glen, close to the washing works of the Great Laxey Mine, the large water-wheel is observed about 600 yards distant, at the foot of the Agnaish glen; behind it are the heights of Slieu Reay and Creg Agnaish, the latter hiding Slieu Lhean. Do not cross the bridge, but continue straight forward, with the stream on the right. Presently the road crosses the water near the large wheel, and a rugged lane is entered which branches to the left. Here Snaefell appears, and it gradually becomes a prominent object at the head of the glen.

On the right hand, close below, is the Agnaish stream, and near to a building connected with the mine a small glen is observed, called Glen Drink, which the inhabitants say was formerly a favourite resort of the fairies. About fifty years ago a Primitive Methodist minister began to hold a service

every other Sunday in a private house in the glen, and at this the fairies, not admiring Dissent, appear to have taken umbrage, for they then departed, and have not since revisited the neighbourhood. We suppose their flitting would resemble that made by a troop of the *little folk* in another part of the island, and which is thus described :—

"Early one spring morning, being employed in household duties, there came floating on the air a low murmuring wailing noise. When going to the door to see what occasioned it, behold there were multitudes of *the good people* passing over the stepping stones in the river, and wending their way up the side of the hill until they were lost in the mist that then enveloped the top of the mountain. They were dressed chiefly in *Loaghtyn*, with little pointed red caps, and most of them were employed in bearing on their shoulders articles of domestic use, such as kettles, pots, pans, the spinning-wheel, and such like, evidently having been disturbed, and seeking fresh and more quiet quarters."

Close to the hamlet of Agnaish is another large water-wheel, called Dumbell's Wheel (Mr. Dumbell, of the Isle of Man Bank, Douglas, being Chairman of the Directors of the Great Laxey Mine). At the hamlet care must be used not to take the wrong road, but turn to the left. Presently a fine view is had of the bare, solitary-looking glen, with Snaefell standing at the head of it; and on the right the Craig, and on the left Lhergy Dhoo, and beyond peer Cairn Gharjohl and Slieu Mullagh Oure. In the rear is a good view of Laxey, Lonan new church, and the sea.

Two cottages are passed, and then a farmhouse is reached, where a demand of 1*d.* is made from each traveller, as it is a private road, and the owner wishes to maintain his right. Complaint is made that many strangers leave open the gate and allow the cattle and sheep to get astray. The old couple residing at the farm are firm believers in fairies, and can tell some funny stories. The woman once saw two of the little people, like little boys, dressed in red trousers and blue coats; and the man one night was met on the Slieu Reay hill by something as white as snow, resembling an unicorn. He at once said, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," and it departed.

At the foot of Snaefell are a few cottages and offices connected with the great Snaefell Mine. There is also a large water-wheel 52 feet in diameter. The mine yields lead, blende (black jack), and a little copper.

From the mine it is a very steep climb up a smooth green part of the mountain. About half-way up is a road which

goes round the breast of the mountain. It leads from Douglas by Keppel Gate, and takes in the direction of Ramsey, but soon ends, as it has never been finished. From this road the top of Snaefell is quickly gained.

Another way from Laxey to Snaefell, which is about ¼ mile nearer than that just described, may be taken by entering the first road on the left, after leaving the Commercial Hotel and crossing the bridge spanning the Glen Roy stream. It makes a steep ascent, and then runs up the breast of the hill and over Slieu Mullagh Oure to the refreshment-house at the foot of Snaefell.

Douglas to Ramsey via Kirk Michael, and back by Laxey.

Ballacraine, 8 miles; Glen Helen, 10 miles; Kirk Michael, 14¾ miles; Ramsey, 24¼ miles; Laxey, 33¼ miles; Douglas, 40¾ miles.

Douglas to Ramsey, and back:

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse, to carry four persons and the driver, 20*s.*

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry six persons and the driver, 28*s.*

For a wagonette or other conveyance, to carry eight persons and the driver, 33*s.*

For a post-carriage and pair of horses, to carry six persons and the driver, 28*s.*

For a sociable or long car, to carry ten persons and the driver, 38*s.*

During the summer months a large wagonette leaves the Douglas Market Place every week-day at 10 o'clock in the morning for Ramsey, by the above route, the fare varying from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*, the higher charge being made during a few of the busiest weeks. Instead of taking this long circular drive, many persons now travel from Douglas to Ramsey and back by railway; but of course in that way they miss seeing the district between Ramsey and Laxey.

The first 10 miles of the excursion, viz. as far as Glen Helen, have been described at pages 48 and 67.

Before quitting the Swiss Cottage at Glen Helen, the traveller ought to fortify himself with a little refreshment, for he has now to walk a mile along the road, which makes a steep but gradual ascent up Craig Willey's Hill to Cronk-y-Voddee. During the first part of the ascent a small streamlet is on the left, with the Vaish Hill rising from its opposite bank. The Beary mountain is in a direct line in the rear,

and presently rise the summits of Slieu Whallin and South Barrule. When the top of the hill is reached, where are situated a few houses, and a chapel of ease to the parish church of St. German, a road on the right leads to Little London, and thence to Injebreck.

During the descent a good view is had of the mountains of Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, and Slieu Curn, and a stretch of the level country in the direction of Ballaugh, with Jurby point, the sea, and the Mourne mountains, in Ireland. On the left is seen Glen Mooar, in which, near the sea, is the Spooyt Vane waterfall, but from this point out of sight.

When about half-way down, the hamlet of Barrowgarroo is passed, at which place, close to a Methodist chapel, a road branches to the right, and leads over the mountains to Injebreck, Baldwin, and Douglas. A small hill appears in front, and upon it stands a flagstaff. It is known as the Hill of Reneurling, or Cronk Urleigh (the Hill of the Eagle). It is celebrated for being the place of meeting of all the Commoners in Man, convened by Sir John Stanley, 25th August, A.D. 1422, when a successful attempt was made to place the civil above the ecclesiastical power on the island.

Glen Wyllin, a prettily-wooded dell on the left, now comes in sight, and on the opposite direction the prospect opens out a grand mountain amphitheatre. The retrospective view of the glen is good, with the Reneurling hill in the centre, and a background consisting of the high mountains of Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, and Slieu Curn. The pleasant-looking residence situated near by the mount was built by Bishop Cregan, at the close of the last century, and it is at present occupied by William Croft, Esq.

Kirk Michael now appears, with its large church and quaint windmill, a wide stretch of sea and land being visible to the north, and on the left, in the distance, is Corrin's Tower, and the ruins at Peel. The Mull of Galloway, in Scotland, and the Mourne mountains, in Ireland, can also be discerned on a clear day.

Kirk Michael is one of the largest villages on the island; containing two comfortable hotels, the Mitre and Railway, a Primitive Methodist chapel, numerous shops, and an Ecclesiastical Court House, which is now chiefly used for the Deemster's Courts, the Ecclesiastical Courts being held in Peel and Douglas.

Kirk Michael is noted as being very healthy, and an excellent place of sojourn for invalids. The sea-shore, where there

is a fine sandy beach suitable for bathing, is only a few hundred yards distant, and is approached by the pretty secluded dells of Glen Wyllin and Glen Balleira. There are also many delightful walks up into the mountain range; and a road leads direct from the village across a mountain pass to Injebreck, Baldwin, and Douglas.

In the churchyard are several Runic crosses, and the graves of Bishops Wilson, Hildesley, and Cregan. This church, which, owing to its proximity to the residence of the bishops, may almost be considered the cathedral of the island, was built in 1835, near the site of one much older. In the graveyard, in the wall which remains of the chancel of the old church, is an inscription stating that the whole of the chancel was constructed at the sole expense of Dr. Thomas Wilson, son of the Bishop, in the year 1776.

The parish register contains the following record :—"The Reverend Father in God, Dr. Thomas Wilson, Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, buried near the east gable of the church, March 11th, 1755." The tomb bears on it this inscription : "Sleeping in Jesus, here lieth the body of Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of this Isle, who died March 7th, 1755, aged 93, in the 58th year of his consecration. This monument was erected by his son, Thomas Wilson, D.D., a native of this parish, who, in obedience to the express command of his worthy father, declines giving him the character he so justly deserves. Let this Island speak the rest."

The graves of Bishops Hildesley and Cregan may also be seen.

There are no fewer than seven Runic monuments or fragments of monuments about the church. The tall one which stands close to the road, at the entrance to the churchyard, was found many years ago about a foot below the surface of the ground, in what is called the Chapel Field, or the Vicar's Glebe. It is profusely ornamented with a variety of sculptured figures and animals, representing a stag-hunt. One of the edges is decorated with interlaced work; on the other is the inscription carved along the edge of the stone from the bottom upwards :—

"*Jualfir sunr Thurulfs eins Rautha risti crus thana aft Frithu muthur sina.*"

i. e. :

"Joalf, son of Thorolf the Red, erected this cross to his mother Frida."

That on the north side of the gate is a cross, bearing somewhat of the Irish character, with a harper, dog, stag, and two rudely-carved human figures carrying weapons. The inscription is remarkable, as it contains only Celtic names, engraved in a dialect and character differing from the rest of the inscriptions now found on the island.

The inscription is much worn, and in many places somewhat uncertain.

Mr. Kneale gives the following:—

"*Mal Lumkun raisti krus thana eftir Mal Muru fustra sina datir Dufgals kana es Athisi ati.*"

i. e.:

"Mal Lumkun erected this cross to Malmora, his foster-mother, daughter of Dugald the Keen (or Clever), whom Athisi had to wife."

The Rev. Mr. Cumming says the reading perhaps may be:—

"*Nial Lumkun raisti crus thana eftir Mal Muru fustra son ok dotir Dufgals Kona os Athisi ati.*"

i. e.:

"Niel Lumkun erected this cross to Malmor, (his) foster-son, and the daughter of Dugald the Keen, whom Athisi had (to wife)."

Professor Münch, of Christiania, reads Mal for Nial, and *Lufkals* for *Dufgals*, and translates, "Mal Lumkun and the daughter of Lufkal the Keen, whom Athisi had to wife, raised this cross to Malmor, his foster-father." Malmor, a son of Niel, together with his brother Dufgal, or Dugald, fell in a quarrel at Tynwald Hill, in 1238, therefore we may believe that this monument is in some way connected with that event, and that Niel, the father of Malmor and Dugald, joined with the daughter of Dugald in erecting the cross to the memory of the slain.

On the south side of the gate is another cross, interesting from the circumstance that the maker's name is given, and the statement that he was the artist of most of the crosses of that era in Man. There are no figures on the cross, but it is beautifully decorated with sculptured knot-work.

The inscription, extremely plain, is—

"*Mail Brigdi sunr Athakans smith raisti krus thano fur salu sini sin brukuin Gaut girthi thano auk ala i Maun.*"

i. e.:

"Malbrigd, son of Athakan (the) smith, erected this cross for his soul, but his kinsman Gaut made this (cross) and all in Man."

Fragments of crosses in the churchyard-wall have the following inscriptions:—

"*Grim risti krus than eft Rumun.*"

i. e.:

"Grim erected this cross to Hromund."

and

"*krus than aftir.*"

i. e.:

"this cross to."

In the vestry of the church is the fragment of another richly-sculptured cross, bearing an inscription, the sole remains of which are—

"*Grims ins suarta.*"

i. e.:

"Grims the Swarthy (or Black)."

Near Bishop Wilson's tomb is a finely-carved cross, without inscription, but bearing four singular dragon-shaped animals with knotted tails. Near the chancel of the old church is another cross, much mutilated.

The mountains of Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, Vael, and Slieu Curn, which have presented so fine an appearance all the way when passing through the village, are soon left behind, and 1 mile from Kirk Michael the tourist's attention is attracted by the Bishop's Court, a large, square, castellated mansion, which stands close to the road on the left, half hid by oak, ash, and elm trees, one of which, a fine elm standing on the north side of the entrance from the high road, is said to have been planted by Bishop Wilson, but all the rest are of later date. It is the episcopal palace of the diocese, and there is a repose upon the spot which specially suits its character as the residence of a Christian bishop. Late restorations have given the building a modern appearance, but some parts of it are very ancient. There is historical evidence of its having been occupied by Bishop Simon in 1230, and it is said to have originally borne the name of Orry's Tower, and to have been surrounded by a moat. The dark slaty-looking building attached behind is a recent addition. The old chapel was pulled down about twenty years ago, and a new one built,

where service is held morning and evening every Sunday by the Bishop's curate. The chair on the north side of the holy table is a relic of Bishop Hildesley, and on Convocation days the chair of the venerable Wilson is brought out and occupied by the Bishop whilst in conference with his assembled clergy. The domain attached to the palace consists of 606 square acres.

After leaving Bishop's Court, the tower of the new parish church of Ballaugh comes in sight; and when 2½ miles from Kirk Michael the traveller enters the neat little village of Ballaugh, where are two comfortable inns, the North Hotel and the Manx Arms. It is a telegraph station, the wire having evidently been brought thus far from Ramsey for the special accommodation of the Bishop; but why not continue it past Kirk Michael to Peel, and thence to Castletown, thus encircling the whole Island?

The old parish church and village of Ballaugh are one mile distant, near to the sea-shore.

Proceeding a few yards farther, a view is had on the right into Ravensdale, with Slieu Dhoo at the head, and on the left opens out a wide extent of level cultivated land in the direction of the Point of Ayre, the churches of Jurby, Ballaugh, Andreas, and St. Jude's being prominent objects.

The road now runs pleasantly at the foot of Gob-y-Volley hill, through a well-timbered district, to Sulby village, 2 miles from Ballaugh, where is an inn called Glen Mooar Inn, the Sulby Glen being formerly and now occasionally called Glen Mooar. Here the mountains on the right present an aspect in the highest degree imposing and picturesque, and the road is observed which leads into the wild recesses of the Sulby Glen. Those who love to commune with nature in her sternest and most solitary moods must not fail to visit this rugged valley, which is undoubtedly Mona's most savage retreat.

Half a mile from the inn the Sulby new village is passed, and the Sulby river crossed; and from the bridge are seen the windmill and a few houses at Ramsey. A few yards beyond the bridge is the Ginger Hall inn.

A richly-cultivated country is now entered, studded with villas and farmsteads, and all the way a fine view is had of a large tract of the champaign country; but what most strikes the traveller is the presence of well-trimmed thorn hedges and quantities of good-sized trees, such as are rarely seen elsewhere in the Isle of Man. A range of wooded hills over-

hangs the road on the right, and the sight of the charming villa and ravine of Glentramman will tempt many pedestrians to ascend and thread their way amongst the fir and larch trees, where they will meet with a waterfall well worthy of a visit.

When 2 miles from Ramsey the Lezayre church is passed. It is pleasantly situated at the foot of Sky hill, and is prettily overgrown with ivy. On the other side of the road is the mansion of Ballakillingan, embosomed in trees containing a rookery, reminding the traveller of the homes of Old England.

Beyond Sky Hill, Albert Tower and North Barrule appear, and a view is had up Glen Aldyn, a road branching into the glen close to Milntown, the beautiful residence of the Rev. W. B. Christian. Ramsey now comes fully in view and is quickly entered.

Many persons who only see Ramsey in a day's drive from Douglas are disappointed, and think it a dull town; but by making a longer stay this feeling wears off. Even those who only remain in the town a few hours might thoroughly enjoy themselves if they would stroll up Ballure Glen and ascend Albert Tower, or visit Maughold Head, or take a drive to the Point of Ayre.

Leaving Ramsey by the Waterloo road, a long line of houses is passed, principally lodging-houses, and then a gradual rise is made, with fine views of Ramsey town and bay and the Albert Tower.

Half a mile out of the town the Ballure bridge is crossed, and a pretty peep had up the Ballure glen, with the Albert Tower on the one side and Ballure hill on the other.

Continuing the ascent round the Ballure hill, new beauties are revealed at every step. The bay is seen immediately below stretching away to the Point of Ayre, and almost the whole of the town is in sight, backed by a wide extent of level country; whilst across the ocean, on a clear day, can be distinctly seen the Scotch and Cumbrian coasts and hills.

At the point, 1 mile from the town, where a road diverges to the left for Kirk Maughold church, the pretty creeks of Port Lewaigue and Port-y-Vullin are seen below, separated by the promontory of Gob-na-Runnah. Beyond Port-y-Vullin are observed, perched on a rock directly above the sea, the works connected with the Port-y-Vullin lead mine. This mine has never been extensively worked, and it was closed during the spring of 1873. Just below the mine is a small rock surrounded by the sea, called Stack Mooar. The land

side of Maughold Head is gradually disclosed, with the whole of the level tract ending in Port Mooar.

The road makes a long gradual rise on the side of Slieu Lewaigue, with North Barrule here and there in sight directly in front; and when $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Ramsey, at a pretty white-washed house, where the highest point is gained, the prospect opens to the Cornah glen on the left, in which is situated the Ballaglass waterfall; and North Barrule is a fine object on the right.

Three miles from Ramsey is the Hibernian inn, a point from which tourists often start for the ascent of North Barrule. It is also a resting-place for those who visit the Ballaglass waterfall, which is situated directly opposite, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile down the glen. The road leading to it is near the inn, and the journey there and back will occupy about an hour and a half. It is usual to walk there, but a carriage can be taken to within a very short distance of the fall.

From the inn the main road descends to the hamlet of Corrany, crosses the Cornah stream, and winds round the Cornah hill on the opposite side.

Higher up the glen are the lead mines of East Snaefell and North Laxey, and the height of Slieu Choar. In the hamlet of Corrany are a Wesleyan-Methodist chapel, a Primitive Methodist chapel, and a small church.

When round the Cornah hill a good retrospective view is gained of the Cornah glen and of North Barrule. Leaving the Barony, or Dhoon hill, on the left, the granite quarries are passed, and a long sweep is made round the Dhoon glen, where are some beautiful waterfalls, though not seen from the road. On making a sharp turn, a peep is had directly down into the wild recess of Bulgum bay, and Clay Head appears to the south.

A steep descent is quickly made past King Orry's grave to Laxey, with charming views of the bay, and the glen dotted prettily on every side with whitewashed cottages.

For a description of the road from Laxey to Douglas refer to page 98.

Douglas to Ramsey, by the Manx Northern Railway.

St. John's, 8 miles; St. Germains, 10 miles; Kirk Michael, 13 miles; Ballaugh, 16 miles; Sulby Glen, 18; Sulby Bridge, 19 miles; Lezayre, 23 miles; Ramsey, 24½ miles.

The railway to Ramsey joins the Peel line at St. John's. It is 16½ miles long, and passes through a beautiful country, with mountains close by on one side, and on the other a level tract, and a wide expanse of sea, with the Scotch and Irish coasts visible in the distance.

After leaving St. John's station there is a fine view of the South Barrule range of mountains, and the town and castle of Peel; then the train passes St. Germains station and approaches near to the sea, running over high bridges spanning Glen Moor and Glen Wyllin to the Kirk Michael station. Here the stranger will probably break the journey to see the Bishop's Palace and the parish churchyard, where are some Runic crosses and the tomb of Bishop Wilson.

The pedestrian might have a pleasant change by returning hence to Douglas by the mountain road.

The next station is Ballaugh, pleasantly situated near to Ravensdale, and about a mile from the sea. A wide extent of level land is now spread to view in the direction of the Point of Ayre; but presently, on arriving at Sulby Glen and Sulby Bridge stations, the hills at the entrance to the Sulby Glen will be the chief attraction. Here the Sulby river, the longest stream on the island, issues from the Sulby Glen, a beautiful narrow valley that winds amongst the hills to the foot of Snaefell. Near the head of the glen, at the Tholt-e-Will and Olt waterfalls, there are pleasure grounds and a large hotel, to which place conveyances run from Sulby Glen station after the arrival of trains, the charge being 6*d.* each passenger.

The tourist might alight at Sulby, go up the Sulby Glen, and return thence to Douglas by the mountain road.

After leaving Sulby the trains run through a well timbered, cultivated district, past the Lezayre station to the town of Ramsey. For a more full description of the district traversed, see page 107.

Douglas to Injebreck, and thence by Little London to Glen Helen.

Baldwin, 4½ miles; Injebreck, 7 miles; Brandy Well, 9 miles; Little London, 11 miles; Glen Helen, 14 miles; Douglas, 24 miles.

The road between Douglas and Baldwin is described at page 35.

On leaving the Baldwin village, the stream, and Cronk-y-Keeil-Abban, with St. Luke's church, are on the right, and in front Carraghan and Pen-y-Pot. Soon the church and Pen-y-Pot disappear, and the traveller approaches a mountain amphitheatre, consisting of Carraghan, Injebreck hill, and the Crag, the latter hiding the Colden mountain. There are evidences on every hand that a delightful mountain retreat is being entered. Rocks, loose stones, and pretty clumps of trees are seen in every direction, and rills run musically down the hill-sides to the larger stream which flows over a rugged stony bed. The small cascade, called the Crag waterfall, is passed, and then the Injebreck farmhouse is reached. It stands on the hill-side embosomed in trees, and higher up the glen is a new lead mine, called the Injebreck mine, where a dozen men are working.

Injebreck is a delightful spot, often visited by picnic parties. The house would no doubt answer well if converted into an hotel, but at present it is in the holding of Thomas Lorrimer, Esq., of Mount Rule, and is occupied by servants of his who manage the farm. Mr. Lorrimer's house is passed on the way to Baldwin, soon after leaving the Race Course; and, on application, he is willing to grant leave to strangers to put up the horses at the Injebreck House, and then the occupants will provide hot water, &c., on receipt of a small recompense for the trouble thus given them.

Injebreck is a beautiful and secluded spot. Green sloping hills are on every side, with purling streams descending pretty dells clothed with wood.

Opposite the house a rugged cart-road leads through one or two fields to a streamlet, where is what is called a waterfall, but it is one only in name, for the water has a fall of not more than 7 feet. A pleasant stroll may, however, be had a short distance up the rivulet, and, beyond where the path ends, if the hill be ascended a few yards, a small cascade will be found, which, combined with its surroundings of wood and rock, presents a pretty little picture.

On leaving Injebreck, the road ascends steeply the hill of that name, with Colden on the left. Carraghan and the glen soon disappear, and the traveller finds himself crossing the pass, without the sight of a single house or tree. He is alone in a desolate-looking district, the Manx *loaghtyn* (i. e., mouse-brown, from *lugh*, a mouse, and *dhoan*, brown), and other sheep, being the only denizens of the surrounding smooth grass-covered hills.

On gaining the summit of the pass, a wide extent of mountain and upland is spread to view, there being still only two houses to the right in the distance, in the hollow of Druidale, and hardly a single bit of timber.

The mountains Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, and Snaefell are on the right, and in front Slieu Farrane and Slieu Dhoo, whilst in the direction of Mount Karrin is a stretch of level land near the Point of Ayre.

A good road will be observed about 20 yards below on the right, which leads round Pen-y-Pot to Snaefell, and thence to Laxey, or by Keppel Gate to Douglas, or from Snaefell into the Sulby Glen. Those who intend travelling in the direction of Snaefell will regret that these roads are not connected at this point. There is an old track down which a carriage might go, had not some railing been placed across it. This branch road being only 50 yards long and ready made, it might be put in good order for a trifle, and thus a mile would be saved to the traveller.

Half a mile farther, a small well, called Brandy Well, is seen close to the road on the left hand, which gives the name to the junction, a few yards distant, where the road is entered that runs from Snaefell by Little London to Barrowgarroo and Kirk Michael, or to Cronk-y-Voddee and Glen Helen. From this junction another road runs over the mountain direct to Kirk Michael, and one descends into Druidale, and thence crosses the hills to Ballaugh.

As there are no houses near Brandy Well, the stranger must be careful to keep the proper road.

A hundred yards distant, in the direction of Snaefell, where an iron gate crosses the way, a rugged cart-track branches on the left, and descends to Druidale. The same distance in the direction of Little London, a turning to the right goes over the mountains to Kirk Michael. A few yards nearer the Brandy Well junction a road is observed on the left, but this must on no account be entered, as it leads on to the mountains, and there ends, it never having been

finished. It ought to descend into the Baldwin valley below Injebreck.

The traveller is now on the watershed where rise the streams leading in one direction by Druidale and Sulby glen to Ramsey, and in the opposite by Rhenass and Glen Helen to Peel. The mountains of South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, Beary, and Slieu Whallin, are in sight.

On leaving Brandy Well the road winds along the breast of Sartfell, with one or two farmhouses below on the left, near the banks of the rivulet; and the eye wanders over a large extent of hilly country, terminating here and there in high prominent peaks; but on the right the view is entirely obstructed. The sea presently comes in sight, also Peel Hill and Corrin's Tower.

A few yards beyond, where the road makes a sharp curve, and crosses a small rill, two or three houses, called Eairy, are passed, resting at the foot of Sartfell, and below them are observed the cluster called Little London. From this point a road descends to Little London, and thence to Cronk-y-Voddee; the former may be passed a short distance on the left, thus saving ½ mile. The best road, though more circuitous by 1½ miles, leaves Eairy and Little London on the left, and continues round the base of Sartfell to Barrowgarroo, where it enters the main road leading from Cronk-y-Voddee to Kirk Michael. From Barrowgarroo to Glen Helen the distance is 3 miles.

Douglas to Injebreck, and thence to Kirk Michael.

Baldwin, 4½ miles; Injebreck, 7 miles; Brandy Well, 9 miles; Kirk Michael, 12½ miles.

The road from Douglas to the Brandy Well Junction is described at page 116.

From Brandy Well the Kirk Michael road branches and ascends by the north-east side of Sartfell, with the hollow of Druidale, and the heights of Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, Slieu Choar, and North Barrule, on the right. It then runs close by a wall along the flat part between Sartfell and Slieu Farrane, and along the northern side of the latter mountain.

On bending from the wall a beautiful view is had down to Kirk Michael and Glen Wyllin; and the verdant sloping side of Slieu Farrane has a pretty effect. The road then runs along the top of the Vael hill, and commands pleasant

views, with a wide extent of sea, and the coasts of Ireland and Scotland. Kirk Michael and the hollow of Glen Wyllin present a lovely picture; and on the right, between Slieu Dhoo and Slieu Curn, a glimpse is had down Ravensdale, and across a broad expanse of country, to Jurby and the Point of Ayre. At the place where the road slightly bends from the wire fencing, the traveller, instead of passing through a gate in the direction of Slieu Curn and Ravensdale, and thence to near Ballaugh, must bend to left, and descend by a road covered with short grass.

The view in the rear is now lost, but a charming prospect is had direct in front, of Kirk Michael, Glen Wyllin, and the undulating country stretching to Peel hill, Slieu Whallin, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule, with the sea, and the Irish coast. Two gates are passed through, and then a lane is entered which conducts direct to the village.

Douglas to Injebreck, and thence by Druidale to Ballaugh.

Baldwin, 4½ miles; Injebreck, 7 miles; Brandy Well, 9 miles; Ballaugh, 14½ miles.

The road from Douglas to the Brandy Well junction is described at page 116.

From Brandy Well the Druidale road branches and descends by the side of a streamlet in the direction of the large farm-house occupied by John Brooke, Esq., which is seen in the hollow of a treeless moorland tract of country. The road is in one or two places rather rugged, but it is quite practicable for carriages.

After the Mount Pellier house is passed a gradual ascent is made, and Mr. Brooke's residence left some distance on the right. On gaining the top of the high ground, the heights of North Barrule, Slieu Choar, Snaefell, Pen-y-Pot, and Carraghan are seen, and on the left is Slieu Dhoo, whilst in front stands Mount Karrin, rising from the deep recess of the Sulby glen.

Presently a lovely view is obtained of the sea, the level country, and the villages of Old and New Ballaugh. A steep descent is made, and on the left a peep is had up Ballaugh glen and Ravensdale, with the heights of Slieu Curn and Slieu Dhoo. When at the foot of the hill the road runs for ¾ mile down the glen of Ravensdale, through a prettily-wooded district to the village of New Ballaugh.

Ascent of Snaefell from Douglas, by mountain road.

Cronk-ny-Mona, 2½ miles; Keppel Gate, 5 miles; Snaefell, 8 miles.

Snaefell is 2034 feet above the sea level, being the highest mountain in Man. Perhaps from no other height in Great Britain can so much be seen at the cost of so little labour. Every tourist ought to consider his visit to the island incomplete without the ascent of this mountain; and if he be favoured with fine weather, he cannot fail to be gratified with the splendid prospect from the summit.

The journey may be commenced either from Buck's Road, or from the shore near the Iron Pier.

Those who leave by Buck's Road will turn to the right at the point 1 mile from the town, where four roads join, and 1 mile farther diverge to the left, over the Deemster's or Heywood's Bridge.

Persons starting from the shore will go up Broadway, and along Victoria Road, past the Falcon Cliff and Castle Hill Breweries, and arrive at this point.

When over the bridge turn to the left; the direct road passes Bemahague and leads to Onchan, where it joins the main road at Laxey. A few yards farther another road is seen on the right, which also conducts to Onchan. An extensive view is had of the valley through which flow the Dhoo and Glass rivers, the Asylum building being prominent in the centre, surrounded by high ground stretching from Douglas Head past the Carnane Hill and Mount Murray to South Barrule and Slieu Whallin. In front is the mountain range of Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, and Pen-y-Pot.

At Cronk-ny-Mona there are a few houses, and two roads branch to the left, one leading to Tromode. Sometimes visitors from Douglas enter the main road at this point. They do not take the turn to the right at the place previously mentioned, where four roads cross, but continue straight on for some distance, and then turn to the right, opposite the Tromode Mills, thus obtaining a better view of the valley through which flows the river Glass.

A few hundred yards beyond Cronk-ny-Mona the road branches at Hillberry (sometimes called Cold Clay), the right-hand branch leading to the Laxey road, a little beyond

Onchan. The tourist must follow the one which diverges to the left. It is in good order, and gradually ascends the Slieu Ree hill. Presently the traveller begins to sniff the pure mountain air and gain extensive views of both sea and land.

The Lanjaghan farmhouse, which is seen some distance on the left, up the hill-side, is the place where the wonderful Phynnodderee used to thrash the corn, and bring home the sheep from the mountains on the approach of a storm; and the occupants of that and the neighbouring farms can tell many strange stories of this creature of the Manx imagination.

When the Keppel Gate is reached, the open fell is entered, and on gaining the summit of the Slieu Ree ridge, a glimpse is had of the East Baldwin valley, with a mountain range on the opposite side, including Pen-y-Pot, Carraghan, Colden, Slieu Reay, and Greeba; and farther distant South Barrule.

A mountain road is seen to pass over the depression between Colden and Carraghan. It ascends from the West Baldwin valley, at the head of which is Injebreck, but not seen from this point. There is also another road observed to cross a mountain pass between Carraghan and Pen-y-Pot, but this is merely used by the inhabitants for carting peat.

Snaefell now comes in view directly in front, and to the right of Pen-y-Pot. On looking back, in the distance Spanish Head is seen, and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa begins to peer over the northern shoulder of South Barrule.

The next 2 miles of the journey are very enjoyable. The tourist is a great height above the sea, on an excellent road, which commands a fine prospect down the East Baldwin valley, the south-east part of the island being spread to view as though on a map, and with high mountains close at hand, and in the distance a wide expanse of sea. The Isle of Man will vie with any other part of the kingdom for high and excellent mountain roads; and visitors who are in quest of health and beautiful scenery ought to avail themselves of them infinitely more than they have done in the past. If these roads were oftener frequented the mountains and glens would be more known and better appreciated, and the Isle of Man would occupy a higher position among places of summer resort.

At the foot of Cairn Gharjohl mountain, usually called merely "The Cairn," there is a white gate, where a road turns to right, and runs down Glen Roy to Laxey. Those who

return from Snaefell to Douglas, viâ Laxey, must come back to this gate, or they must walk direct down the Laxey glen, and send the empty conveyance back this way to meet them at Laxey.

At the gate the tops of North Barrule and Slieu Lhean are seen, and a peep is had of a portion of the Laxey glen, with the sea and the Cumberland hills on the opposite shore.

Cairn Gharjohl may be ascended in six or seven minutes, and the view from the summit will amply repay the traveller for the slight toil. The whole of Douglas town and bay are in sight, and Glen Roy and Laxey present a pretty picture close below the spectator on the left. Beyond a broad expanse of ocean are the Cumbrian mountains. To the south are King William's College, and the tower on Langness. The southern part of the island is spread to view, and there is a fine mountain range extending from Spanish Head to North Barrule, and including South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, the top of Slieu Farrane, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, Slieu Mullagh Oure, Slieu Lhean, and Slieu Choar.

The road now runs along the side of Slieu Mullagh Oure, and at the Pen-y-Pot iron gate a road diverges to the left, which, after rounding a shoulder of Pen-y-Pot, branches at a spot known as "Brandy Well," and descends to Injebreck and Baldwin, to Little London and Cronk-y-Voddee, to Kirk Michael, and to Druidale and Ballaugh.

Through a gap on the left is seen Mount Karrin, and in the distance the Scotch coast. In front, to the right of Snaefell, appear Slieu Lhean, Slieu Choar, and the top of North Barrule. Mount Karrin and North Barrule disappear, but on the left advance to view Slieu Dhoo and Slieu Farrane.

At the foot of Snaefell, but about 1360 feet above the sea level, close to the point where a road branches to left and descends into the Sulby glen, has been erected a wooden refreshment hut, and stables for horses.

It is an easy gradual ascent from the hut to the summit of Snaefell, which a good walker may accomplish in twelve minutes, and few persons will require longer than half an hour for the work. The ascent may be made direct from the hut, but the easiest and driest ground is found by proceeding along the road for 200 or 300 yards farther.

The view from this altitude is extensive and magnificent. The whole of the island is spread below, surrounded by the sea, beyond which are visible the coasts of England, Ireland.

Scotland, and Wales. There is a long stretch of the Scotch coast from the Mull of Galloway and past the mountain range of Criffel to the Solway Firth. Most of the Cumberland mountains are in sight, including Scawfell Pike, the highest point in England, and Black Combe, the height to the south which appears to rise direct from the sea. In Wales are seen the top of Snowdon, the coast round Great Orme's Head, and the Isle of Anglesey; and westward the Irish coast, from Lough Strangford to the south of the Mourne mountains, comes in view.

Turning the eye from distant shores to the scene at the feet of the spectator, the prospect is very charming. To the north is a perfectly level and well cultivated plain, dotted all over with houses, and at the end is prominent the Point of Ayre lighthouse. From the summit of the mountain, Ramsey is concealed, but by walking 100 yards to the north most of it is visible. The fine narrow ridge of Slieu Choar and North Barrule run in a direct line with Maughold Head. On the south side of Slieu Lhean are the Laxey glen and town, the houses presenting a picturesque appearance around the pretty little bay. The eye then wanders past Lonan church, Port Garwick, Clay Head, Growdale Harbour and Bank's Howe to Douglas Head. The Cairn hill hides the town of Douglas, but the lighthouse, the head hotel, and Tower of Refuge, are very distinct. A great part of the plain watered by the Dhoo and Glass rivers is visible, and the coast stretching past Langness Point and Port St. Mary, to Spanish Head and the Mull Hills. In the same direction are South Barrule and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa. Connecting these with Snaefell, are Greeba, Colden, Carraghan, and Pen-y-Pot. Slieu Whallin, and the Peel Hill and Corrin's Tower, are also visible. To the north-west, near at hand, is the wild deep glen of Sulby, bounded by the heights of Slieu Farrane, Slieu Dhoo, and Mount Karrin.

If the day be fine the spectator will be loath to leave this, the most central, and in many respects the most favoured vantage point in the British Isles. It was to this height that Cowley the poet supposed himself transported when he wrote his 'Poetic Vision,' deploring the miseries of the Civil Wars.

From Snaefell the descent may be made in various directions. To Laxey straight down the glen; or over the northern shoulder of Slieu Mullagh Oure; or Laxey with carriage, viâ the White Gate, at the foot of Cairn Ghar-

johl. By Keppel Gate to Douglas; or round Pen-y-Pot to Brandy Well junction, and thence descend either to Injebreck and Baldwin, to Little London and Glen Helen, to Kirk Michael, or to Druidale and Ballaugh; or from Snaefell down the Sulby Glen, and thence to Ramsey. The mountaineer may keep on the top over Slieu Choar to North Barrule; or take a straight course from Snaefell to Ramsey; or descend from the top into the recess of Sulby, or Glen Aldyn.

Those who walk to Laxey direct down the glen must refer to page 105.

Perhaps the shortest way to Laxey is that which crosses over Slieu Mullagh Oure. It is a rugged cart-road, hardly fit for a carriage, and commences a few yards on the south side of the refreshment house, nearly opposite the road leading down to the Sulby Glen. After crossing the hill a quick descent is made, first to some farmsteads and cottages, and then past a Methodist chapel, and Laxey is reached close to the Commercial Hotel.

The road from the White Gate, mentioned at page 120, winds round the north side of Cairn Gharjohl, with Slieu Mullagh Oure, and the hollow of Ballaquine, studded with small farmsteads, on the left, and in front are seen the tower of the Lonan new church and the houses of King Orry, near Laxey. A descent is made to Glen Roy, and the streamlet is crossed just below a lead mine, and close to a cheerful-looking house called Riversdale. A steep ascent is made from the stream, and the traveller can reach Laxey by passing Lonan church and entering the Douglas road, or he may save ½ mile by branching to the left, and arriving in the village close to the Queen's Hotel.

To descend from Snaefell by way of Brandy Well and Injebreck to Douglas, a distance of 13½ miles, follow the Keppel Gate road for ¾ mile along the side of Slieu Mullagh Oure, to an iron gate, and then diverge to the right. The road makes a long sweep round Pen-y-Pot, with the pile of stones on the summit visible on the left, and in front gradually appear Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, Slieu Dhoo, and the range terminating in Mount Karrin, at the foot of which lies Druidale and Sulby Glen. Beyond may be seen an extent of level country, the sea, and the Scotch coast. Snaefell is still a prominent object on the right. The road runs through immense beds of peat, which the farmers from the Baldwin valley cut and cart away, very little coal being used in the surrounding glens. When a good way round the mountain, a rough cart-road

will be observed on the left, which is used by the people carting peat to East and West Baldwin. It descends between Pen-y-Pot and Carraghan, in the direction of St. Luke's church and Cronk-y-Keeil-Abban. Druidale, the upper south-western offshoot of Sulby Glen, lies on the right, bleak and barren. The large whitewashed farmhouse seen in the centre of it is occupied by John Brooke, Esq. Everything around is extremely desolate-looking. The drive will be enjoyed by all for the pure exhilarating air, and those will especially delight in it who are partial to wild mountain and moorland scenery. When Pen-y-Pot is rounded, Colden and Carraghan rise on the left, and between the two appear the Baldwin valley, and an extent of upland country farther south. The pedestrian might here descend direct to Injebreck, and save about 1½ mile. The road, which is in excellent order, runs along the Injebreck hill to the point known as Brandy Well. It is the junction of the roads leading to Snaefell, to Injebreck, to Glen Helen and Little London, to Kirk Michael, and to Druidale and Ballaugh. Whichever route the traveller adopts he will find described in other parts of the book. (See pages 116, 118, and 119.) It is, however, well to point out that the direct road conducts to Little London; the first branch to left goes to Injebreck, the second merely running on to the mountains: on the right, the first, a rugged road, leads to Druidale, and the second to Kirk Michael.

Those who drive down the Sulby Glen from Snaefell must enter a road which winds from the refreshment hut round the south-western side of the mountain, having Pen-y-Pot across the hollow on the left, and in front Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, and Slieu Dhoo. On passing a water-wheel connected with a small lead mine, the solitary farmhouses of Druidale, Crammag, and Lhergyrhenny appear; also Mount Karrin, the sea, and the Scotch coast. Some distance farther a pretty peep is had down the hollow of Sulby Glen, to a patch of the level country around Jurby and the Point of Ayre. When through a gate, Druidale is left behind, and a quick descent is made into the Sulby Glen, a romantic and charmingly secluded spot. Near the head of the glen a large hotel has recently been opened, and pleasure grounds formed, near the Tholt-e-Will and Olt waterfalls. Conveyances run from the hotel to the railway station at the foot of the glen. The road crosses the stream at the Dockspout bridge, where is a small Methodist chapel, and also one or two houses; a little way higher up

the stream is a chapel of ease to Lezayre church, also used as a school. The water in the stream is remarkably pure, and flows along a bed strewn with boulders.

Leaving the bridge, the road runs by the side of the hill, with the stream below on the right, and hills rise sheer on either side. A slate quarry is passed, above which is a narrow gorge called Paris Gill, leading to the foot of Snaefell. When beyond the quarry and a row of cottages, the road winds, and presently is revealed a lonely and solitary stretch of the glen, bounded at the foot by the Carrick mountain, and on the right by Slieu Monagh, and on the left by Mount Karrin. So narrow is this part of the glen that there is merely room for the road, the stream, and two or three tiny plots of grass land. It is pleasant to hear and see the waters tumbling over ledges of rock, to watch the shadows of the clouds speeding along the hill-sides, and the birds flying wildly amongst the rocks which overhang the path, whilst songsters are warbling on every side: a few sheep and cattle, and at the foot of the glen two or three farmsteads, add to the picture all that can be desired, making the scene perfect and lovely.

Near the houses is a small gill on the right, in which is a cascade well deserving a visit. The road now runs through the last branch of this wild secluded glen, and the traveller, after passing a starch-mill, arrives at the village of Sulby, and enters the main road. Here a small hill, called Primrose hill, is a picturesque object, and on looking back the mountains around are seen to be perfectly grouped, and from their appearance it will occur to most minds that the way to see the glen aright is to commence here at the foot and travel up, and not down it; and the stranger will not regret if he resolve at some future time to adopt this plan.

Ascent of Greeba.

Greeba is the mountain that stands on the north side of the valley traversed by the Douglas and Peel railway, and it is the beginning of the high mountain range which runs past Slieu Reay, Colden, Carraghan, and Pen-y-Pot, to Snaefell and North Barrule. It is 1383 feet high, and commands an excellent prospect.

The best plan is to travel by railway to Crosby or St. John's, and commence the ascent at Greeba Tower, near

St. Trinian's church. Winding paths have been constructed from the public pleasure grounds nearly to the summit of the mountain.

As soon as the open fell is gained the view is very pleasing. The railway is seen winding to Peel, along a pretty valley, in the midst of which are St. John's church and the Tynwald Hill. South Barrule, Slieu Whallin, and the Peel Hill, with Corrin's Tower, are on the opposite side, and the Irish coast is seen in the direction of the latter height. A good walker will accomplish the ascent in thirty minutes; others will require from forty to sixty minutes. On the summit is a cairn, or stone man, as it is sometimes called.

The view of the south of the island is extensive and beautiful. Douglas, Castletown, Peel, and the intervening vales, being in sight, and the coast from Clay Head to Poolvash, also a strip of sea in the direction of Peel. South Barrule, with Foxdale and its mines, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and Slieu Whallin, occupy a prominent position to the south-west, and to the north the view is bounded by Sartfell, Colden, and the Cairn. In the direction of Clay Head, Black Combe is seen, with other Cumberland hills. Between Douglas and Castletown may be discerned Anglesey and the hills of Wales. Between Slieu Whallin and Peel is the Irish coast, with the Mourne mountains very prominent; and to the north a long stretch of Scotland is visible.

A Ramble on the Mountain tops, from Greeba to the summits of Slieu Reay, Colden, Pen-y-Pot, and Carraghan.

Tourists who like mountaineering will find this a delightful excursion. We one day started from Douglas and walked the whole way, going by the Peel road and returning by the East Baldwin valley. The distance is about 20 miles, but it may be reduced to 15 miles by taking the train to Crosby.

For the ascent of Greeba see page 126.

It is a walk of about ¾ mile from Greeba to Slieu Reay, with a very slight ascent over ground covered with tufts of gorse and heather.

Arrived at the cairn on the summit (height 1570 feet), the mountains Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, and Snaefell, and

a little of North Barrule, appear in sight. Over the gap between Cairn Gharjohl and Slieu Mullagh Oure is a fine display of the highest Cumberland mountains, including Scawfell, Bow Fell, Great Gable, Pillar, and neighbouring heights.

On crossing the depression between Slieu Reay and Colden the south of the island is hidden, but we have, on the left, Peel, and the upper part of Glen Helen, the Beary hill hiding the lower part. On the right are seen East and West Baldwin, and the valleys watered by the Dhoo and Glass, with the town and bay of Douglas.

After going over a mountain road, and some wire fencing, a rather steep climb leads to the top of Colden (height 1599 feet), whence can be seen the coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; the towns of Douglas and Castletown, and the Point of Ayre lighthouse. To the south are the heights Greeba, South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and Slieu Whallin; and on the opposite direction Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, Slieu Dhoo, Mount Karrin, Slieu Monagh, Snaefell, Pen-y-Pot, Carraghan, Cairn Gharjohl, and Slieu Ree.

There is a deep hollow between Colden and Carraghan, down which descend prettily-wooded dells to Injebreck. Carraghan is seen to be a southern offshoot of Pen-y-Pot, and as it cannot be scaled direct without making a great descent, the tourist is advised to bend to the left, cross at the highest point the road which runs over the pass from Injebreck, then turn to the right, and gradually ascend the Injebreck hill. He will pass an excellent road, and soon afterwards enter it and continue on it to the foot of Pen-y-Pot, having a fine view to the right of West Baldwin, and to the left into the wilds of Druidale and the Sulby Glen.

From the road, which is 1400 feet high, the summit of Pen-y-Pot (1772 feet) is reached, after ten minutes' climb. Like its neighbouring heights, it commands a prospect of Scotland, England, Wales, and Ireland; Douglas and Castletown are in sight, and all the lowland, from East Baldwin, close at the spectator's feet, to the Mull Hills, is spread to view as on a map. To the south are Carraghan, Colden, Slieu Reay, Greeba, South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and Corrin's Tower, but Peel town is out of sight. Then come Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, Mount Karrin, the Sulby Glen, the plain, and Point of Ayre. Snaefell, Slieu Choar, and North Barrule are fine peaks to the north-east. Slieu Mullagh Oure

hides Laxey. The road to Douglas is seen winding round Cairn Gharjohl.

From Pen-y-Pot the tourist may walk to the summit of Carraghan (1520 feet); and here again are seen the four neighbouring coasts; also a grand panorama, which includes the East Baldwin valley and the plain watered by the Dhoo, with Injebreck, Douglas town and bay, Castletown, and the coast from Bank's Howe to Port St. Mary. To the south-west are South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, Greeba, Colden, Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, Slieu Dhoo, and Mount Karrin. Then the opening of the Sulby Glen and a little of the level country in the direction of the Point of Ayre. To the north-east are Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, Slieu Mullagh Oure, and Cairn Gharjohl.

The stranger must hasten from the summit of Carraghan before dark, or he may happen to meet with the ghost of *Ben-veg-Carraghan*, the "Little Woman of Carraghan," who, until within the last few years, is said to have haunted this mountain. Many of the inhabitants of the adjoining village of Baldwin firmly believe in her existence, and we were much interested when the story was told us, with an air of earnest simplicity, by a man who never for a moment doubted its truth.

In former times there were people who made a living by going from house to house to work with their spinning-wheel, receiving in payment board and lodging, and a shilling per week. Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon the inhabitants of Baldwin had often seen a young woman sitting on the side of the Carraghan mountain, with her wheel on her shoulder, and resting her head on her arm, as if in great trouble. No one could account for the apparition, but it came to be generally considered that a young woman from Maughold Head had been walking over the mountains on her way to spin in the Baldwin valley, and had been murdered on Carraghan. A few years ago the uncle of the person who told us the tale, was returning home, about two o'clock one afternoon, when he saw the woman on her favourite haunt. He determined to endeavour to solve the mystery, and started in pursuit with some dogs, and sent three other persons, one on each side and one to the top of the mountain. The woman, being thus surrounded, made many ineffectual attempts to escape, and at last came close to one of the men and the dogs. The latter could not be persuaded to touch her, but seemed in great trouble, and *shed tears*. When she had previously been seen it had been noticed that on reaching

a small gill she immediately vanished, and she now managed at last to gain that spot and disappeared, and has never since been seen by any of the inhabitants of the neighbouring valleys; but some one in the north of the island afterwards affirmed that at the same day and hour they had observed her hastening over North Barrule, in the direction of Maughold Head. The man who had been with the dogs, and close to the woman, at once fell ill, and was not able to do any work for more than six months afterwards.

"I know not what the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

A steep descent leads the traveller from the top of Carraghan into East or West Baldwin, and the day's excursion will be pleasantly ended by a walk to Douglas along the beautiful valleys watered by the river Glass.

Ascent of Slieu Whallin, and Cairn Slieu Whallin.

Slieu Whallin is said to be haunted by the spirit of a murdered witch, who every night joins her lamentations to the howling winds. This woman was put into a barrel, with sharp iron spikes inserted round the interior, pointing inwards, and thus, by the weight of herself and the apparatus, allowed to roll from the top of the hill to the bottom; and many other persons of both sexes suffered here in a similar manner.

The incredulous readers, or those who look upon this as a proof of the exceptional ignorance and barbarity of the Manx people in those days, must not forget that, during the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, numbers of persons suspected of witchcraft were put to death in almost every country of Europe, and that by a bull of Pope Innocent VIII., in 1484, death was denounced against all who could be convicted of witchcraft.

It is said that a man who was accused of murder, and condemned to suffer death on this hill, pleaded his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and told his accusers that if he was not guilty, a thorn-tree would grow at his head where he was buried, and that a well or spring of water would be found at his feet, which well and thorn-tree are said to be seen to this day. And, moreover, he warned his persecutors, that as sure as he suffered wrongfully, he would continue to frequent and trouble the locality so long as grass continued to

grow, or water to flow; and being faithful to his word, he continued to annoy and terrify the neighbourhood in succeeding ages.

To make the ascent of Slieu Whallin, the tourist should take the train to St. John's station, whence he will gain the summit in twenty or thirty minutes. The mountain rises steeply to a height of 900 feet, and the station is close at its base.

The best plan is to cross the line to the Foxdale road, and after proceeding about 50 yards, turn to the right, down the Glen Meay road for the same distance; then take over a stone step-stile close to a gate, and make straight up the mountain. It is a very steep ascent, but affords pleasant glimpses of the St. John's vale, and the church and Tynwald Hill close below.

From the top the town of Peel and its classic ruins present a picturesque appearance. The river and railway are seen winding along the valley, which is in sight from the west to the east coast, a long stretch of the sea on either side being visible. Douglas is hidden by the high table-land culminating in Mount Murray. To the right is the Foxdale Glen, with its mines and clusters of houses resting at the feet of the heath-clad heights of the granite mountain, and South Barrule. Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa appears in the distance to the south-west, behind South Barrule and the near height of Cairn Slieu Whallin. St. Patrick's church is observed near the Peel Hill and Corrin's Tower. To the north is a small patch of level land, in the direction of Ballaugh and Jurby, and to the north-east are displayed the central mountains of the island, commencing with Greeba, and including Slieu Reay, Colden, Beary, Sartfell, and Slieu Dhoo, with the top of Snaefell in the distance.

Many pedestrians will enjoy a ramble along the mountain to the summit of the neighbouring height of Cairn Slieu Whallin, which is 1093 feet high, being about 200 feet higher than Slieu Whallin proper.

It allows of excellent views of the Foxdale district, covered all over with mines, hamlets, and farmsteads. There are seen two large sheets of water resting on the heath-covered table-land, used as reservoirs for the mines.

When the well-built cairn on the summit is reached, South Barrule and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa are finely displayed, with Glen Rushen at their feet, and the hollow is observed in which lies Glen Meay, with its famed waterfall. St. John's and Tynwald Hill are hidden, but Peel, the valley, and

mountains are seen almost the same as from Slieu Whallin. There is also a wider tract of level land in the direction of the Point of Ayre, and on a clear day the coasts of Ireland and Scotland are visible. The traveller will find his way down to the station without difficulty. He might, however, continue along the top in the opposite direction to South Barrule, Glen Rushen, or Glen Meay.

CASTLETOWN SECTION.

CASTLETOWN.

Castletown, formerly called Russin, or Rushen, derives its modern appellation from the fact that it contains a fine old castle (Castle Rushen), the ancient stronghold of the island. The principal hotels are the George, and Union.

Although the town has a population of only 2243, it is the Manx metropolis; and here, until about twenty-five years ago, resided the Lords and Lieutenant-Governors of Man. It presents an air of quiet respectability, the natural result of being the seat of government for centuries; but since the Governors have lived in the thriving town of Douglas it has gradually lost much of its importance.

The harbour, situated between the stone and swing bridges, is small, but safe, 4500*l.* having recently been expended in deepening it, and twenty-five years ago a substantial lime-stone pier, 200 yards in length, was erected.

In the Market Square is a monument erected to the memory of Colonel Cornelius Smelt, who died in 1832, after having occupied the position of Lieutenant-Governor of the island for twenty-eight years.

A remarkable sun-dial, which formerly stood on the site of Smelt's monument, is now placed a few yards distant. We consider this dial as perhaps the greatest curiosity on the island, although it is rarely if ever noticed, and none of the inhabitants appear to know anything of its history. It is a solid stone ball inscribed with thirteen dial-faces, each differently marked, covering almost every part of it, and is said not only to tell the time of day, but also the time of night by moonlight. The date upon it is 1720.

On one side of the Market Place are the Barracks, where are situated about fifty men of the 22nd Regiment of Infantry, the only soldiers on the island.

On the opposite side of the Market Place is the Custom

House, and at the southern end is St. Mary's chapel, built in 1826, on the site of one erected in 1698 by Bishop Wilson. A still more ancient Christian church is thought to have existed on this spot, and also a heathen temple in the time of the Romans. When the foundation was being made for the present building, a pedestal of freestone was discovered, in a square hollow of which were some Roman coins. This pedestal is supposed to have been the foundation-stone of a temple, or to have been surmounted by a beautiful Roman altar, which is now placed in the Castle, and has at various times been moved about. Until lately the altar was in the grounds of Lorn House, then the residence of the Governors, and previously we read of it having been in the House of Keys, and in a niche inside the Castle wall. Bishop Wilson tells us there was a tradition that it was brought from the Roman station of Ellenborough, near Maryport, in Cumberland, but for this there appears to have been no better foundation than that similar altars have been found there. The likeliest supposition is that it was originally fixed in Castletown.

A small unassuming building, with two pillars at the door in front, standing nearly opposite the entrance to the Castle, has been the place of meeting of the House of Keys since 1706, before which time they assembled in the Castle.

Castle Rushen.

The principal, and almost the sole attraction in the town, is the Castle, which is in a fine state of preservation, and almost as fresh as when built. It is massive, and a grand model of the strongholds of the middle ages, resembling, according to some authors, the castle of Elsinore, in Denmark. It is composed of limestone blocks, taken either from the shore close by, or from the quarry at Scarlet Point; and the timber is said to have been from Anglesey. Although this limestone is very durable, it is difficult to believe the statement, made by many historians, that the Castle was erected almost in its present form in 960, by King Guthred, or Godred, the second of the Orrys. He is said to be buried within its walls—some think in a small tomb in the chapel, whilst others maintain it is not known in what part of the Castle he was interred.

The date of the building may be 960, but most of the present structure seems not older than the 13th or 14th century, although its original form of a plain square keep points to the period of Newcastle and Rochester castles.

It has suffered several sieges. One by Robert Bruce, or, as some write, his brother Edward, in 1313, when it was defended for more than a fortnight, and then demolished; Train and some other historians are in error in stating that it was defended six months. We are also told that in 1094 the Welsh destroyed a castle in the Isle of Man; perhaps identical with this one, after its erection by Godred.

In 1816, when some alterations were being made, the date 947 was found on an old oak beam, and this has been considered to fix the time of the foundation of the building.

The keep of the Castle is circumvallated by a battlement 25 feet high, and 9 feet thick, with seven square towers at irregular intervals. Exterior to this is a fosse or moat, now filled up, and partially used as a garden. Outside of the moat is a glacis, erected, it is said, by Cardinal Wolsey. This evidently means that it was built during the period when the Cardinal and others acted as trustees for the youth Edward, afterwards third Earl of Derby, and Lord of Man. At three several points in this glacis were formerly round towers or redoubts, now in ruins. The only remaining specimen of them is seen on the north-western side near the harbour.

It is difficult to understand how the ditch was supplied with water, as the river and sea are now much lower, but the sea is supposed to have been in those days at a higher level, which hypothesis is borne out by observations in other parts of the island. It is, however, stated that a few years since some wooden pipes were discovered conducting water to the Castle from a reservoir on the higher ground.

The clock on the southern tower was presented by Queen Elizabeth in 1597, when she was holding the island in trust, whilst the claims between the rival heirs of the Earls of Derby were being litigated. It is of simple construction, having only three wheels, and keeps excellent time, apparently none the worse for its two hundred and seventy-seven years of work.

Waldron says, "Just at the entrance of the Castle is a great stone chair for the Governor, and two lesser for the Deemsters. Here they try all civil cases. When you are past this little court, you enter into a long winding passage between two high walls, not much unlike what is described of Rosamond's labyrinth at Woodstock. In case of attack, ten thousand men might be destroyed by a very few in attempting to enter." We are told that it was here, in the open space between the portcullis and the keep, that Henry Byron, Lieu-

tenant-Governor to Sir John Stanley the second, held a court of all the Commons of Man, in 1430.

The keep, which was the ancient residence of the kings of Man, comprises a square, from which rise four towers, containing altogether thirty-five compartments, including a chapel and banqueting-room. At its northern extremity is a lofty portcullis, passing which is an open court (with a well in the centre), into which all the doors and windows and inner staircases open from the various stories of the building. The outer windows are narrow casements, and comparatively few. The walls are 12 feet thick at the base and 9 feet at the summit. The northern tower is 80 feet high, and the other three 70 feet. The later additions to the Castle were erected in 1644, and contain the Court House and Council Chamber, and the Rolls' Office, where the Law and Tynwald Courts are held, and records kept, and which were formerly occupied as a residence by the Derby family, and by the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the isle to the time of the late Lieutenant-Governor General John Ready.

On the left of the portcullis is the room where Bishop Wilson was confined, and here the visitor enters his name in a book, and pays 2*d.* for admission to the keep. On gaining the open court the rooms on the right are those which were occupied by the Countess of Derby when she was kept a prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, after the surrender of the island to the Commonwealth. Male felons are now confined there, female offenders being on the opposite side of the keep. The Castle is used as the common prison of the island.

The tourist is allowed to ascend to the summit of the southern tower, where he obtains a beautiful and extensive prospect. At his feet are the town and adjoining bay. More distant, southwards, are the Burrow and Eye Rock, the Calf of Man, Spanish Head, Mull Hills, and Port St. Mary. On the opposite side of the hollow, where rests Port Erin, are Milner Tower and Brada Head, and the Mourne mountains in Ireland are discerned on the distant horizon. Then the Carnanes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, and intermediate country crowded with farmsteads. In the opposite direction are Hango Hill, Ronaldsway, Derby Haven, the fort and chapel on St. Michael's Isle, and the tower and peninsula of Langness.

Tradition tells of a dungeon in the Castle for prisoners, who were lowered into it by ropes, or descended by a ladder; there was not the least glimmer of light admitted into it,

except that which penetrated through the chinks of its covering.

The Spell-bound Giants of Castle Rushen.

There are vaults contiguous to the harbour which appear to have given rise to many fabulous accounts. Some of the islanders firmly believe that they lead to a beautiful country underground, inhabited by giants. Amongst the many tales they relate is the following:—Several efforts having been made to explore the passages, which in general proved unsuccessful, a number of daring young fellows agreed to attempt the enterprise in company. Having armed themselves with staves, &c., and procuring torches, they descended. After proceeding a little way they found an old man of great size, with a long beard, and blind, sitting on a rock as if fixed there. He, hearing them approach, inquired of them as to the state of the island, and at last asked one to put forth his hand, on which one of them gave him a ploughshare which he had, when the old giant squeezed the iron together with the greatest ease, exclaiming at the same time, "There are yet *men* in the Isle of Man." This is often said when anything has been done of a more difficult nature than usual.

Waldron says, "There is an apartment in the Castle of Rushen which has never been opened in the memory of man. The persons belonging to the Castle are very cautious in giving any reason for it, but the natives, who are excessively superstitious, assign this, that there is something enchanting in it. They tell you that the Castle was first inhabited by fairies, and afterwards by giants, who continued in the possession of it till the days of Merlin, who by force of magic dislodged the greater part of them, and bound the rest in spells, which they believe will be indissoluble to the end of the world. For proof of this, they tell you a very odd story. They say there are a great number of fine apartments underground, exceeding in magnificence any of the upper rooms. Several men of more than ordinary courage have in former times ventured to explore the secrets of this subterranean dwelling-place, but none of them ever returned to give any account of what they saw. It was therefore judged expedient that all the passages to it should be kept continually shut, that no more might suffer by their temerity. About half a century ago a person possessed of uncommon boldness and resolution begged permission to visit these dark abodes.

He at length obtained his request, went down, and returned by the help of a clue of packthread which he took with him, which no man before himself had ever done, and brought this amazing discovery:—That after having passed through a great number of vaults he came into a long narrow place, which the farther he penetrated he perceived that he went more and more on a descent; till, having travelled, as near as he could guess, for the space of a mile, he began to see a gleam of light, which, though it seemed to come from a vast distance, was the most delightful object he ever beheld. Having at length arrived at the end of that lane of darkness, he perceived a large and magnificent house, illuminated with many candles, whence proceeded the light which he had seen. Having, before he began the exploration, well fortified himself with brandy, he had courage to knock at the door, which, on the third knock, was opened by a servant, who asked him what he wanted. 'I would go as far as I can,' replied our adventurer; 'be so kind, therefore, as to direct me how to accomplish my design, for I see no passage but that dark cavern through which I came.' The servant told him that he must go through that house, and accordingly led him through a long entry, and out at a back door. He then walked a considerable way, till he beheld another house more magnificent than the first; and, all the windows being open, discovered innumerable lamps burning in every room. Here also he designed to knock; but he had the curiosity to step on a little bank which commanded a view of a low parlour, and looking in, he beheld a vast table in the middle of the room, and on it extended at full length a man, or rather monster, at least fourteen feet long and ten or twelve round the body. This prodigious fabric lay as if sleeping, with his head upon a book, and a sword by him, of a size answerable to the hand which he supposed made use of it. This sight was more terrifying to our traveller than all the dark and dreary passages through which he had passed. He resolved, therefore, not to attempt an entrance into a place inhabited by persons of such monstrous stature, and made the best of his way back to the other house, which was opened to him by the same servant as before, who informed him that if he had knocked at the second door he would have seen company enough, but could never have returned. On which he desired to know what place it was, and by whom possessed; the other replied that these things were not to be revealed. He then took his leave; and by the same

dark passage got into the vaults, and soon afterwards once more ascended to the light of the sun."

The Black Lady of Castle Rushen.

Waldron also tells us :—"A mighty bustle they make of an apparition which they say haunts Castle Rushen in the form of a woman, who was some years since executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons who have been confined there for debt, but also the soldiers of the garrison, affirm they have seen it at various times; but what I took most notice of was the report of a gentleman of whose good understanding, as well as veracity, I have a very great opinion. He told me, that happening to be abroad late one night, and caught in an excessive storm of wind and rain, he saw a woman standing before the Castle gate, where, being not the least shelter, it something surprised him that anybody, much less one of that sex, should not rather run to some little porch or shed, of which there are several in Castletown, than choose to stand still, exposed and alone to such a dreadful tempest; his curiosity excited him to draw nearer, that he might discover who it was that seemed so little to regard the fury of the elements; but as he proceeded she retreated, and at last he thought she went into the Castle, though the gates were shut. This obliging him to think he had seen a spirit, he went home very much terrified; but next day, on relating his adventure to some people who lived in the Castle, and describing as near as he could the garb and stature of the apparition, they told him it was that of the woman above-mentioned, who had been frequently seen by the soldiers on guard to pass in and out of the gates of the Castle, though they were locked and bolted, as well as to walk through the rooms, though there was no visible way of entering. But though she is so familiar to the eye of the inmates of the Castle, no person has yet, however, had the courage to speak to her; and as they say a spirit has no power to reveal its mind without being conjured to do so in a proper manner, the reason of her being permitted to wander is unknown."

A Walk to Scarlet Point and Poolvash Bay.

No wonder this is the favourite walk of the Castletown people, for the lovely, ever-changing, and extensive prospects which it commands are equal to any on the island. Not an

inch of the ground is monotonous, and, there being no hills, the traveller is free from toil, whilst the sea washes pleasantly at his feet, amongst low jagged rocks, and a pure healthy breeze imparts to him an exhilarating and joyous feeling. It will also be found especially interesting to the geological student.

The distance to Scarlet Point is 1 mile, and thence to Poolvash Bay 2 miles; from Poolvash to Castletown, by footpath passing Balladoole House, 1½ mile, and by road 2 miles, thus making the walk 4½ or 5 miles; but if the journey be continued round by Strandhall the distance will be increased to 6 miles.

From the Market Square turn round St. Mary's church, and down Queen street. After proceeding a few yards the Scarlet Point appears, and is unmistakable, as it has a limekiln upon it. The road runs along the shore of the Castletown Bay, with the Langness peninsula on the opposite side. In the rear is a fine view of Castletown, with the church, castle, college, Hango Hill, and Derby Haven. On passing the houses of Knock-Rushen, Sea Mount, and Scarlet Farm, Castletown presents a picturesque appearance, and the heights of South Barrule and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa are well displayed in the distance.

The waves wash over smooth sloping beds of limestone, and near the limekiln are quarries whence the principal stone has been obtained for the buildings in the adjoining town. Here the view is very beautiful, the eye ranging over a wide extent of country, bounded by the Mull Hills, Brada Head, the Carnanes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule. The northern mountains of the island, including Greeba, Carraghan, and Snaefell, appear well clustered together, and form a fine background to Castletown and its bay, at the head of which the college, facing in this direction, is seen to great advantage. Sweeping round to the east we have the white-washed cottages of Derby Haven, then the fort and ruined oratory on St. Michael's Isle, and the round tower on Langness.

The rock called the Stack of Scarlet now presents a rugged, jagged appearance, standing 40 feet above the ocean, and at high tide being completely surrounded by the waves. It is said to be composed of basalt from an ancient submarine volcano; and the stranger will at once remark that the wild picturesque rocks extending from it westward along the shore are of the same material. Cumming tells us that the basalt

was pushed through the limestone, and has contorted the adjoining beds; but, judging from a cursory glance, we are inclined to doubt the correctness of this statement, and to believe that, if the Stack and neighbouring rocks be basaltic, they existed before the limestone was deposited, and that the latter has not been disturbed. If the Stack Rock be of later origin, then we believe it will be found to be of the same geological era as the limestone, and to have flowed over the latter as molten lava, in the bed of an ancient ocean.

Leaving this problem in the hands of our geological friends for solution, we will continue our ramble westwards, along pleasant smooth ground, covered with short grass. The sea rushes with great fury amongst the rocks, and the view now extends to the Burrow and Eye Rock, the Calf Islet, and the bold headland of Spanish Head.

A quarter of a mile from the Stack there is a path in the rocks, familiarly known as Cromwell's Walk, but how it derived that appellation we have failed to learn. Cromwell was never on the island, but some of the Parliamentary forces were here for a time. This spot will often be visited by strangers sojourning in Castletown, for it commands a prospect of great excellence, and the air is remarkably pure and invigorating. The sea breaks wildly upon the rocks, and over the broad expanse of Port St. Mary bay are seen the lighthouse on the Chickens, the Burrow Rock, and Spanish Head; whilst inland are Brada Head, Milner Tower, the Carnanes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, Greeba, and Snaefell; the land rising gradually from the sea to their summits, and dotted with innumerable houses. Castletown presents a pretty appearance with its castle, church, college, and mill, and the circle is completed by the Langness and Scarlet promontories.

Crossing a stile close to a gate the traveller wends his way over smooth grass-covered land, with charming prospects in every direction. Indescribably lovely is the scene when the sun shines on the crests of the waves in the bay and lights up the houses on all the hill-sides, and the sea comes rolling in amongst the rocks, forming beautiful silvery spray. After proceeding some distance and arriving at Poolvash there is a remarkable change, and the scene presents a wildness and desolateness which, though on a small scale, it is impossible to realize from mere description. Here are the Poolvash limestone or marble quarries, possessing a sort of historical celebrity from having furnished the steps which ascend to

the entrance of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. It is a black marble, and is often wrought into chimney-pieces, tombstones, &c., but it does not take a natural polish in consequence of its soft character. By varnish, however, it is made to look not much inferior to the best Derbyshire black marble.

Not far from the quarries are some cottages which the tourist having passed he may continue along the shore for ¼ mile to Strandhall, noticing on the way a salt spring, which is said to be filled from the sea at high water, and continues to run as a salt stream some hours after the ebb of the tide. Near this spring the geologist may obtain an abundance of fossils. At Strandhall the road running between Castletown and Port St. Mary is entered. From Poolvash, Castletown may be gained by following a road which leads past the Balladoole House. At the latter place the wall may be crossed at a stone step-stile, and a clean carriage-road entered conducting into the main road for Castletown.

A Walk to Hango Hill, King William's College, Race Course, Derby Haven, St. Michael's Isle, and Santon Church.

On leaving Castletown cross the river Silver Burn at the stone or footbridge, and after proceeding a few yards on the Douglas Road with the College, Hango Hill, the houses at Derby Haven, and the peninsula and tower of Langness in view, branch to the right, and pass the houses called The Green. The road runs along the shore, having in retrospect a view of Castletown, the castle, church, lighthouse, and Stack of Scarlet.

Hango Hill.

After a walk of ¾ mile the picturesque ruin is reached which stands on the mound known as Hango Hill, or Mount Strange, the latter name being taken from one of the titles of the Derby family. The mound is year after year being washed away by the waves, and human bones are daily exposed, so that it must have been an ancient burying-ground, in all probability before the erection upon it of the building, generally termed a Blockhouse, as bones appear beneath the foundation of the ruins.

It is said to have been the place of execution of criminals

in former times (hence called Hango Hill), and is now principally memorable as the scene of the execution of William Christian, called by the Manx people "Illiam Dhone," who was shot here for treason, January 2nd, 1662.

William Christian held high positions under the seventh Earl of Derby, during the period of the struggle in England between Charles I. and the Parliament, and when the Earl went over to England to take part in the battle of Worcester, he left the Countess of Derby to act as Regent; and Christian, who was Receiver-General, was made Captain-General of the militia of the island. The Earl was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, and beheaded at Bolton, in 1651; eight days after the execution the islanders rose in rebellion, and persuaded Christian to present their petition of grievances to the Countess, which principally referred to the "tenure of the straw," that is, the uncertain tenure by which they held their lands, and the free quarterage of the soldiers. The Countess granted their petition. Though no doubt a faithful servant to the Derby family, Christian appears to have sympathised with the people, and to have used his influence with the Countess, with the view of securing their attachment to her, and their co-operation in the defence of the island. Soon afterwards the Parliamentary forces appeared under the command of Colonel Duckenfield, and the island was surrendered, and the Countess became a prisoner.

Christian was made Receiver-General and Governor of the island, by Lord Fairfax. At the time of the restoration of Charles II. he was in England, but, trusting to the King's Act of Indemnity, he returned to the Isle of Man, and was at once seized and charged with treason, for having taken part in the insurrection against the government of the Countess, and after a hasty trial was condemned and shot. Immediately afterwards an order arrived from Charles II. to stay the execution and bring Christian to London for trial.

It has been said that blankets were spread on the green under his feet, that not a drop of blood should be spilt when he fell; others again assert that not a drop of Christian's blood issued from his wounds when he fell.

The following entry is in the parish register of Malew:—"Mr. William Christian, of Ronaldsway, late Receiver, was shott to death att Hangoe Hill, the 2nd January [1662]. He died most penitently and most curragiously, made a good end, prayed earnestly, made an excellent speech, and the next day was buried in the chancele of Malew."

King William's College.

Directly opposite Hango Hill is King William's College, a stately structure, of mixed early English and Elizabethan character, erected at a cost of 6572*l*. The foundation stone was laid on April 23rd, 1830, by Lieut.-Governor Smelt, and the College was opened for the reception of students on August 1st, 1833, receiving its name from his majesty King William IV. by his express permission.

Its length is 210 feet, and at right angles runs a transept containing the chapel, some class-rooms and private studies, the depth of the building in this direction being 135 feet. In the centre rises a massive tower to the height of 115 feet.

Perhaps we may trace the origin of the structure to the seventh Earl of Derby, who was executed at Bolton in 1651. In a letter written in 1643, to his son Charles, he says, "I had a design, and God may enable me to set up an university without much charge (as I have contrived it) which may much oblige the nations round about us. It may get friends unto the country, and enrich this land. This certainly would please God and man." His own troubles and the disorders of the time prevented him from carrying out this laudable intention, but a few years afterwards Bishop Barrow, out of moneys collected in England in aid of the poor clergy, &c., had 600*l*. remaining, which he directed should be applied towards furnishing a master for the proposed academic institution. He also bequeathed a sum of 20*l*. per annum arising from his estates of Ballagilley and Hango Hill for the maintenance of three boys at the school, should it be founded; and, in default of this, towards the maintenance of two youths at some university. The Barrow Trust Estate now brings in a revenue of about 600*l*. per annum, and is expended on the endowment of eighteen scholarships, tenable in the College itself, ranging in value from 10*l*. to 25*l*. per annum each: and of four exhibitions, to the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, for students intending to take holy orders, and willing to serve for a time in the Manx Church.

This endowment has been considerably increased by subsequent benefactions, and the trustees supplement it by supporting, out of the ordinary school income, two open exhibitions, of the value of 40*l*. per annum each, to the Universities, and five open scholarships of 20*l*. per annum each, tenable in the school itself.

By a scheme recently devised and carried out, the College and the grammar-schools of the island are brought into partial co-operation.

The governing body of the College is made up of *ex officio* members, viz., the Lieutenant-Governor, the Bishop, the Attorney-General, the First Deemster, the Clerk of the Rolls, and the Archdeacon, or the two chief ecclesiastical, and four chief civil functionaries of the island.

The present principal is the Rev. Joshua Jones, D.C.L., of Lincoln College, and late Senior Mathematical and Johnson Mathematical Scholar, Oxford. There is a staff of ten masters. The course of education is that usually given in the public and highest class grammar-schools.

The College was much damaged by fire in 1844, and a valuable library was almost wholly consumed; some of the volumes had constituted the original library in the Grammar School, Castletown, and had been given by Bishop Wilson. The cost of repairing the building was 3800*l.*, it being insured to the amount of 2000*l.*, and 1800*l.* was raised by subscription.

The new library contains contributions from Bishop Short, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Parker Society; also several curiosities from old pupils, and a collection of geological specimens, made and arranged by a former vice-principal, the late Rev. J. G. Cumming, M.A.

The Race Course.

Between Hango Hill and Derby Haven there is a long strip of level ground close to the shore, extending nearly a mile across the peninsula of Langness, and covered with short herbage. It will be looked at with interest by many visitors, for here the seventh Earl of Derby, who succeeded to the royalty of Man in 1627, instituted races, known as the "Manx Derby," the precursor of the celebrated race, "The Derby" of the English turf. The latter was first run for in 1780, and thus the Manx Derby was the senior of its now renowned namesake by about a century and a half. It is interesting in the present day, when the "Derby" has attained a world-wide fame, to trace it up to its origin in this out of the way spot, where a party of English noblemen and gentry, exiled from their fatherland, used to assemble together on the 28th July to witness the race run by horses bred in the Isle of Man, or in the Calf Island, for the silver cup, instituted as a prize by the Earl of Derby. The Clerk of the Rolls, a

Member of the Supreme Council of the isle, held the office of steward of the races, and every person intending to compete had to deposit in his hand for every running horse, mare, or gelding, the sum of five shillings towards augmenting the plate for the year following, and one shilling to the steward for entering their names and engrossing the articles.

Derby Haven.

From the Race Course the traveller at once enters the pleasant little fishing village of Derby Haven, situate 1½ mile from Castletown, where there is the finest natural harbour on the island. In the middle of the harbour there is a breakwater, on the right of which a causeway connects the peninsula of Langness with

St. Michael's Isle.

Upon this little isle is the ancient chapel of St. Michael, and an old circular fort, named Derby Fort, both in ruins. The little chapel is of great antiquity, and around it is a graveyard where Roman Catholics are sometimes interred. Shipwrecked mariners were also interred there until within recent years, but they are now taken to Malew church.

The circular embattled fort is stated by Train in his 'History' to have been erected in 1603, but others think it was built by the seventh Earl of Derby, as over the doorway is a date, rather indistinct, but thought to be 1650. The thickness of the walls is 8 feet. About the year 1844 it was furnished with four iron cannon. A turret has been raised upon the wall on the eastern side as a lighthouse, in which, during the herring season, a light is kept burning from sunset to sunrise.

Santon Church.

From Derby Haven it is a pleasant stroll past Ronaldsway to Santon church. In the graveyard there is a large flat rough stone, called the "Great Broad Stone," which covers the remains of six clergymen of the name of Cosnahan, four of whom were vicars of Santon. A few years ago some antiquaries had the stone raised, and accidentally broke it when it was being lowered to its original position. It bears no inscription, but an adjoining stone gives particulars of the ages, and the dates of the decease of the clergymen.

Singular to note, the title "Sir" is prefixed to some of the names, it being the custom in ancient times for the vicars and curates to be so styled, the title being in all probability the translation of *Dominus*, the designation of those who had taken their first degree in the University. Some say the clergy bore the title as "the Pope's Knights," and others maintain it is merely a translation of the older form, *Magister*. We have in Shakespeare "Sir Hugh" in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' "Sir Topas" in 'Twelfth Night,' "Sir Oliver" in 'As You Like It,' and "Sir Nathaniel" in 'Love's Labour Lost.' But that this title is quite distinct from knighthood is plain from what Viola says in 'Twelfth Night'—"I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight."

On another tombstone, erected to the memory of Daniel Teare, who died in 1787, at the age of 110 years, is the following epitaph, said to have been written by an Attorney-General of the Isle of Man:—

"Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb:
To Joseph's age he did arrive,
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
How strange, yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her *tears*."

A Walk round the Promontory of Langness.

Having strolled round Scarlet Point the stranger will be anxious to visit the neighbouring promontory of Langness, which he will find a delightful spot, presenting views exceedingly picturesque. To the geologist it is a place of pre-eminent interest, for there he can trace the regular passage from the Silurian through the old red conglomerate to the carboniferous series of rocks.

The whole distance from Castletown to the extreme point of the peninsula, and back again by the northern shore, and Derby Haven, is 7 miles.

On crossing the river by the stone bridge, or the iron swing footbridge, the road runs along the shore, past the Green, the College, and the ruins on Hango Hill. Here it is well to deviate and walk near the shore along the smooth green land known as the Race Course. The old fort and chapel on St. Michael's Isle appear, and the rock-bound coast past Derby Haven and Ronaldsway as far as St. Ann's Head.

The traveller passes some sand-hills which cover the two or three hundred yards of low land composing the isthmus which separates the Castletown and Derby Haven bays. When past Langness farmhouse, the Chickens lighthouse and the Burrow and Eye rock appear, and presently the scenery around is of the finest description, there being a magnificent land view which embraces almost the entire mountain range of the island, whilst below are some exquisitely picturesque chasms. When the stranger first comes upon the beauties of this spot he will be delighted with the sea-side grottoes, romantic arches, grotesque pillars and pinnacles of rock, which the sea, when at a higher relative level with the land, has made by dashing against the beds of the old red conglomerate.

There is a tradition regarding the existence in former ages of a splendid city at Langness, which is supposed to be still sometimes seen from the hills, raising its gilded turrets and bristling battlements above the surface of the waves.

Much time might be spent on the southern extremity of this peninsula by the geologist, and the lover of picturesque scenery, for there the sea eddies and foams amongst slate rocks of the Silurian era, which are exceedingly wild, and will to many persons be most interesting, as upon them rest unconformably the old red conglomerate.

Returning by the northern shore we quickly arrive at a building possessing some of the characteristics of the round towers of Ireland, but which we are informed was erected as a landmark by the English Government in 1818. It is 60 feet high, and is ascended by spiral steps; the inside of the building is in ruins, there being no room or floor remaining.

The prospect around the base is extensive and beautiful, and embraces the Chickens and Burrow rocks, the Calf Islet, Spanish Head, Mull Hills, Milner Tower, Brada Head, the Carnanes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, Greeba, and Snaefell; and at the feet of these heights a wide extent of smiling country stretching to the sea. Nearer the spectator are Scarlet Point, Castletown, the College, Derby Haven, and the coast as far as St. Ann's Head, with Douglas Head beyond. A lighthouse has recently been erected on the Langness promontory.

The return journey may include a visit to the old fort and chapel on St. Michael's Isle, and the fishing hamlet of Derby Haven.

Castletown to Port St. Mary.

4½ miles.

After quitting the Market Square the antique-looking ruins of a flour windmill (damaged by fire some years since) are passed, and presently the hills are seen extending from the Burrow rock, past Spanish Head, the Mull Hills, Brada Head, the Carnanes, and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, to South Barrule, with most of the southern part of the island in sight, stretching from their feet to the sea; whilst in the far distance are the heights of Greeba, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, and North Barrule. Malew church is a prominent object at some distance on the right.

When the slight ascent of Crosswilken hill is made there is a pleasant retrospective view of Castletown and the College, and a few yards farther Port St. Mary bay bursts into view, with that romantic fishing village resting on the opposite side, at the foot of the Mull Hills. Milner Tower is a prominent object on Brada Head, revealing the hollow in which rests Port Erin, though from this point out of sight.

At Strandhall the road touches the shore, and runs pleasantly for 1½ mile by the edge of the bay, and close to the waves, with a fine view of the country on the right, stretching to the base of the mountains, and scattered all over with pleasant-looking houses and hamlets.

A mansion called Kentraugh, surrounded by trees, is on the right, the residence of Mrs. Gawne, and on the opposite side of the road is a warren of black rabbits.

Port St. Mary bay is subdivided into smaller bays, the first that is passed being called Strandhall bay, and the next Mount Gawne bay. On the shore of the latter is a comfortable hotel and lodging-house combined. A shoal of rocks, visible at low water, in the middle of the bay, is called "The Carrick." The name is probably derived from the Celtic word "Gareg," stone.

When beyond Mount Gawne house, the road leaves the shore at some buildings called the Smelt Mill, so named owing to the Dukes of Athol having formerly used the place for smelting lead from the neighbouring mines of Ballacorkish, Brada Head, and Fistard. Here is also a flour-mill, driven both by water and steam-power.

A large upright stone is observed in a field on the right hand, and another on the hill-side behind the Ballacreggan

farm. They are designated the Giant's Quoiting Stones, and are said to have been thrown by a giant from the neighbouring heights.

Here four roads meet, the right-hand leading to Port Erin, the direct road to Craigneish; the left, which leads to Port St. Mary, less than ½ mile distant, commands an excellent view over the bay as far as Scarlet Point and Castletown.

The Chasms.

The Chasms are upon the cliffs overlooking the sea, on the east side of the Mull Hills, 1½ mile from Port St. Mary, and near to Spanish Head.

They are curious, and being in an extremely wild and romantic situation, are well deserving a visit. Those who have had their expectations raised by the exaggerated accounts to be met with in some histories and guide-books, will probably be disappointed by the actual appearance of what have been styled "the greatest attraction in all the island."

They are deep rents in the rock, and are evidently the result of an immense landslip, caused by the sea having undermined the base of the high perpendicular cliffs.

Some of the openings are more than a yard wide, and are deep, though they appear to narrow as they proceed downwards. At the top they are overgrown with gorse and heather, and it behoves the tourist to thread his way amongst them with care, lest he should step into one of the crevices. Although the simple and natural result of a landslip, such as might be expected amongst the immense cliffs existing on this part of the coast, they appear to have been looked upon as the effect of the action of a volcano or earthquake.

It is amusing to read with what wonder and mystery these chasms have been treated. From one book we extract the following:—"Rent asunder by the great upheaval which caused these phenomena, the high headland, on whose shattered face you now tread with such caution and curiosity, affords unmistakable proofs of the giant powers of nature in travail. The action of the subterranean volcano is seen in the ashy scoriæ as far as Castletown. This elevated cliff was once below the ocean, and the twelve chasms which you see are the effects of hidden central fires. Sometimes parallel, but generally in all directions, spreading longitudinally, latitudinally, and diagonally—these great, misshapen, rugged

fissures (frequently not a yard broad, but many yards in length) penetrate I know not how far. Your eye cannot search their depths. They are unknown. In many places the sides of these terrible chasms are as cleanly split as though with a knife, and thus, rising perpendicularly, their depths awe you, when, gazing down hundreds of feet, you can perceive no bottom, but only a continuation of darkness and mystery. The chasms divide the mountain into gigantic blocks, a barren unproductive area, where little verdure is visible, or can be expected."

From Port St. Mary the Chasms may be visited by boat, by carriage, or on foot. The journey by sea is most romantic. Some grand vertical cliffs are passed, and then a landing is effected in the Bay of Stacka, just beyond the famed Sugar Loaf rock, and equidistant between Port St. Mary and the Calf Islet. A steep climb from the shore leads direct to the point on the summit of the cliffs where the Chasms are situated.

Those who take a carriage can ride to the village of Craigneish, a hamlet on the Mull Hills, 1½ mile distant, and thence stroll through the fields for ½ mile. Craigneish is reached by following the first road which branches to the left from the Port Erin road.

Few visitors adopt either of the above plans, but generally walk direct the whole way, a distance of 1½ mile. Leaving Port St. Mary by a road on the right, a short distance below Miller's Hotel, a gradual ascent is made to the hamlet of Fistard, with Perwick bay below on the left. After passing an old lead mine, the view gradually expands, and embraces most of the southern part of the isle, up to the top of South Barrule, with Castletown, and the promontories of Langness and Scarlet, and intermediate bays. Also on a clear day Wales may be seen.

Another pleasant way for the pedestrian is by the Alfred Pier, the shore, and the beautiful bay of Perwick, where are many small caves, formerly used by smugglers, and some old walls, thought to be the ruins of a castle. From the bay the road may be gained by ascending along a path leading through the hollow of Glenchase.

When at a refreshment house which stands alone on the hill, the Chasms will be discovered over the wall on the brow of the cliffs. Threading amongst them until vantage points are obtained for looking down the wild vertical cliffs into the deep sea, 400 feet below, the scene is wondrously grand and im-

pressive. The Sugar Loaf is a fine object, and rocks are strewn in the Stacka Bay in every direction, the relics of masses of cliff which have tumbled in former years, the precursors of others soon to follow.

On leaving these giddy heights, and passing the house, the Calf Islet comes in view, and the lighthouse on the Chickens Rock. On the high ground in the rear of the house there is a wooden building, where a man attends from ten to eleven o'clock every morning to receive signals from the Chickens lighthouse. The prospect is very beautiful and extensive. The Craigneish hamlet, the most southern cluster of houses in the Isle of Man, is seen close at hand, and the whole of the Calf Islet is spread to view, with the Burrow and Eye rock, and the Chickens lighthouse. Inland are Brada Head, the Carnanes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, and beyond the gap where is Fleshwick Bay peers Corrin's Tower. A wide extent of level country is visible, with Castletown, the Scarlet and Langness promontories; and Derby Haven, Castletown, and Poolvash bays. Looming in the distance are the coasts of Ireland and Wales.

The visitor will, in all probability, walk to the Craigneish village, and then descend either to Port St. Mary or Port Erin; the former is $1\frac{1}{2}$, and the latter $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile distant. The Sound is well worthy of a visit, being only 1 mile from the village, and sometimes a boat may be had there with which to visit the Calf Islet. Craigneish is generally considered one of the most primitive spots on the island. It consists of two farms, the houses of a shoemaker and joiner, and nine fishermen's cottages. Cumming says:—"Here the Manx language lingers, and may linger some time longer. Here, if anywhere, we may see the women in their *Sunday blanket*, a relic of the plaid, and possibly may obtain an old pair of *carranes*, i.e. a Manx shoe formed by placing the foot in the midst of a raw neat's hide, cutting round a sufficient quantity, and then drawing it up over the foot, tying it, and leaving it there to dry to the shape. The hair is outside, and the sole is often stuffed with rags or pieces of tarred skin which have been used for buoys to the herring nets."

At Craigneish the visitor may glean strange stories connected with the *Glashtin* or *water-horse*, and the *Tarroo-Ushtey* or *water-bull*, two amphibious creatures which occupy a prominent position in the superstitious mind of the Manxman.

The wife of a respectable farmer in Ramsey told us, that

not many years ago a person brought news into Ramsey one Sunday afternoon that the Glashtin had been seen in a field near the Ballure Glen, and immediately my informant and hundreds of the inhabitants left the town to catch a sight of the creature, but they were doomed to disappointment. The people around Glen Meay believe that the glen below the waterfall is haunted by the spirit of a man who one day met the Glashtin, and thinking it was an ordinary horse, got upon its back, when it fled to the beach, disappeared in the ocean, and the rider was drowned. These, and similar tales, which may be heard in every part of the island, seem to show that in the mind of the Manxman the Glashtin and Tarroo-Ushtey are absolutely real, and not mythical creatures.

Five hundred yards from Craigneish, in the direction of Port Erin, is a circle of stones, 15 yards in diameter. It is unlike any other stone circle we have met with, in this respect, that, instead of one, there are two rows of upright stones in the circle, about a yard apart; and these are divided into a number of oblongs, resembling graves, by stones placed about 8 feet apart. We have heard it suggested that the circle was the spot where justice was administered, and in each of these divisions sat one of the judges or jury. From this point may be seen the hills as far as Pen-y-Pot and Snaefell, and a glorious combination of sea and mountain, and cultivated level and upland country, spread over with cottages, hamlets, and farmsteads.

On the south end of the Chasms there is also a small circle of stones about 6 yards in diameter, which we examined with interest, in order to see whether it or the Chasms were the most recent; thus endeavouring to settle the point whether the Chasms had been formed since the island was inhabited by the human race. We could not satisfy ourselves on this point, for although the circle stands on a sunken part of the cliff, and on the ocean side of a crevice, it rests so snug and perfect that the most likely supposition appeared to us to be that it was made in its present position, and since the landslip.

An old resident at the hamlet of Fistard informed us that a good many years ago he helped to clear away a number of circles and heaps of stones, between Fistard and the Chasms, where had evidently been an ancient village; and when at work they found a quern, two small stones made of granite, which had evidently been used by those primitive people as mill-

stones for grinding the corn by the hand, one exactly fitting into the other. We afterwards saw one of these stones in the garden of Mr. Thomas Lace, of Port St. Mary. The companion stone appears to have been lost.

When descending to Port St. Mary from Craigneish, a ½ mile may be saved by branching to the right at the hamlet of Corvallie.

A Visit to the Calf of Man.

The Calf is a bare rocky islet, separated from the southern part of the Isle of Man by a channel about 500 yards broad, called the Sound. It is 5 miles round, and contains an area of 616 acres, being bare of trees, and principally covered with gorse and heather. It is farmed principally as a rabbit warren, as many as 2000 rabbits being killed in one year; and upon it, in a depression in the centre, is a farmhouse, around which is a cultivated plot of ground, where may be seen a few cattle and sheep.

In old histories we read that the isle was once garrisoned; and it is said to have had red deer upon it in ancient times, and to have been used as a park, and stocked with fallow-deer, about the beginning of the last century, by one of the Earls of Derby, Lords of Man. Also we are told that it was the abode of the falcon, and of a sea-fowl called the puffin, which built its nest in the burrows made by the rabbits, and is said to have almost deserted the isle owing to Norway rats having been cast on shore from a Russian vessel which was wrecked on the coast. The sea around swarms with fish, and at the Sound the ocean at times seems alive with them.

At the southern extremity, on the high cliffs, are two lighthouses, two keepers and their families residing in each. These men have succeeded in cultivating about fourteen acres of the land, and it is fortunate that they have found such occupation, for their life in this wild solitary spot must be extremely monotonous.

The Chickens Rock (so named in all probability from being visited by innumerable numbers of the stormy petrel, a bird familiarly known to mariners as Mother Carey's Chicken) is ¾ mile south of the Calf, and upon it has been erected, by the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners, a magnificent light-house, of Dalbeattie granite.

The Calf Islet is sometimes visited from Port Erin and occa-

sionally from near Craigneish, by crossing the Sound; but the best starting point is Port St. Mary. By taking a boat from the latter place the traveller passes Spanish Head, and there sees the most magnificent cliffs to be met with round the island, the rocks rising perpendicularly from a wild deep sea to a height of nearly 400 feet.

The charge for boat and four men (four being required) to the Calf and back is 10s., and 15s. if a visit to the lighthouse on the Chickens Rock be included. If the tourist delay long on the Calf an extra 1s. is looked for. The boats may be had at the Port St. Mary quay, the principal proprietor being Mr. James Keliy (the only survivor of the explosion on the wrecked brig 'Lily'), a mariner who has spent all his life on the neighbouring seas, and has brought up his family to the same occupation. They are steady, trustworthy men, and take an interest in showing the stranger the wild nooks of this romantic coast. The distance from Port St. Mary to the place where the visitor is landed on the Calf is 3½ miles, and the journey each way will occupy from one to one hour and a half. Another boat proprietor is Mr. Thomas Keen.

Only at rare intervals, and in fine weather, can the visit be made, the sea around the Calf being almost always rough, and often exceedingly dangerous. Notwithstanding the cost, and the wild character of the journey, the stranger ought on no account to omit it, for it is in the highest degree romantic and pleasing.

On leaving the harbour of Port St. Mary, and passing Kallow Point and Perwick Bay, where the rocks are generally tenanted by hundreds of sea-gulls, cormorants, and sea-parrots, we arrive at Kione-y-Ghoggane or Noggin Head, and are overawed by high frowning precipices of bare rock, with the sea dashing wildly at their base. On no part of the Manx coast, and in few places around the British Isles, are there scenes of the kind more striking.

The rock called the Sugar Loaf, which is detached from the cliffs, and rises picturesquely from the breakers to a height of 150 feet, is now reached, and if the sea be tolerably calm the boat may be taken through the narrow channel; or a highly romantic voyage may be had through an adjoining water-worn cave, called Fairy Hole, entering at the opening which the natives call the front-door, and emerging from the cavern by the back-door into the Bay of Stacka. Here, if the stranger choose, he may land, and climb the cliffs to the Chasms directly above.

Leaving Stacka Bay, Black Head is passed, and the Burrow and Eye rock and the Calf Islet burst into view, the whole presenting a remarkably wild scene.

Spanish Head joins Black Head, and the name will remind the visitor that according to tradition this bluff headland proved disastrous to a part of the Spanish Armada. The men in the boat will also point out some markings on the cliffs, which are no doubt natural, but present the appearance of human workmanship. They are like Roman numerals, and we are asked to believe they were made by giants, whom tradition places among the early inhabitants of the Isle of Man. The boatmen will also point out where the two samphire gatherers, husband and wife, had discovered a fine bed of that herb (*Erithmum maritimum*), on a rocky ledge several feet below the top of the cliffs. They determined to be possessed of the prize, and for this purpose procured a rope, which the wife permitted to be passed under her arms, and in this manner she was let down by the husband to the spot. When she signalled to be drawn up, the rope being chafed against the sharp edges of the rock, gave way, and the woman was dashed headlong from pinnacle to pinnacle, and thence into the rolling surge.

In turning the point of Spanish Head we find ourselves suddenly on the rake of the tide, which sets, when near the full, with great rapidity through the narrow channel separating the Calf Islet from the main island. In boisterous weather the passage from the one to the other is not without great risk, and though the width of the channel is not more than 500 yards, there have been occasions when for many days no communication could be made across. There are several sunken rocks, and the strait is full of breakers. In mid-channel, though rather to the northern side of it, is a small island called Kitterland, of about an acre and a half, on which the tide breaks in full fury, and becomes divided into two powerful river currents, running from 8 to 10 miles per hour, when the wind blows strong at high water from east to north-west.

Between the Calf and Kitterland the channel is called the Big Sound, and in the centre of it are some rocks called Thousla, visible at low water. Upon them has been erected, by the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners, an iron beacon, up which a wrecked mariner might climb, and get into a hollow ball, and thereby be saved from a watery grave.

Between Kitterland and the southern point of the Isle of

Man is the Little Sound, a channel about 100 yards broad at high water, and 50 yards broad at low water. On Kitterland is a plot of grass-land, a rood in extent, upon which at times a few sheep may be seen grazing.

When on this spot the stranger will probably hear from the lips of Mr. Kelly, or some of his sons, the story of the dreadful calamity which occurred on Kitterland in December, 1852. A brig, called the 'Lily,' of Liverpool, had, during a storm, been driven right upon the rocks on the east end of this islet. Three of the crew were washed overboard, the carpenter was killed by the fall of the foremast, and the captain was drowned in an attempt to reach the land. The remaining six of the crew were ultimately rescued, and brought to Port St. Mary. Soon afterwards thirty men were engaged in unloading the vessel, when, from some unknown cause, sixty tons of gunpowder, which formed part of the cargo, became ignited, and the vessel and all on board were blown to atoms, with the single exception of Mr. Kelly, who was thrown up into the air with a part of his cheek shattered, but alighted in other respects unhurt.

According to the traditionary history of the Isle of Man, this tiny islet of Kitterland derived its name from Kitter, a great Norwegian baron, who resided in Man in the days of the King Olave Goddardson.

Kitter was so fond of the chase, that he extirpated all the bisons and elks with which the island abounded at the time of his arrival, to the utter dismay of the people, who, dreading that he might likewise deprive them of their cattle, and even of their purrs (wild swine) on the mountains, had recourse to witchcraft to prevent such a disaster. We are told that when this Nimrod of the north had destroyed all the wild animals of the chase in Man, he one day extended his havoc to the red deer of the Calf, leaving at his castle on the brow of Barrule only the cook, whose name was Eaoch (which signifies a person who can cry loud), to dress the provisions intended for his dinner. Eaoch happened to fall asleep at his work in the kitchen. The famous witch-wife, Ada, caused the fat accumulated at the lee side of the boiling pot to bubble over into the fire, which set the house in a blaze. The astonished cook immediately exerted his characteristic powers to such an extent that he alarmed the hunters in the Calf, a distance of nearly 10 miles. Kitter, hearing the cries of the cook, and seeing his castle in flames, made to the beach with

all possible speed, and embarked in a small currach for Man, accompanied by nearly all his attendants. When about half way the frail bark struck on a rock (which, from that circumstance has since been called Kitterland), and all on board perished.

The fate of the great baron, and the destruction of his followers, caused the surviving Norwegians to believe that Eaoch the cook was in league with the witches of the Island to extirpate the Norwegians then in Man, and on this charge he was brought to trial, and sentenced to suffer death. The unfortunate cook heard his doom pronounced with great composure, but claimed the privilege, at that time allowed to criminals in Norway, of choosing the place and manner of passing from time into eternity. This was readily granted by the king. "Then," said the cook, with a loud voice, "I wish my head to be laid across one of your majesty's legs, and there cut off by your majesty's sword Macabuin, which was made by Loan Maclibhuin, the dark smith of Drontheim." It being generally known that the king's scimitar could sever even a mountain of granite, if brought into immediate contact with its edge, it was the wish of everyone present that he would not comply with the subtle artifice of such a low varlet as Eaoch the cook; but his majesty would not retract the permission so recently given, and therefore gave orders that the execution should take place in the manner desired. Although the unflinching integrity of Olave was admired by his subjects, they sympathised deeply for the personal injury to which he exposed himself, rather than deviate from the path of rectitude. But Ada the witch was at hand; she ordered toad's skins, twigs of the rowan tree, and adders' eggs, each to the number of nine times nine, to be placed between the king's leg and the cook's head, to which he assented. All these things being properly adjusted, the great sword Macabuin, made by Loan Maclibhuin, the dark smith of Drontheim, was lifted with the greatest caution by one of the king's most trusty servants, and laid gently on the neck of the cook. But ere its downward course could be stayed, it severed the head from the body of Eaoch, and cut all the preventives asunder, except the last, thereby saving the king's leg from harm. When the dark smith of Drontheim heard of the stratagem submitted to by Olave to thwart the efficacy of the sword Macabuin, he was so highly offended that he dispatched his hammerman, Hiallus-nan-urd, who had only one

leg, having lost the other when assisting in making that great sword, to the Castle of Peel, to challenge King Olave, or any of his people, to walk with him to Drontheim. It was accounted very dishonourable in those days to refuse a challenge, particularly if connected with a point of honour. Olave, in mere compliance with this rule, accepted the challenge and set out to walk against the one-legged traveller from the Isle of Man to the smithy of Loan Maclibhuin in Drontheim. They walked o'er land and they sailed o'er the sea, and so equal was the match that when within sight of the smithy, Hiallus-nan-urd, who was first, called to Loan Maclibhuin to open the door, and Olave called out to shut it. At that instant, pushing past him of the one leg, the king entered the smithy first, to the evident discomfiture of the swarthy smith and his assistant. To show that he was not in the least fatigued, Olave lifted a large forge-hammer, and under pretence of assisting the smith, struck the anvil with such force that he clave it not only from top to bottom, but also the block upon which it rested.

Emergaid, the daughter of Loan, seeing Olave perform such manly prowess, fell so deeply in love with him, that during the time her father was replacing the block and the anvil, she found an opportunity of informing him that her father was only replacing the studdy to finish a sword he was making, and that he had decoyed him to that place for the purpose of destruction, as it had been prophesied that the sword would be tempered in royal blood, and in revenge for the affront of the cook's death by the sword Macabuin. "Is not your father the seventh son of old Windy Cap, King of Norway?" said Olave. "He is," replied Emergaid, as her father entered the smithy. "Then," cried the King of Man, as he drew the red steel from the fire, "the prophecy must be fulfilled." Emergaid was unable to stay his uplifted hand till he quenched the sword in the blood of her father, and afterwards pierced the heart of the one-legged hammerman, whom he knew was in the plot of taking his life. The sequel of the legend is that Olave married the fair Emergaid, and from that marriage descended a long line of kings of Man down to Magnus, the last of the race of Goddard Crovan.

The landing on the Calf Islet is usually made at a small creek called Cow Harbour, on the northern shore, whence parties proceed by a winding road to the lighthouses on the southern cliffs.

Perhaps the best plan is to land at a creek called New

Harbour, which is on the south-eastern side of the islet near the Burrow and Eye rock. A road thence conducts to the lighthouses, and while the visitor is strolling round the islet the boat might be taken to the north side by two of the men.

If the landing be effected on the east side, a rather risky, but romantic scramble may be made at low water, first to the opening named the Eye, and thence to the summit of the Burrow rock, where there is an excavation (probably an ancient place of refuge and concealment) called "Bushel's Grave," which was described by Mr. Wood, in 1811, in the following terms:—"It is in the form of a cross, each of the two longitudinal cavities being about 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. Immediately at the edge of the cavities is a wall of stone and mortar, 2 feet high, except at the southern, western, and eastern ends, which were left open, perhaps for ingress, egress, observation, and the admission of light. The whole is covered with slate and mortar. Salt water is found at the bottom, the consequence of the sea breaking over the rock in stormy weather."

By following the road, the two lighthouses are reached. They are placed so that their lights when brought into one shall bear on the dangerous reef of the Chickens. There were twelve catoptric reflectors in each, a revolution being made and a light shown every two minutes. They have not been used since the 31st December, 1874, when the lighthouse on the Chickens Rock was finished, but the keepers of the latter dwell here.

Close to the lighthouses are some fine cliffs, at the base of which is the Stack rock, a grand pyramid rising to a height of 100 feet from the ocean, and separated from the Calf by a distance of 50 feet, with the sea rushing and roaring between.

On the top of the hill, which is 421 feet above the sea level, a few yards from the lighthouses, is a signal-post, and close to it will be seen the remains of what appears to have been a building, about 12 yards long and 3 yards broad, bearing the name "Bushel's House."

Bushel was a recluse—a somewhat singular person, who has left us a short statement of his reasons for retiring to that solitary spot. He had been a favourite of, and attendant on, the Lord Chancellor Bacon, and had spent a dissolute life about court. It is said he gloried in a coat splendidly buttoned all over, whence arose the common jest, on the disgrace of the Chancellor, that he made buttons and his man Bushel wore them. After the fall and death of his patron Bushel betook himself to mining speculations, which, though

for a time successful, ended at length in great loss. In his melancholy he determined to retire for a season from the world, and condemned himself "to a three years' unsociable solitude in the desolate island called the Calf of Man." Here, in obedience to his dead lord's philosophical advice, he resolved "to make an experiment upon himself for obtaining a long and healthy life, by observing, as if obliged by a religious vow, a parsimonious diet of herbs, oils, mustard, and honey, with water sufficient." Bushel is said to have been living in a green old age, near the close of the 17th century.

There are few spots on which he could have fixed his habitation presenting grander views of earth and sea than this does. The panorama is one which at all times and seasons must inspire intense feelings of admiration. Southward of the Calf Islet is the reef of the Chickens, always dangerous, but now containing a magnificent lighthouse; beyond these, on all sides spread out the waters of the Irish sea, bearing over commerce from Liverpool to every quarter of the globe. On a clear day Anglesey, Great Orme's Head, Snowdon, and the Welsh mountains are seen rising up in the far horizon. A further sweep round to the north-westward gives us the Ingleborough and Whernside Fells in Yorkshire, and then the Cumbrian mountains; the Scotch are hidden by the nearer intervening mountains of Mona, though the Mull of Galloway is seen opposite the extremity of the north-western shore of the Isle of Man. In a westerly direction we may also catch a glimpse of Ireland, with the mountains of Mourne and Arklow and the coast along Carlingford Bay and Lough Strangford. The nearer view includes the southern portion of the Isle of Man, spread as on a map. In front, directly north, are the Mull Hills, and the Craigneish village, to the right of which are Spanish Head and Langness promontory; and to the left is a grand rocky coast, the heights of Brada Head, the Carnanes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule rising as it were one upon the shoulders of the other to a height more than 1500 feet above the level of the sea. Looking further upwards along the western shores we catch sight of Niarbyl Point, Corrin's tower, and Peel hill. Fleshwick Bay is hidden by Brada Head, but we get a good peep into Port Erin, though we see not the hamlet at the head of it.

When the tourist regains the boat he may return to Port St. Mary, or continue his voyage to Port Erin; or he may

land on the north side of the Sound, and walk to Craigneish and thence to Port Erin, or to the Chasms and Port St. Mary.

Close to the Sound, and on the northern shore of the Calf of Man, is a circle of upright slabs of slate far larger than any similar circle on the Isle of Man. Not many years ago there was found on the Calf a tombstone which is now at Castletown. Cumming speaks of it as a "Runic cross bearing the representation of the Crucifixion, with a singular development of knot-work on the vestures of our Lord, and of the Roman soldier with a spear."

Castletown to Peel, via Foxdale and St. John's.

11¼ miles.

On leaving Castletown a grand view is obtained of the whole mountain range of the island, stretching from Spanish Head to Snaefell, with the southern land extending to the sea.

One and a half miles from the town the parish church of Malew is passed. It stands in the midst of a beautifully kept graveyard, and those who are conversant with the history of the island will probably enter the building expecting to see a cup which Waldron tells us was given to the church by a person who had received it from the fairies. The cup has disappeared, and the vicar gives it as his opinion that its existence at any time is as incredible as the origin assigned to it.

Waldron says, "I have heard many of the natives of the island protest they have been carried insensibly great distances from home, and without knowing how they came there, found themselves on the top of a mountain. One instance was that of a fiddler, who, having agreed with a person, who was a stranger, to play for so much money to some company he should bring with him, all the twelve days of Christmas, and received earnest for it, saw his new master vanish into the earth the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was the poor fiddler; he found he had entered himself into the devil's service, and looked on himself as already damned; but having recourse to a clergyman, he received some hope. He ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called, but that whatever tunes should be called for to play none but psalms. On the day appointed the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with what inward reluctance it is easy to guess; but punctually obeying the minister's directions, the company to whom he played were so angry that they all vanished at once, leaving him at the

top of a high hill, and so bruised and hurt, though he was not sensible when or from what hand he received the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty."

"I was told of another man who had been led by invisible musicians for several miles together; and not being able to resist the harmony, followed till it conducted him to a large common, where were a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some faces whom he thought he had formerly seen, but forbore taking any notice, or they of him, till the little people offering him drink, one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, plucked him by the coat and forbad him, whatever he did, to taste anything he saw before him; for if you do, added he, you will be as I am, and return no more to your family. The poor man was much affrighted, but resolved to obey the injunction; accordingly a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put into his hand, he found an opportunity to throw what it contained on the ground. Soon after, the music ceasing, all the company disappeared, leaving the cup in his hand, and he returned home, though much wearied and fatigued. He went the next day and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened, and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup; to which the parson replied, he could not do better than devote it to the service of the church; and this very cup, they tell me, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk Marlugh."

Although this cup cannot be found, there are preserved within the church some relics which were evidently in use prior to the Reformation. There is a very beautiful little silver paten, of great antiquity, which is used at the present day, and bears on the rim the inscription—"*Ora pro nobis, Sancte Lupe,*" St. Lupus being the patron saint of the church. There is also a curious old brass crucifix, which must be of a very early date, and with it portions of a brass crozier or pastoral staff. The granite font, rudely shaped, also very ancient, stands just inside the south door. In the aisle is a stone inscribed thus:—

"John Reddish, Esq., Lieut.-Colonel in the army, died 17th May, 1717, aged sixty-nine.

"When he sought death with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, stroke him and he died."

Leaving the church, the limekilns near Ballasalla are passed, and, after crossing the Silver Burn river, 2½ miles from Castletown, a road branches on the right for St. Mark's, and runs through a district rendered famous by Sir Walter Scott in his 'Peveril of the Peak.' During the ascent of the hill, many times will the traveller turn round and enjoy the prospect, and on gaining the summit he will see spread before him a glorious panorama, embracing most of the southern part of the island, with Castletown and its adjoining bays and promontories.

Close at hand is the summit of South Barrule, with a wild, heath-clad land around, overspread with large blocks of granite and quartz from the neighbouring granite hill. A descent is quickly made to Foxdale: Snaefell, and the central mountain chain being well displayed in front.

The road runs close to the lead mines and through the straggling village of Foxdale, which is occupied principally by a mining population. The spire of St. John's church is a pretty object in front, but, some distance before it is reached, the Hamilton Waterfall and bridge are passed. The fall is not so beautiful as it was a few years ago, owing to the rock over which the water flows having been used as a quarry.

The natives tell a strange story about a Mr. Hamilton, who is said to have built the bridge now called after him. Before his birth his mother was thought to be dead, and was buried. At night some men went to the grave to steal the rings from her fingers, when she was found to be alive. Afterwards she had twins—two sons—one of whom was the builder of this bridge. This story is known to hundreds on the island.

The road runs direct to Ballacraine, and there joins the road from Douglas to Peel; but, by entering a road which branches to the left and follows the course of the stream, and leads to St. John's, about ¾ mile will be saved. The remainder of the journey to Peel is described at page 60.

PEEL SECTION.

PEEL.

Peel, anciently called Holme, or Holme Pile, is situated in the parish of Kirk German, on the west coast, at the mouth of the river Neb, and would be very little visited were it not for the historical and picturesque ruins on the adjoining rocky islet of St. Patrick. Its streets are narrow and irregular. The principal hotels are the Peel Castle, in the Market Place; the Marine, on the Pier; the Royal, in Athol street; and a refreshment room at the railway station.

A handsome new Gothic church, capable of holding 900 people, has, through the exertions of the Lord Bishop and the present vicar, the Rev. J. G. Williams, been erected in Peel, at a cost of over 8000*l*. Messrs. Barry and Son of Liverpool were the architects. The tower and spire, which form a handsome and striking addition not only to the church itself but to the general aspect of the town, were erected in memory of Mrs. Hill, the Bishop's wife, who took a deep interest in the work. A peal of eight bells, a handsome reredos, pulpit, and reading desk have also been presented by various residents in the town. This is by far the handsomest church in the island, and it is not at all improbable that it may soon be made the cathedral for the diocese, the present cathedral being in ruins, and Peel having been for many centuries the old cathedral city.

Peel contains a population of 3829, who are principally engaged in the herring fishery. In summer it is interesting to see the fishing fleet depart. About 200 sail of first-class fishing boats leave the harbour annually, manned by over 1600 men and boys, realising an average annual income of 70,000*l*.

The town is built of Old Red Sandstone, a patch of that rock existing in the neighbourhood. The stranger may spend a few hours very pleasantly by strolling on the pebbly beach, and having a sail to some fine sea-worn caves on the north, or round St. Patrick's Isle to the rugged coast at the base of Peel hill. The latter height is also worth ascending; but the principal attractions of the place are the ruins on the adjoining islet, and no tourist to the Isle of Man ought to omit visiting them.

The Castle, Cathedral, and other Ruins on St. Patrick's Isle.

St. Patrick's Isle is a prolongation of the Peel hill, separated from the mainland by a creek 60 yards broad, which is often fordable at low water, but is now traversed by a causeway of solid masonry, thus protecting the harbour, and allowing persons to reach the Castle if they go over the river at a footbridge, a short distance above the railway station.

The usual mode of access is by a ferry-boat across the harbour, the charge for which is a halfpenny each way, the landing being effected at the base of the ramparts. The islet contains five acres, and is surrounded by an embattled wall 4 feet thick, flanked at intervals with towers, built by Thomas, Earl of Derby, in the year 1500.

Within the walls are many ruins. Those of the venerable cathedral of St. German; the still more ancient church of St. Patrick; a fine specimen of a round tower; and other buildings, formerly, in all probability, used as occasional residences by the Bishops and Governors of Man, but in more recent times, when the islet was garrisoned and fortified, having been occupied as barracks, armouries, and magazines. Truly may we exclaim with the poet—

> " . . . . I do love these ancient ruins;
> We never tread upon them but we set
> Our foot upon some revered history."

Previous to the Isle of Man being sold to the British Crown, several guns were on the ramparts. Some of them, apparently of the period of Henry VIII., which were formed of bars of iron laid close together, and hooped with thick iron rings. The bore measured a foot in diameter. These, and many matchlocks, muskets, and other ancient arms, were removed to Chester Castle by the imperial government, and now neither guns nor garrison remain.

Some historians tell us the place was considered in ancient times one of the strongest in the British isles; but this can scarcely have been the case, for in those times the surrounding walls did not exist, and the isle would be commanded by an enemy stationed on the adjoining hill. In spite of this, however, it must have been considered a place of some military importance, for here was imprisoned the Earl of Warwick, in Richard II.'s reign, and the Duchess of Gloucester, in the reign of Henry VI.; and during the Stanleys it was garrisoned and used as an ecclesiastical and common prison.

The Castle is entered by a flight of steps. At the gateway is a board with the following notice upon it:—"With the object of raising a fund for the purpose of maintaining and keeping in repair the ruins of Peel Castle, it is ordered that from 1st of May to the 12th of October no person above twelve years of age shall be admitted to the Castle except on payment of 2*d.*, and no person under the age of twelve except on payment of 1*d.* The Castle will be open from 9 A.M. to 8 P.M. on week-days, and on Sundays from 2 P.M. till 5 P.M. At other periods of the year visitors must apply to Mr. John Pauline, the keeper of the Castle, who resides in Upper Market Place, Peel."

The tourist on visiting the Castle will make the acquaintance of Sergeant Pauline, late of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and will find him an excellent cicerone, who is evidently fully impressed with the importance of his duties.

The guard-room is first entered, where of old, around the cheerful blazing fire, echoed the soldier's mirth, whilst nightly, from the adjoining passage, came and sat silently in their midst the Moddey Dhoo, or spectre-hound. The story is thus told by Waldron:—

"They say that an apparition called, in their language, the Moddey Dhoo, in the shape of a large black spaniel with curled shaggy hair, used to haunt Peel Castle, and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire in the presence of all the soldiers, who at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit which only waited permission to do them hurt, and for that reason forbore swearing and all profane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when all together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It was the custom for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment the way led through a church. They agreed among themselves that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for the Moddey Dhoo was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned, which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

"One night, a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him, but the more they said the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the Moddey Dhoo would follow him as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys and went out of the guard-room.

"Some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but loud and noisy as he had been on leaving them, he was now become silent and sober enough, for he was never heard to speak more. During the whole of the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or if he could not do that, to make some signs by which they might understand what had happened to him; yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that by the distortion of his limbs and features it might be guessed that he died in agonies, more than is common in a natural death.

"The Moddey Dhoo was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage, for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This incident happened about three-score years since, and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had hairs on his head."

In the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' Sir Walter Scott thus refers to the tradition:—

> "But none of all the astonished train
> Were so dismayed as Deloraine;
> His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
> 'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;
> For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
> Like him of whom the story ran,
> That spoke the spectre-hound in Man."

A few yards from the guard-room is the cathedral of St. German, now entirely without roof, and fast mouldering

to decay. It was rebuilt in the year 1245,* by Bishop Simon, who was interred in the chancel. His remains were discovered in 1871, and are now placed in a case, and shown to visitors.

Some years ago, when removing rubbish, Bishop Rutter's tomb was found in the centre of the transept. He was buried in 1662, being the last bishop entombed in the cathedral. The remains of bishops and other persons of note have rested in and around the building for ages, and it was formerly the cemetery for the town of Peel, but there are few tombstones remaining. Only shipwrecked mariners and Roman Catholics are now interred here.

A mound near the building is probably merely the remains of an ancient burying ground, as bones and skulls have been found in it, but many historians suppose it to have been an old Danish fort, or judicial hill, similar to the Tynwald Hill at St. John's.

The cathedral was dedicated to St. German, the first Bishop of Man, a disciple and friend of St. Patrick. The edifice was never very large, and most of it must have been of rude workmanship, presenting, in the battlemented character of the central tower, a combination of military and ecclesiastical purposes in the same building. It is constructed in the form of a cross, 110 feet long by 70 feet broad. The tower proper rises to a height of 68 feet, the belfry being 15 feet higher, and is ascended by seventy-four steps. A charge of 6*d*. is made for the privilege of ascending.

On the top there is an extensive prospect, which, however, few persons will enjoy, as the only protection on the inside is an iron railing, and there is nothing to prevent the eye looking direct down into the cathedral. Glancing over the parapet, the surrounding ruins and the town and harbour of Peel are pretty objects at the spectator's feet. There is a wide extent of ocean, with the coast visible as far as Jurby Point, backed by the heights of Greeba, Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, and Slieu Curn. Behind Peel are Slieu Whallin, South Barrule, and Cronk-na-lrey-Lhaa, then Peel Hill and Corrin's Tower, with a wild iron-bound coast, the sea dashing amongst the picturesque rocks. On a clear day Ireland and Scotland may be seen.

The cathedral was in a dilapidated state as far back as 1686, and in 1710, by an Act of Tynwald, the lead on the roof was

* That a former cathedral existed, dedicated to the same patron, is evidenced from the fact that John, Bishop of Man, was interred in St. German's Cathedral in 1151. Some historians mention a previous bishop having also been interred in it, but this is uncertain.

granted to Bishop Wilson to assist in the erection of the church of St. Patrick, situated 1½ miles from Peel. The chancel was roofed, and was used for public worship until the close of the last century.

About 300 years ago the inhabitants of Peel, to prevent the inconvenience of crossing to the cathedral, were accommodated with the church of St. Peter's, built in the town.

In the wall of the nave of the cathedral is a fragment of a monumental cross, with the following Runic inscription :—

". . . . . (*kr*) *us thena eftir Asrithi kunu sina dutur Utr.*"

i. e.:

"(A. B. erected) this cross to his wife Asrid (Osred ?), daughter of Ottar."

This inscription is imperfect, the first part of it, "*A. B. rasti kr*," was engraved on the fragment which has been lost.

Under the chancel of the cathedral is the crypt, 34 feet by 16 feet, which is lighted by a small aperture under the chancel east window. It is barrel-vaulted, with diagonal ribs springing from thirteen short pilasters on either side, and it was popularly believed that if a person here confined neglected to count the ribs he would never come out again. The entrance to it is by steps within the thickness of the south wall of the chancel. It was used as an ecclesiastical prison until 1780 (among others, some Quakers being confined there in 1663), though the civil government had incarcerated prisoners there in earlier periods of Manx history.

Thomas, Earl of Warwick, was imprisoned here in 1397, for having taken part in a rebellion against Richard II., but was released two years afterwards by Henry IV.*

Here also in 1446 was shut up Eleanor, wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Henry VI., and Lord Protector of England. She had been accused and found guilty of treason and sorcery. The charge was that with the said aid of Roger Bolingbroke, one of the Duke's chaplains, who was said to deal in the black art, and Margery Jourdemain, the witch of Eye, she had made a waxen image of the King, to whom the Duke was next heir; and according to the rules of magic, as it melted away the King's health and strength would decline. She owned to having directed Bolingbroke to calculate the duration of the King's life. The result was that Boling-

* The Earl of Warwick's prison, we are told, was in a square building at the west side of the Castle, not in the dungeon under the cathedral.

broke was found guilty of treason, and executed; the reputed witch was burnt; the Duchess, after being made to walk several times through the city without a hood, and bearing a lighted taper, was consigned for life to the custody of Sir Thomas Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Stanley is represented by Shakespeare, who in mistake calls him by the honoured name of his father and grandfather, Sir John, as having become the gaoler of the unhappy Duchess.

King Henry. "Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife;
In sight of God and us your guilt is great,
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You, madam, for that you are nobly born,
Despoilèd of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man."

It is stated that she lived fourteen years in this wretched dungeon, getting out only one hour a day for exercise in a small yard adjoining. Waldron, however, tells us:—"She lived in the Castle in a manner befitting her dignity, nothing but liberty being refused. She appeared, however, so turbulent and impatient under this confinement, that strict watch had to be kept over her, not only because there were daily attempts to get her away, but also to prevent her from laying violent hands on her own life. They tell you that ever since her death, to this hour, a person is heard to go up the stone stairs of one of these little houses on the walls constantly every night as soon as the clock has struck twelve; but I never heard any one say they had seen what it was, though the general conjecture is that it is no other than the troubled spirit of this lady, who died, as she had lived, dissatisfied, and murmuring at her fate."

A little beyond the cathedral is an old well, out of which, in ancient days, the garrison obtained a supply of water; and, strange to say, although the islet is surrounded by the sea, no taste of salt is perceptible.

Leaving the well, the cicerone points out a place where it is supposed the garrison, when attacked, poured boiling oil, or other liquids, upon the heads of their assailants; and close by is a chamber, which is stated to have been the prison of Captain Edmund Christian, who had been Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and offended the Earl

of Derby by speaking some words against King Charles I. during the Civil Wars betwixt the King and Parliament. Here also is an ancient building, called Fenella's Tower, which will be especially interesting to those who have read Sir Walter Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak.' Fenella, it may be remembered, is represented by the novelist as a spy on the actions of the Countess of Derby, and that she might be the better able to effect her purpose, she entered her service and feigned to be deaf and dumb. The deception was carried on successfully for many years. The damsel fell in love with one of the Countess's retainers, Julian Peveril, who was leaving the Castle for London with some important despatches which were being forwarded by the Countess. It being desirable that his departure should be unknown to the garrison, he left by means of a ladder reared against the Castle walls; but no sooner had he taken his seat in the small boat which was to convey him to a vessel which was waiting, than Fenella slid down the ladder, leaped into the boat, and sitting beside him, expressed her determination to accompany him. This tower is pointed out as the place whence she escaped.

Perhaps the most ancient buildings on this interesting islet are St. Patrick's church and the Round Tower, which stand near the eastern battlements. The former is supposed to be one of the oldest, if not the oldest, church in the British Isles, and to have been erected by St. Patrick, who landed here in 444, when on a voyage from Rome to Ireland. The Round Tower is in all probability akin to the Irish round towers. In an old drawing it is represented as roofed, and surmounted by a flagstaff. Marks of a stair and flooring are evident in the interior, and there is a little door facing the east, 7 feet above the ground, to which access seems to have been gained by a ladder. Four small square-headed apertures near the top face the cardinal points, and one other is seen lower down on the north-west or seaward side. It is believed to have been a belfry, and a keep or place of strength for the protection of sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, and into which, in cases of sudden attack, the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged might retire for security.

Before leaving this islet the visitor may have a pleasant stroll to the new breakwater, which was originally constructed of timber, inclosing rubble and stone, but has lately been faced with concrete blocks, and thence round at the base of the ramparts, with the sea dashing amongst the rocks at the

traveller's feet. In one place under the walls is a mound called "The Giant's Grave." Tradition states that this giant lived in the days of St. Patrick, and that by his strength and ferocity he became the terror of the island. He had three legs, and deemed it a mere trifle to leap the gorge between Peel castle and Peel hill. It is stated that for amusement he seized a large block of stone, weighing several tons, and threw it against one of the opposite hills, where it broke into pieces, and where it is still visible from the castle. In the stone are pointed out the very marks of the giant's fingers which he crushed into it when he tossed it from his hand. At last, for his wicked deeds he was reprimanded by St. Patrick, whereupon he attempted to kill the saint. For this act he was cursed in the name of the Virgin, and compelled to fly from the island. The legend states that he vanished at one stride over Peel hill, and was never since beheld in Man. The stones referred to are of white quartz, and are situated on the Lhergydhoo hill, in the parish of German, on the way to Kirk Michael.

A Walk to the top of Peel Hill, and to Corrin's Tower.

The hill on the south side of Peel, upon which stands Corrin's Tower, is spoken of in many books as the Horse hill, but it is not known by that name in the town; and the oldest inhabitants say the Horse Rocks jut into the sea below the Castle walls, and that the proper name of the height is Peel hill. Sometimes the name Peel hill is merely given to the point overlooking the town, and the higher point, upon which stands the tower, is called Corrin's hill. We have judged that the most simple and natural plan was to name the whole height Peel Hill, and have done so when referring to it in other parts of this volume.

It is 501 feet high, and a prominent object from many places on the island. Those who sojourn for a time at Peel will find the hill a delightful place for a stroll, and even those who only visit the town for a few hours are recommended to make the ascent. It may be reached by crossing the river at a footbridge a few yards above the railway station, or from the castle by walking over the causeway. During the ascent charming views are gained of St. Patrick's Isle, with its historical ruins, the town of Peel, a wide extent of sea, and a broad belt of the island, with the river Neb

forming a beautiful silvery streak winding in a serpentine course from the mountains.

On the hill is the far-famed Well of St. Patrick, now generally known as the Silver Well, and so called from an ancient custom of the inhabitants, who there deposited a small piece of silver as an offering; we suppose in ancient times to St. Patrick, and in later times to the fairies.

It is said to be the spot where St. Patrick first planted the sign of the cross, and at the instant water issued spontaneously out of the rock, and has since continued to flow, endowed with every good to those who come to test its properties. An old author says:—

> "Have you beheld when people pray
> At Patrick's Well, on Patron's Day?
> By charm of priest and miracle
> To cure diseases at this well,
> The valleys filled with blind and lame,
> Who *go* as limping as they came."

The place is reached by following a tramway for about ½ mile. Just before arriving at an old unoccupied building, near a stone quarry, the well is seen close to the tramway, on the left hand. It is now in such a neglected state that it hardly deserves the name of a well. A little water oozes from the rock, and then flows under the tramway down into the sea, but there is scarcely any hollow in which it can remain. The well seems to have been filled up by stones tumbling from the rocks above, where trial appears to have been made for a quarry. It is, however, well deserving a visit, for the ocean is seen at the spectator's feet rushing furiously amongst the wild picturesque rocks, and the stranger finds himself pleasantly secluded and surrounded by the sublimities of nature.

On strolling a few yards farther some magnificent coast scenery is presented, stretching away past Niarbyl Point, as far as the Calf Islet, with the mountains of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the Carnanes, and Brada Head rising sheer out of the ocean, and in one point to a height of 1400 feet.

Ascending the summit of the hill, some well-managed farms appear at the spectator's feet, near St. Patrick's parish church, and in the background are Slieu Whallin and South Barrule.

Corrin's Tower is a large square building, 50 feet high. It was erected about sixty years ago by Mr. Thomas Corrin, a somewhat eccentric gentleman, who died at his residence near the Tower, and owned this hill and other property in the

neighbourhood. This spot was evidently a favourite of his, for here, beneath a small square plot of ground, he is interred with his wife and two children. Pillars have been erected, one on each side of the grave. On one pillar we read the following:

"Corrin's Pillar, 1850. This pillar was erected six feet distant from the base of this mount, and within the inclosure, upon its top rest the mortal remains of Alice Corrin and her two beloved children. This pillar, tower, and mount, were erected by Thomas Corrin, to perpetuate her memory until reanimated by the power of God."

On the other pillar are merely the following words and date:—

"Corrin's Pillar, 1840."

The tower was handed over to the Board of Trade about the year 1840 by the present proprietor of the estate, the tower having been used and laid down on the charts as a land-mark.

The tourist may either descend to Peel, or continue along the cliffs to the little creek where the stream from Glen Meay enters the sea, and then have a pleasant walk along the banks of the stream, for ¾ mile, to the waterfall.

Ascent of South Barrule.

South Barrule is 1585 feet high, and the king of the mountains in the southern part of the island. From every point in that area he presents a dignified and regal appearance, but somewhat stern withal in his covering of dark heather. With Snaefell, and his northern namesake, North Barrule, it forms a trio of the most noted of Manx mountains.

A few years ago the height of South Barrule was selected by those conducting trigonometrical survey for connecting the triangulation of Ireland with Great Britain. In former times also it was evidently a place of considerable importance, for on the top we find indications of ancient fortifications inclosing an irregular area of 22,000 square yards, the thickness of the base of a wall on the northern side being upwards of 9 yards. When we call to mind that the ancient name of this mountain was Warfield, or Warfell, and that on the invasion of the island by Richard de Mandeville, in 1316, the Manx retreated towards this point as their natural stronghold, we shall perhaps be brought to the conclusion that at one time this was an important military station. In

still more ancient times, we are told by Chaloner, "Mananan MacBar, a pagan and necromancer, took of the people no other acknowledgment for their land but the bearing of rushes to certain places called Warrefield and Mame on Midsummer even."

We also learn from the legendary history of the isle, that in castles on the brow of this mountain dwelt Goddard Crovan, who killed his termagant wife by hurling upon her a block of granite; and Kitter, the mighty hunter, who perished on the rock in the Sound, now named Kitterland, when hastening to his castle, which had been set on fire by his cook Eaoch, the man whose loud cry could be heard on the Calf Islet, a distance of 10 miles. And we must not forget that at the northern foot of the mountain, in Glen Rushen, dwelt that famous Manx satyr, the Phynnodderee. Some strangers will probably have a vain search for the Giant's Cave, said to exist at the foot of South Barrule, in which it is believed that a great prince, who never knew death, has been bound by enchantment for the last six hundred years. "The great-grandfather of my informant," says Waldron, "saw a huge dragon, with a tail and wings that darkened all the elements, and eyes that seemed like two globes of fire, descend into that cavern; and afterwards heard the most terrible shrieks and groans from within. If a horse or dog is taken to the mouth of the pit its hair will stand of end, its eyes stare, and a damp sweat will cover its whole body."

Waldron also tells us of a splendid palace which existed on this mountain, in the days of enchantment, where dwelt a celebrated magician. "Every mortal who happened to venture within its portals was instantly converted into stone. This spread such terror that the country for many miles round became desolate. One evening after dusk it happened that a poor man, looking for charity, was travelling on that side of the island. He had never heard of the enchanter. Seeing no place where he might obtain lodgings for the night, he wandered about a considerable time, until at length he came in sight of the palace, which rose before him in all its splendour; but, not presuming to enter within its doors, lest he should be turned out again, he sat down under one of the large piazzas by which the edifice was surrounded. Being hungry, he took some bread and meat, with a little salt, out of his pocket to eat; but a small portion of the salt having accidentally fallen to the ground, instantly

terrific groans issued from the earth, a dreadful hurricane arose, lightning flashed around, and thunder rattled over his head. The gorgeous palace, with its lofty porticoes and brazen door, vanished, and the mendicant found himself in the midst of a barren waste. When he communicated this wonderful adventure to the inhabitants of the neighbouring village, they refused to believe him; till, having gone to the spot where the palace of the necromancer stood, they were convinced of the truth of the beggar's statement, and all united in prayers and thanksgivings for so great a deliverance. It appeared evident from the beggar's story that the salt which had been spilt upon the ground had occasioned the dissolution of the enchanter's palace. For this reason salt has since been held in such high estimation with the Manx, that no person will go out to transact business without taking some in his pocket. Many will neither put out a child, nor take in one to nurse, without salt being mutually exchanged. Should any person ask the meaning of this veneration for salt, he will be told the above story, by doubting which he will incur the censure of the inhabitants of the island as a very profane individual."

South Barrule is not only interesting to lovers of legendary lore, but to matter-of-fact geologists of the present day it is equally interesting, for in the blocks of granite, which are strewn about its western side, and near its summit, it presents important subjects of inquiry as to when and by what agency they were carried from their parent source, the granite mountain, which is hundreds of feet below on the eastern side of Foxdale.

The ascent of the mountain may be accomplished without much difficulty from the three places, Foxdale, Glen Meay, and the top of the Round Table. From Castletown the best plan is to ascend from the highest point of the road leading through Foxdale to Peel. From Douglas the train might be taken to St. John's station, and then, after strolling along the road into Foxdale, the ascent might be commenced from almost any point; or the traveller might go to St. John's or Peel by train, and thence to Glen Meay. From Peel a carriage may be taken to within a short distance of the top of the mountain by going either from Glen Meay past the Beckwith Vein Mine, or by Dalby to the Round Table. (See pages 93 and 95.) The tourist may also ride to the point in Foxdale, previously mentioned, as being a good place for commencing the ascent.

A steady half-hour's pull over ground covered with heather will land the traveller on the summit, where he will have a fine and extensive prospect; one which, in 1643, called forth the following letter from the Earl of Derby to his son Charles. He says: "When I go on the mount you call Barrule, and, but turning me round, can see England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, I think shame so fruitlessly to see so many kingdoms at once, which no place, I think, in any nation that we know under heaven can afford such a prospect of, and to have so little profit by them."

When the spectator looks around from this commanding position, he forgets for a time the legendary and historical associations of the spot, and gazes with delight on the large extent of cultivated land, studded with habitations, and surrounded by a wide extent of sea, stretching from Douglas Bay, round by the south of the island, to its northern extremity at the Point of Ayre. On the shores of the broad expanse of waters are seen the towns of Douglas, Castletown, and Peel; the Langness promontory, with the bays of Derby Haven, Castletown, and Poolvash, are pretty objects; and far away on the verge of the horizon are discerned, looming through the haze, the coasts of Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales. The neighbouring heights appearing to the south are the Mull Hills, Brada Head, the Carnanes, and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa. Beyond Glen Rushen, through which the streamlet is seen descending from the Beckwith vein mine to Glen Meay, are Corrin's Tower, the Peel Hill, and Slieu Whallin. Beyond the latter rise the central mountains of the island, including Greeba, Sartfell, Beary, Slieu Dhoo, Colden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, and the Cairn.

The tourist can descend without difficulty to any point he chooses; or he may cross over the Round Table to the top of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, a journey which will amply repay the labour.

Peel to Kirk Michael.

6⅜ miles.

It is a pleasant drive from Peel to Kirk Michael, the road running near the sea all the way, and in some places on the cliffs, and only a few yards from the shore.

On leaving Peel a steep ascent is made, and then a view is gained of a wide extent of sea, and in the rear the ruins on St. Patrick's Isle, and the heights of Peel Hill, Cronk-na-

Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, and Slieu Whallin. For some distance farther the sea is hid by the cliffs.

One and a half miles from the town a road branches on the left to the shore, and on the right are seen perched, near the top of the Lhergy Dhoo hill, a few white stones, said to have been thrown from Peel by a giant in former times.

A short distance farther the sea re-appears, and there may be discerned the Scotch and Irish coasts; Corrin's Tower, and the ruins at Peel also are in view.

Three miles from Peel, Glen Broigh is passed, and then Kirk Michael and the beautiful beach and cliffs stretching past Orrisdale head to Jurby point meet the eye. One mile further the road makes a sharp curve round Glen Cam, and runs pleasantly on the cliffs, with the sea-shore close below, and a fine view of the coast and level country in front, and in the rear Peel Hill and ruins: whilst on the right gradually advance to view the mountains Slieu Curn, Slieu Farrane, and Sartfell.

Five and a half miles from Peel, Glen Mooar is crossed. A few hundred yards up the glen is situated the Spooyt Vane waterfall, which is very pretty, and well worth a visit. Here, on the roadside, is displayed a fine section of the sand and gravel of the pleistocene or recent strata. Half a mile farther Glen Wyllin is passed, a pretty dell containing a dozen houses surrounded by trees. A quick ascent is made, and when the road is passed leading to Cronk-y-Voddee and Glen Helen, the Mitre Hotel is reached at the head of the village of Kirk Michael.

Kirk Michael to Snaefell, or to Injebreck and Douglas, by mountain road.

Brandy Well, 3½ miles; Snaefell, 8 miles; Injebreck, 5½ miles; Douglas, 12½ miles.

Entering the road on the right, a few yards below the Kirk Michael parish church, a steep ascent is made, and a wide extent of ocean is gradually revealed, with the level country in the direction of Jurby; the ruins at Peel, and Corrin's Tower are also visible, and in front Slieu Curn, the Vael hill, Slieu Farrane, and Sartfell.

Peel and Jurby disappear, and then come in sight on the right Slieu Whallin, South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa,

Beary, and the upper part of Glen Wyllin, in which is observed the hill of Reneurling.

During the ascent the traveller will look back many times and admire the view of the village resting near the sea, and close to the hollows formed by Glen Balleira, Glen Wyllin, and Glen Mooar.

When through an iron gate the open fell is entered, and a smooth grass-covered road gradually ascends and winds between Slieu Curn and the Vael hill, allowing of a view down the solitary-looking glen of Ravensdale, on the opposite side of which appear Slieu Dhoo, Slieu Monagh, and Mount Karrin. Slieu Farrane presently comes in view again on the right, and on gaining the summit of the pass, which runs between that mountain and Slieu Dhoo, the heights of North Barrule, Snaefell, Pen-y-Pot, Carraghan, and Colden appear, and in the rear we get the last view of Kirk Michael and the level land around Glen Wyllin and Glen Mooar. On the right of Slieu Curn there is visible a level tract of country in the direction of the Point of Ayre.

The road slightly descends, and skirts the north-east side of Slieu Farrane with Druidale hollow on the left, and a desolate-looking moorland country inclosed on every side by hills. When round Slieu Farrane a descent is made by the side of Sartfell, and at the Brandy Well junction the roads are entered which lead to Snaefell, Injebreck, and Little London. (See pages 116 and 124.)

Ascent of Slieu Curn, Slieu Dhoo, Slieu Farrane, and Sartfell.

These hills being situated at a distance from Douglas, and from the other towns of the island, are little known and seldom visited, but they well deserve the attention of the mountaineer, and are easily scaled from Kirk Michael or Ballaugh, both pleasant resting-places.

Slieu Curn (1153 feet).

Slieu Curn is the northern height, and it is ascended from either village. After a pleasant walk of about three-quarters of an hour, the summit is attained, where is a circular artificial mound similar in appearance to the Tynwald Hill at St. John's, and which has probably in ancient times been used for a like purpose.

It commands a beautiful and extensive prospect. Kirk Michael village, and the whole of the level land from Peel to the Point of Ayre is spread to view, as if on a map, and presents the appearance of a large and well trimmed garden, with its numerous fields, farmsteads, hamlets, and churches. There is a broad expanse of sea with Ireland and Scotland in the distance. Inland the mountains are in sight from Peel Hill to North Barrule, including Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, Beary, Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, Slieu Dhoo, Snaefell, and Slieu Choar.

Slieu Dhoo (1139 *feet*).

From Slieu Curn, Slieu Dhoo is reached, after a few minutes' walk round the head of Ravensdale. It commands a good view of Druidale and the heights of North Barrule, Slieu Choar, Snaefell, Slieu Monagh, Pen-y-Pot, Carraghan, Colden, Slieu Reay, Greeba, Slieu Farrane, and Slieu Curn; but the prettiest bit is down Ravensdale, with Ballaugh and the level land about Jurby and the Point of Ayre. St. Patrick's Isle is also just visible to the right of Slieu Farrane, and the Scotch and Irish coasts are discerned across the neighbouring sea.

Slieu Farrane (1602 *feet*).

The Manx spelling of this mountain is Slieu Fraughane, or Slieu-ny-Fraughane; but as visitors rarely pronounce the word the same as the natives, we have thought it advisable to make the spelling agree with the proper Manx pronunciation.

The summit is not far distant from Slieu Dhoo, but the last part of the ground is steep, and necessitates a little hard work.

As from the neighbouring heights, the village of Kirk Michael, the open country from Peel to Jurby and the Point of Ayre, the sea, and opposite coasts of Ireland and Scotland, are in sight, and present a pleasing effect. The hollow of Ravensdale on the right, and the St. Patrick's Isle in the opposite direction, are also seen: and then there is a long range of mountains, extending from Peel Hill and Corrin's Tower in a north-east course, including Slieu Whallin, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, Sartfell, Beary, Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Injebreck Hill, Carraghan, top of Cairn Gharjohl, Pen-y-Pot, Slieu Mullagh Oure, Snaefell, Slieu Choar, North Barrule, Slieu Dhoo, and Mount Karrin. Also the hollow of Druidale, and two strips of sea to the south-east.

Sartfell (1560 *feet*).

It is a short but pleasant walk from Slieu Farrane to Sartfell, allowing of charming glimpses on the right down to Glen Mooar, Glen Wyllin, and Kirk Michael. The top of Sartfell is covered with heather, and after rains it is rather swampy. The prospect is not so pleasing as from the heights just visited, but there is a good view down to Kirk Michael and its adjacent glens, and across the sea to Ireland and Scotland. St. Patrick's Isle is visible, and then there is a long range of heights, beginning with Peel Hill, and including Beary, Slieu Whallin, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, Greeba, Slieu Reay, Colden, Injebreck Hill, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell, Slieu Choar, North Barrule, Slieu Farrane, Slieu Curn, and a patch of ocean in the direction of Injebreck Hill.

A descent might be made, on the south side of the mountain, to the road leading from Snaefell to Glen Helen or Kirk Michael.

RAMSEY SECTION.

RAMSEY.

Ramsey contains a population of 3861. It is a clean, homely town,—a favourite with many of the best-educated classes who frequent the Isle of Man; and we venture to predict for it a prosperous future, for the more it is known the better will it be appreciated. It is situated at the mouth of the largest river, the Sulby, on a sandy beach, in the centre of a magnificent bay, and at the foot of a mountain range, where are the most lovely of the glens of Mona.

Few places are more suitable for Paterfamilias seeking health and quiet. The air is remarkably pure and healthy, there are excellent sands for bathing, and for the gambols and castle-building of the little folks; good fishing is to be had in the streams, and in the bay; and there are nice walks and drives in the level country, and amongst the hills and glens.

The town is well supplied with hotels, the chief of which are the Albert, Royal, Mitre, and Neptune; and there are many lodging-houses.

It contains the St. Paul's and St. Olave's churches, and places of worship for the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics. There is a Court House, the Deemster's Courts for the Northern Division of the island being held here. Recently Ramsey has been connected by railway with Douglas and Peel, *viâ* Kirk Michael and St. John's. A coach leaves the town daily for Douglas, *viâ* Laxey; and steamers sail regularly for Douglas, Liverpool, and Whitehaven. The shelter and accommodation for vessels, and the facility for embarkation and landing of passengers by the steamers, is being considerably increased by a promenade pier which is being built, and will extend seawards over 2000 feet, with waiting-rooms and all necessary conveniences for tourists.

The Ballure and Elfin Glens.

Ballure Glen is a small, but secluded and lovely nook, and is entered at the Ballure bridge, seated on the Douglas road, ½ mile out of Ramsey.

From the bridge a footpath leads direct up the glen close to the stream, or a cart-road conducts for ½ mile up its western side to a reservoir, whence the town is supplied with water. The ravine is well clothed with trees, many of which are covered with ivy, and high banks rise direct from a rivulet flowing down an uneven bed, and in one place forming a waterfall.

The tourist ought to continue past the reservoir to one or two farmhouses, and then bend to the right, and descend by Elfin Glen, a romantic little gill containing a purling stream, and high wooded banks—a fit companion to Ballure.

Albert Tower.

The ascent of the hill upon which stands Albert Tower may be made from Ballure bridge, by walking up the glen to the reservoir, or by following a cart-road which runs from the bridge in a westerly direction past a small old chapel and round the foot of the hill, towards Claughbane. Another way is to take the Claughbane road direct from Ramsey, and ascend by the side of Elfin Glen.

The tower is 45 feet high, built of slate and granite, and it bears the following inscription:—

"Erected on the spot where H.R.H. Prince Albert stood to view Ramsey and its neighbourhood during the visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to Ramsey Bay, the 20th of September, 1847."

The prospect is most enchanting. Ramsey is close at the spectator's feet, looking like a fairy town, beautifully clean and neat, and the bay is spread to view from Maughold Head to Point Cranstal, with the Cumbrian and Scotch coasts away in the distance. A few low sand-hills hide the Point of Ayre lighthouse, but the whole of the country on the north is displayed as far as Jurby church, numerous cottages and mansions being dotted over every part. In the rear are Sky hill, North Barrule, and Slieu Lewaigue.

A Walk to Maughold Head.

Maughold Head is a fine promontory on the north-east of the island, and can be reached after a pleasant walk of 3½ miles from Ramsey.

It is well worth a visit, not only for its commanding

position and picturesque cliffs, but owing to its ancient relics and historical associations, for it was here that St. Maughold is said to have lived and died. He is variously styled St. Machutus, Macfield, Machilla, Machaldus, Magharde, and Maughold. The legend relative to him is that originally having been captain of a band of Irish freebooters, he was converted to the Christian faith by St. Patrick, the great Evangelist of Ireland. Desirous of withdrawing from the scenes of his former lawless career, he embarked in a frail boat made of wicker-work, and covered with hides, and committing himself to the guidance of the Almighty, he was driven by the winds and tides, and at length cast ashore on the headland of the Isle of Man which now bears his name. A city is said once to have existed near the spot, but of this there are no visible remains. The severity of religious discipline which St. Maughold subsequently imposed on himself spread his fame for sanctity far and wide; and Manx tradition records that St. Bridget, the famous nun, came hither to receive the veil of perpetual virginity from his hands; and that he was by universal consent elected to the bishopric of the isle.

It is to St. Maughold that we owe the division of the island into parishes. His predecessor, St. German, had caused a chapel to be erected for each three quarterlands, but these being found too numerous, the island was divided into parishes and a church erected in each.

St. Maughold died A.D. 553, and is believed to have been buried in the church at Maughold Head, where his shrine was held in great repute till the period of the Reformation; and here a sanctuary was established in very remote times.

To reach Maughold Head from Ramsey, the tourist must enter the Laxey road. After passing the hill on the right surmounted by the Albert Tower, and crossing the Ballure bridge, under which flows the stream from the well-wooded glen of that name, a gradual ascent is made and a good view obtained of Ramsey, with the bay as far as the sandy cliffs of Point Cranstal. Presently the north-west part of Maughold Head appears, and the pretty creeks of Port Lewaigue and Port-y-Vullin. The road divides, the branch to right leading round Slieu Lewaigue and North Barrule to Laxey. Following the left-hand branch the tourist quickly reaches Port Lewaigue, the south-eastern extremity of Ramsey bay, which may be gained at low water by walking on the sands from the town. It is an attractive creek, commanding a charming view of the bay and town of Ramsey. Crossing the

low projecting strip called Gob-na-Runnah, Port-y-Vullin is reached, where is the telegraph communication between the island and St. Bees, in Cumberland. The buildings connected with the Port-y-Vullin lead mine are seen perched on the cliffs directly above the shore. The mine was opened some years ago, but has never been extensively worked, and has been closed since the spring of 1873. A short way beyond the lead mine there are some iodine works, which have also recently been closed.

During the ascent from Port-y-Vullin to Maughold Head the peaked summit of North Barrule appears, and gradually the sea comes in sight to the south, in the direction of Port Mooar.

On the earthen fence on the left-hand side of the road is fixed a large stone cross, in height 5 feet and breadth 2 feet 8 inches. In the head are five raised hemispherical pellets, supposed to represent "the five wounds" of our Blessed Lord. They resemble small cannon-balls, having become quite black, in all probability owing to the rubbing of cattle, as the stone is said to have formerly stood in the middle of a field. We are told that it was erected in its present position only within the last few years; but it must have stood here prior to the publication of Train's 'History of the Isle of Man,' which appeared in 1845, for in that work we read:—"Crosses were likewise placed on the highways, usually leading to the parish church, where religious processions of funerals had to pass. One of this description was lately to be seen at Port-y-Vullin, on the wayside leading from Ramsey to St. Maughold, and another near Port Erin, in the parish of Rushen. The corpse, in conveyance to the churchyard, was usually set down at these stones, that all the people attending might have an opportunity of praying for the soul of the deceased. Mendicants stationed themselves there to beg alms for Christ's sake, whence the ancient proverb, 'He begs like a cripple at the cross.'"

On arriving at Kirk Maughold, a small sun-dial is observed on the village green. Upon it is engraved

"Ev.* Christian—fecit 1666."

This Christian was, probably, son of Edward Christian who was buried in Maughold church in 1660, where also he had been baptized. In the parish register he is said to have been

* Ev. stands for Evan.

"some time Governor of the Isle." He was cousin of the William Christian, Receiver-General, that was shot for treason on Hango Hill, near Castletown, on the 2nd of January, 1662. Mr. Christian, who formerly resided on the neighbouring estate of Lewaigue, had a similar dial-plate in his possession.

On the green, close to the sun-dial, is a large monumental slab of whinstone. It is carved on both faces, and on the edges, with some remarkable interlaced work, human figures, and grotesque animals, including a man on horseback. A large Latin cross with a glory occupies the whole of one face, a similar cross filling a position on the upper half of the opposite side. A resident informed the writer that this stone was lying on the ground until about twenty years ago, and that a piece was broken off the top, which had formerly been fastened to the large slab with iron.

A stone trough, four feet long, lies in the churchyard. The Rev. Mr. Cumming says it is an ancient sarcophagus, and was removed from a grave. Some appear to think that it was used for infant baptism.

Another pillar-cross, of a character differing from any other on the island, stands on the green, a few yards from the entrance to the churchyard. Cumming speaks of it as "a remarkable pillar-cross, still bearing traces of singular beauty, but much weather-worn from its exposed situation, and the material (new red sandstone) of which it is made. The cross consists of three parts—a basement of three unequal steps, a slender octagonal shaft 4 feet 10 inches high, and an entablature or capital consisting of two quadrangular blocks of stone, fastened together with iron cramps and lead. The lower portion of the entablature has four shields, one on either face. The first shield is charged with the Three Legs of Man (the arms of the island after the Scottish conquest, thus proving the date of the cross later than 1270.) The shield opposite to this bears a ring and cross, inclosing a cinquefoil. On the third shield is a chalice, and the fourth, opposite to it, bears an open book with a tassel hanging from it. From this lower portion of the entablature, which is square, springs the real rood, quadrangular, but having two of its faces broader than the other two. One of these faces has a sculpture of the crucifixion, the figure of our Blessed Lord being naked, with arms extended. The opposite broad face bears a group of the Virgin and Child. Both these sculptures, carved with much force, are in deeply recessed canopies richly

socketed. The third face bears in the lower portion a kneeling figure, with hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer, which has by some fanciful people been represented as St. Bridget receiving the veil from St. Maughold. Above this figure is a sculpture of leaves surmounted by a shield, the carving of which is indistinct, but apparently charged with bars and oak leaves. The fourth face, opposite to the kneeling figure, has, in the lower part, oak leaves surmounted by a shield bearing a rose, and under the shield some indistinct foliage." We are informed that some years ago a crown was broken off, and is now lost.

Entering the churchyard two crosses will be observed standing at the western end of the church, one on each side of the door. The right-hand one has two figures carved upon it, seated on either side of a cross; the other is decorated with knot-work.

In the yard, on the south side, stands a large pillar-cross, plain on one side, and on the other a cross-patee or Maltese cross, such as usually marked the resting-place of a knight-templar.

At the churchyard gate are two crosses. The right-hand one is about 7 feet high. It was formerly laid on a grave, and entirely overgrown by grass, near to the western end of the church. It is a double wheel-cross. The other is 5 feet high, with a cross engraved on it extending over its whole length. It was found lying on the top of a grave, a few years ago, covered with grass. Both are composed of new red sandstone.

Over the entrance door of the church is a sculptured stone, used as a lintel, having on its face, besides the ordinary rude carvings of animals, a figure of an ecclesiastic holding a pastoral staff. It had probably at one time covered the grave of an early bishop.

In the church is an old font, which was lying about uncared for in the churchyard until within the last few years. It is large, but is now only about half its original size, having been cut down when placed in its present position.

The Rev. Mr. Cumming, when speaking of the crosses here, says:—"Another is a lintel above the chancel east window, about 6 feet long, which has on it a grotesque figure of a man, and of a monstrous animal with large eyes and feet, and a protuberance on the head, bearing somewhat of the character of the animal named an elephant on the singular crosses in the north-east of Scotland. The Maughold have more of a Scotch character than any others in the Isle of

Man." There are no traces of this stone, but from what we can make out it was used as a lintel, and built into the wall at the east end, when the church was last roofed, a few years ago.

Before the church was repaired (and modernised) the pulpit was used as a kind of old lumber closet. In it were two Norwegian swords, said to have been discovered in a grave.

On the south side of the churchyard there is a very beautiful small cross, sculptured on both sides, the tracery being very elaborate. Height 1 foot 10 inches, width 9 inches. Mr. Cumming assigns it to the 10th century. It is in a very damaged condition.

In a room above the vicarage coach-house is an old lock, 2 feet long and 1 foot broad. The lock was taken off the western door of the church when the building was being repaired. There is also in the garden the base of a column.

In the walls of the cottages in the village are supposed to be crosses, and carved stones, which have been used by workmen when building, to save expense, and are now covered over with plaster.

The church, one of the oldest on the island, is of the true Manx type, 72 feet long by 17 feet broad, and corresponds with Irish and early British churches. It has a chancel and nave without any architectural division, a western porch, which appears to have belonged to a building of ancient date, being distinctly Norman, with a tympanum and dog-tooth ornament.

There is a western bell-turret, for one bell, which is rung from the outside.

The churchyard is $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres in extent, and is said to be one of the largest graveyards in the British Isles.

One of the most prominent monuments is in memory of Lieutenant-General Sir Mark Cubbon, K.C.B., twenty-seven years Chief Commissioner for the Government of Mysore, who was born in the adjoining vicarage in 1785, and died at Suez on his way home in 1861. Curious it is to note a stone erected over the graves of three Norwegians, who were recently interred here, having been accidentally poisoned by the cook of the vessel. This grave recalls to the mind many thoughts, and onlookers will revert to the days long gone by when sea-rovers came from the same northern country and took possession of this island, many of them being interred in this very ground.

The churchyard of St. Maughold was formerly a sanctuary where criminals were free from arrest, and until recently there were ruins of ancient buildings in the yard, close to the boundary-wall at the high end,* in which some say those persons used to live: others suppose that these remains were the cells of the earlier monks.

The following legend, from the 'Chronicles of Man,' serves to show with what superstitious dread the sanctity of the church and its precincts was respected. When, in 1158, Somerlid, a northern chief, invaded the island with fifty-three ships, "the Manx people conveyed their money and valuables to the sanctuary of St. Maughold's church, in hopes that the veneration due to St. Machutus, added to the sanctity of the place, would secure everything within its precincts. After the battle, in which he was victorious, the fleet of Somerlid lay at Ramsey, and one of his captains, Gil Colum, made a proposal to surprise the church of St. Maughold, and at least drive off the cattle which were feeding around the churchyard. With much reluctance Somerlid consented, pronouncing at the same time these words: 'Let the affair rest between thee and St. Machutus; let me and my troops be innocent; we claim no share in thy sacrilegious booty.' Gil Colum laid his plans accordingly, arranging with his three sons to effect the surprise at daybreak of the following morning; but as he lay asleep in his tent at dead of night, St. Machutus appeared to him arrayed in white linen, and holding a pastoral staff in his hand, with which he thrice struck him in the heart. Awaking in great terror of mind, he sent for the priests of the church to receive his confession, but they had no words of comfort for the dying wretch, one of them even proceeded to pray that St. Machutus would never withdraw his hand till he had made an end of the impious man, and immediately he was attacked by a swarm of filthy, monstrous flies, and about six in the morning expired in great misery and torture. Somerlid and his whole host were struck with such dismay upon the death of this man, that as soon as the tide floated their ships they weighed anchor and with precipitancy returned home."

After leaving the churchyard at the north-east corner, and crossing a field, the stranger, by searching a little, will find

* The Rev. S. N. Harrison, Chaplain of Christ Church, Dhoon, Maughold, has lately had uncovered at this end the foundation of a supposed small ancient chapel.

St. Maughold's Well, which is situated directly above the sea, a little way down the north cliff, half hidden by gorse and grass. Those who have had their expectations raised will be rather disappointed. The well is in a dilapidated and neglected condition. A few stones form a square, open to the north, and within the inclosure is a small scooped stone into which the water flows from the rock, but so slowly that it is hardly perceptible. The water is no doubt chalybeate. The stone or rock which formed the saint's chair is overgrown or destroyed, for there is no such to be found. It is not altogether unlikely that, nearly fourteen hundred years ago, at this very font, St. Maughold administered the baptismal rite. He is said to have blessed the well, and endowed it with certain healing virtues. It was formerly much resorted to by women for its health-imparting qualities. The water was imagined to derive additional efficacy if drank sitting in the saint's chair, which was scooped out of the adjacent rock. For many ages it has been the custom for the natives to make a pilgrimage on the first Sunday in August to drink of its waters, and even now, on that day, the young people in the neighbourhood pay holiday visits to the spot.

The tourist ought not to leave without climbing to the top of the headland, where there is a lovely and extensive prospect. Ramsey bay, with its fine sandy beach extending to the lighthouse on the Point of Ayre, is spread to view, and also the large tract of level land between the lighthouse and Ballaugh church. There is a wide breadth of sea which is bounded by the Scotch coast from the Mull of Galloway to Solway Firth, and then by the Cumberland coast as far as Black Combe mountain. In very clear weather the Welsh coast can also be seen. The neighbouring coast to the south is very beautiful, being formed into a number of bays by the promontories Garvain, Cornah, Laxey, and Clay Head. Westward stands a range of hills stretching from Albert Tower and Slieu Lewaigue, past the fine conical summit of North Barrule, to Slieu Choar, and Snaefell, and thence by Slieu Lhean and the Dhoon mountain to the sea at Laxey Head. The Kirk Maughold village, with its church and graveyard, is a pretty object at the feet of the spectator. Within a stone's throw, close to the sea, on the south-east side of the headland, is the Dhyrnane iron-ore mine. The ore used to be shipped direct from the mine, there being 25 feet of water at high tide, and the tramway from the mouth

of the mine is only 100 yards long. There is an iron-ore mine in the adjoining Cornah Glen, which was commenced some years ago and afterwards closed. The ore from this mine used to be carted to Ramsey. The same company re-opened an old copper mine in the cliffs of Maughold Head. They used to employ sixty or seventy men. Near the church is an old iron-ore mine, which has not been worked for some years. Several trials have been made in other spots around for iron ore, but with only partial success.

A lightship will be observed stationed about 5 miles from Ramsey and 3 miles from Maughold Head. It is close to the Bahama sandbank. The crew consists of master, mate, and nine hands. There are always six men and one officer on board, and three men and one officer on shore. The nine hands are divided into three watches, which give the men two months on board and one month on shore. There is a library belonging to the ship, and the comforts of the men are well attended to. The vessel is kept beautifully clean.

Before leaving this spot the spectator ought to step a few yards to the edge of the cliff, and overlook the "Traie Curn," an extremely wild and picturesque creek. Veins of ironstone and masses of quartz rock interspersed with the slate impart a variegated appearance to Gob-ny-Skey, the north-eastern angle of the precipice, with red and white streaks upon a gray ground. Though the visitor may have been disappointed with the meagre appearance of the church and the far-famed well of St. Maughold, he will feel amply repaid for his pilgrimage to the spot when he suddenly comes upon this wonderfully impressive and weird-like scene; for though the creek and precipice are not on a vast scale, they present a striking combination of the sublime and beautiful.

Glen Aldyn.

This is a pleasant spot, and is entered by following the Peel Road for 1 mile to the mansion of Milntown, where an excellent road branches to left, and conducts up the glen for 2 miles, then a rugged cart-track continues 1 mile farther to a slate-quarry, and from the quarry the pedestrian may reach the summit of Snaefell, 2 miles distant.

After passing a rivulet flowing from a ravine called East Aldyn, the glen gradually narrows, until at last there is

only room for the stream and the road, and high hills rise picturesquely on either side, those on the left sloping to North Barrule and Slieu Choar. The sylvan aspect presented for some distance after entering the glen is now changed, and it becomes wild and solitary as the recesses of the mountains are approached.

From the farmhouse near the slate-quarry the traveller can ascend the height on the right, and have an agreeable walk to the summit of Sky Hill, with lovely prospects in one direction of Glen Aldyn, Ramsey town, and the mountains of North Barrule and Snaefell; and, on the opposite side, the level land stretching to the Point of Ayre.

Ascent of Sky Hill.

If Sky Hill be not ascended when returning from the head of Glen Aldyn, the tourist should make a special visit to it from Ramsey, and scale it direct from near Milntown. The view from the top is most beautiful. The town of Ramsey is spread before the eye, apparently within a stone's throw, and very charming it looks. Lezayre church is seen close below on the left, nestling at the foot of the hill, with its spire surrounded by trees. The whole of the northern flat district is displayed with its countless fields, houses, and farmsteads, and the churches of Jurby, Jude, and Andreas are in sight, also the Point of Ayre lighthouse; whilst across the ocean are the Scotch and Cumbrian coasts. Inland are Snaefell, Slieu Choar, North Barrule, Lewaigue Hill, and the Albert Tower.

Ascent of North Barrule.

Few visitors will remain long at Ramsey without climbing the fine peak of North Barrule, the presiding genius of the place. The distance to the top is about 2½ miles, and the time required for the work will be an hour or an hour and a half.

The ascent may be made from Ballure bridge by following a cart-road on either side of the glen, or from the Hibernian Inn situated on the Douglas road, 3 miles from Ramsey; but the shortest route, and the one generally adopted, is that by Claughbane and the Park Moor farm.

The summit being in view the whole distance, and the ground so open, it is almost impossible for the stranger to err after once entering the proper road. Fine views are ob-

tained all the way, and from the top a grand panorama is visible.

To the south and east are Maughold Head, the Cornah Glen containing the Ballaglass Waterfall, Douglas Head, hotel, and lighthouse, and a broad expanse of sea, with the coasts of Cumberland and Wales. The mountain range runs past Slieu Choar to Snaefell, Pen-y-Pot, Slieu Mullagh Oure, and the Cairn; and in the west are Sartfell, Slieu Farrane, Slieu Dhoo, Slieu Curn, Slieu Monagh, and Mount Karrin; and close to Glen Aldyn is Sky Hill, then a strip of level land to the Point of Ayre. At the spectator's feet is Ramsey town and bay, presenting a pretty appearance. A glorious walk might be had by continuing on the tops and over Slieu Choar to Snaefell; or a descent might be made in the direction of the Cornah Glen, and a visit paid to the Ballaglass Waterfall, the stone circle of Castle Chorry (or Castle Ree Orry), the treen chapel on the Barony Hill, or the Quaker's Graveyard near Port Mooar.

Sulby Glen.

Ramsey to Sulby village, 5 miles; Head of Sulby Glen, 8½ miles; Snaefell, 11 miles; Douglas, 19 miles.

It is a delightful drive from Ramsey to the Sulby village, at the entrance to the glen. (See page 112.)

Sulby may also be reached from Ramsey by train. Conveyances meet the trains at Sulby Glen station, and at a charge of 6*d.* each passengers are conveyed to the head of the glen, where at the Tholt-e-Will and Olt waterfalls are pleasure grounds and a large hotel.

From the village the road passes by a starch-mill and runs up the glen at the base of Mount Karrin, and by the side of the river, with the Carrick mountain on the left, and in front Slieu Monagh. Every object around is extremely beautiful, and perhaps in no part of the island are the hills more finely grouped.

The tourist presently finds himself in a secluded vale, surrounded by high mountains, and discovers that he is approaching a most hilly country, and a spot worthy to take rank with some of the most attractive of the hills and dales of the sister isles.

After making a sharp turn to the right and passing a few farmsteads, another reach of the glen, a mile in extent, is displayed, where the road runs by the side of a stream,

whose bed is strewn with boulders of quartz and slate rock; and the mountains, covered with gorse, heather, and grass, rise so sheer on either hand as only to allow room for a tiny plot of ground on one side of the brook.

When the next house is reached the vale narrows so as only to allow room for the stream and the road on the mountain side, and egress appears almost impossible. At the top and bottom, and on each side of the glen, are mountains inclosing as lovely and secluded a spot as can be imagined.

At another sharp turn the lower part of the vale disappears, and the scene becomes in the highest degree wild and solitary. A view is caught of the summit of Snaefell. On the brink of the river are two or three cottages, tenanted by the families of men employed in the adjoining slate quarry. High hills are on every hand, with the stream forming cascades and flowing over boulders and ledges of rock at the traveller's feet, and all around are tiny rills trickling musically down the mountain sides.

Another turn reveals a pleasant portion of the glen, containing a small larch plantation, and at the head a Methodist chapel, close to the Dockspout Bridge which crosses the stream.

A cottage close to the bridge is said by the residents to be the oldest house on the island. We had often wondered whether there were any Manx people totally ignorant of the English language, and here we accidentally heard that there lived at a farm on the summit of Craig Mooar, the height directly above the chapel, two people, a widow and her grown-up daughter, who could not speak a word of English. We questioned others, a few miles away, on the subject, and they all affirmed that it was well known these two people were conversant only with the Manx language, but some appeared to think they were acquainted with a few, but a very few English words.

Close to the chapel, on the opposite side of the stream, is a small but prettily wooded gill leading in the direction of Snaefell, and a notice-board warns strangers that they may not enter without leave from the people living on the adjoining farm of Ballaskella, perched on the hill above. Picnic parties sometimes spend the day here.

From the bridge the road ascends in a winding course with Slieu Dhoo in front, and when the stream is again seen deep below on the right the tourist will be surprised to learn that the little building by its side is a school, a rather out of the

way place to erect a seat of learning; it also serves as a chapel of ease to Lezayre church. A little higher up the streamlet is a spot where meet the three parishes of Kirk Braddan, Kirk Michael, and Lezayre, and then the stream branches, one part extending into the wilds of Druidale to the feet of Slieu Farrane and Sartfell, and having on its banks a treen chapel and St. Michael's well.

The road now bends to left, leaves the glen, and after passing through a gate enters the open fell, and commands a view of Snaefell in front and parts of the glen in the rear. Soon Pen-y-Pot comes in sight, and after winding round the base of Snaefell the refreshment house is reached, and the road entered leading by Keppel Gate to Douglas.

A Visit to the Point of Ayre, to Ballachurry Fort, and to the Churches of Bride, Andreas, Jude, Jurby, and Ballaugh.

The Point of Ayre, and the large tract of level country on the north of the island, are seldom visited by tourists, but those who remain for any length of time at Ramsey should not omit a ramble along the coast (see page 204), and to pay a visit to the lighthouse, the fort, and the churches.

The distance from Ramsey to the Point of Ayre is 7 miles, and there is a good road all the way.

After crossing the Sulby by the bridge at the head of the harbour, the Sandy Hill road must be followed for a mile, with fine views of the glens and mountains. A short distance beyond a flour windmill, branch to the right in the direction of the shore, and presently the whole of the bay is seen from Maughold Head to Shellag Point, with the Scotch and Cumbrian coasts; and in the rear the heights of North Barrule and Snaefell. For the next 2 miles there is a good view of the sea on the right, and on the left of the level land, the tall tower of Andreas church being a prominent object. The road runs along the sand, gravel, and rounded pebbles of the pleistocene era, which thickly cover the whole of this part of the island; and on crossing the rising ground near the small height called Break-o'-Day hill, a descent is made to St. Bride's church, some 4½ miles from Ramsey.

The old church has been pulled down, and a new one erected on the site, the tower of which is not yet finished. The granite used in portions of the building is found in loose blocks in the neighbourhood, and must have been brought

there by ice during the glacial era. In the churchyard are two fragments of Runic crosses, beautifully decorated, one of which contains a Runic inscription.

Turning round the church, and winding to left, a straight road runs along a flat tract of country direct to the Point of Ayre lighthouse, 2½ miles distant.

To reach Andreas church it is well to return to St. Bride, and after travelling a few hundred yards in the direction of Ramsey enter a road on the right, from which is seen the Point of Ayre, Ramsey town and bay, and the heights of North Barrule, Slieu Choar, Snaefell, Pen-y-Pot, and Slieu Farrane.

On emerging from the round sand-hills, most of which are cultivated, the level country is entered, and the tower of Andreas church stands direct in front. There is a pleasant view of the mountains, and the open country at their feet. From Bride to Andreas church is 2½ miles. In the church is a marble font, once belonging to Philip I. of France, which, at the breaking out of the Revolution in 1789, fell into the hands of a Manxman. The tower is Lombardic, and is 60 or 70 feet high, being a conspicuous object for many miles. The living is a rectory, generally held by the Archdeacon of the island.

In the churchyard is a fine Runic monument, in excellent preservation, sculptured on both sides with representations of horses, cows, boars, goats, sheep, birds, a person on horseback, and a hound seizing a deer. On closely examining these animals, we found that upon each there were Runic letters, to which we call the notice of the learned in such matters, as it does not seem to have been previously observed. It appeared to us that these letters might merely denote the name of the animal on which they were carved. The inscription along the edge is—

"*Sandulf ein suarti raisti krus thana aftir Arin Biaurg kuinu sina.*"

i. e. :—

"Sandulf the Swarthy erected this cross to his wife Arinbjörg."

The first three words may also be read, "Saint Olave the Black."

On the green, just outside the church gates, stands a tall Runic monument, which, after being of service to the bill-poster, has within the last few years had the carving com-

pletely obliterated, as though with a chisel. On the edge is an inscription, only part of which is legible, and runs thus:

"..... *crus thana af Ufaig fauthur sin in gautr girthi sunr Biarnar.*"

i. e.:—

"(A. B.) erected this cross to his father Ufeig, but Gaut Björnson made it."

In the parish of Andreas are several tumuli.

Two miles to the south-west of Andreas church is Ballachurry Fort, an earthwork or fortified camp, said to have been erected by the seventh Earl of Derby, who was beheaded in 1651 after taking part in the battle of Worcester. Others say it was made in the time of the Commonwealth by the Parliamentary troops. The internal square on which the troops encamped is a level piece of ground, sunk so much below the bastions and curtains as effectually to secure the troops within from any attack of firearms without: this space is 150 feet long, and 120 feet broad; the fosse is 20 feet wide, and the outer rampart is 12 feet high. There are four bastions, one on each corner, the tops of which are about 48 feet square, all constructed of the earth which has been thrown up out of the ditch surrounding the encampment. There is no breach in any part of the works, which favours the supposition that the troops retained peaceable possession of their fortified camp.

Half a mile from Ballachurry is a chapel of ease dedicated to St. Jude.

The distance hence to Jurby church (3½ miles) forms a pleasant drive along a level well-cultivated country; houses and farmsteads being on every hand, and a grand view of the neighbouring mountain range. The hedges are mere mounds of earth covered with gorse and briars, and there are few trees, although more than in most parts of the island. Lakes existed here a few hundred years ago, and now a large drain takes away the water to the sea. Trunks of oak and fir, and the horns and skeletons of the elk, are sometimes found when digging in the peat a few feet below the surface.

Jurby church is in the high ground close to the sea, and commands an excellent prospect of the level land, the ocean, and the Scotch coast, and the heights from Peel Hill to Maughold Head, including Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, Slieu Whallin, Slieu Curn, Slieu Farrane, Slieu Dhoo

at the head of Ravensdale, top of Pen-y-Pot, Snaefell at the head of the deep hollow of the Sulby Glen, Slieu Choar, North Barrule, and Albert Tower.

A large Runic cross, used as a field gatepost, stands close to the entrance to the churchyard, and in the church are two Runic monuments, one containing some interesting figures; the other being inscribed with the figures of the raven, a female figure and warrior in kilt or shirt of mail, and a broken sentence, which reads thus:

"..... *Ru sun in Onon raisti aft faithur br. . . .*"

i. e.:—

"..... Ro's son; but Onon erected it to his father's brother."

In a field near the church is the West Nappin treen chapel, in a ruinous condition and without roof, although it is an interesting relic, and is perhaps in a better state of preservation than any other treen chapel on the island. The dimensions inside are 21 feet by 10 feet. A slate slab which forms a lintel over the window is thought by some to be a Runic monument, but in its present position no carving is visible.

In the wall the piscina is still remaining. Within memory the building has been used as a schoolhouse.

One and a half miles from Jurby is the Ballaugh old parish church, a picturesque object covered with ivy, and in a disgracefully neglected condition. In the graveyard stands a beautifully carved Runic cross bearing the inscription—

"*Thorlaibr Thoriulb sunr raisti crus thana aiftir Ulb sun sin.*"

i. e.:—

"Thorlaf, the son of Thorjolf, erected this cross to his son Olave."

After travelling another mile the new parish church of Ballaugh is reached, and the road entered leading to Ramsey, or to Kirk Michael and Peel.

A WALK ROUND THE ISLAND BY THE SEA-COAST.

THERE are few things more enjoyable, or more beneficial to mind and body, than a walk along the sea-coast; but although the Isle of Man is peculiarly adapted for a sea-side ramble; presenting a constant succession of bays and headlands, rocks and sands, with magnificent and ever-varying views; hardly one of the many visitors to the island ever thinks of undertaking it.

Those who combine scientific knowledge, with a taste for the picturesque, will find much to learn during such an excursion. The geologist will observe the rocks and cliffs, and the pebbles on the beach; whilst the conchologist and botanist will find fresh sources of information in the shells and seaweed, and the rare plants in the crevices of the cliffs.

The towns and villages of Laxey, Ramsey, Kirk Michael, Peel, Port Erin, Port St. Mary, and Castletown, are pleasant resting-places, situated at convenient distances; and if the traveller pleases he may commence or leave off the journey at any one of these localities, and readily be conveyed to other parts of the island.

Should every bay and headland be included, the whole round will be about 100 miles; which may be divided as follows:

	Miles.
Douglas to Laxey	12
Laxey to Ramsey	15
Ramsey to Kirk Michael	24
Kirk Michael to Peel	8
Peel to Port Erin	15
Port Erin to Port St. Mary	7
Port St. Mary to Castletown	4
Castletown to Port Soderick	10
Port Soderick to Douglas	5
	100

In the following description of the excursion the pedestrian is supposed to start from Douglas, and travel northwards.

After passing in front of Derby Castle there are a few

pretty recesses, from which stretch into the sea rocks with sharp vertical edges, difficult to walk over, and impassable at high tide; therefore it is well to ascend the cliff, where there is a magnificent view of the whole of Douglas town and bay, from Onchan to Douglas Head.

After crossing over Little Head, the secluded nook of Onchan harbour is reached. Here there is a cart-road leading from a stone quarry to the village; this must be crossed, and the cliff line kept all round the headland of Bank's Howe. The latter point is the northern boundary of Douglas Bay, and at its base is a deep sea, and some rugged rocks and caves. It is 393 feet above the sea-level. Should the tourist make a slight detour, and ascend to the top, he will be amply repaid, there being a most comprehensive view which includes the whole of Douglas Bay, Onchan village, and a large tract of the eastern part of the island; with the mountains North Barrule, Snaefell, Pen-y-Pot, Carraghan, Greeba, and South Barrule. This is a height to which visitors residing in Douglas ought to stroll, and then descend to Growdale, and return by Onchan.

Those who shirk the toil of this ascent, and confine themselves to the cliff, will have some good glimpses of perpendicular rocks, tenanted by hundreds of wild-fowl.

Presently Douglas is lost to sight, and a peep is had down into the charming creek of Growdale, with an indented coast stretching to Clay Head. When Growdale is reached it is found to contain a clean pebble beach, with water as clear as crystal, very tempting for a bathe. Here are a small flour-mill and the miller's house. Sometimes picnic parties visit the spot, by small boat, or with conveyances from Douglas.

Clay Head is very bold, the rocks having a sheer descent into a deep blue sea. From the summit of the hill are seen Maughold Head, North Barrule, Slieu Lhean, Slieu Choar, Snaefell, Slieu Mullagh Oure, Pen-y-Pot, the Cairn, Carraghan, Greeba, Slieu Whallin, South Barrule, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and Douglas Head. Bank's Howe hides Douglas town, but Onchan village and the valley in that direction are seen; also the coast of Cumberland, which in clear weather is in sight from almost every point on this side of the island.

On the top of Clay Head has lately been levelled a small mound, called Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, one of the many similar mounds bearing that name which are planted on heights all round the coast, having evidently in old times been used as beacons for giving warning of the approach of an enemy.

When descending Clay Head the view to the south is entirely obstructed, but to the north the whole of the coast is seen to Maughold Head, and from this point it appears to consist of smooth slaty cliffs sloping straight into the water, at an angle of about 45 degrees. Near at hand is Laxey bay and town, and Lonan new church, with houses scattered here and there on the ground gradually rising from the sea to the summit of Snaefell, and the heights to the right and left of it.

After descending over ground covered with gorse, heather, and ferns, Garwick comes into view immediately at the traveller's feet. It is a tiny creek, but truly picturesque, about 2 miles south of Laxey. The rocks around are beautifully covered with vegetation almost to the water's edge. A trickling rill comes down a pleasant dell and enters the sea on the beach, where there is a fine bathing-ground and white pebbles shining through the clear transparent water. A fisherman's hut with one or two boat-houses are the only signs of habitation. The nets are hanging about drying, and there are a dozen small boats on the shore. The Manxman's belief in mermaids ceases to astonish, and becomes quite natural when we know of the existence around the coast of such lovely secluded coves as this of Garwick. Without too great a stretch of the imagination we can almost fancy we see these sea-nymphs disporting themselves on the beach, and combing their hair when perched in the crannies of the adjacent rocks. Stretched on the pebbly beach at high water and basking in the sun, we are almost persuaded that the sunlight-flashes on the ripple of the sea wavelet are jewels, airing, and being prepared to adorn the hair of the mermaids on festive occasions. We are told that when these chains are in full sparkle, strict watch is kept on the adjacent cliff or crag that no marauder approach unawares. Should any monster of the land or sea prove too wary to be enticed away by the wiles of the syrens, or too strong to be successfully resisted, the mermaids instantly dive down to their sparry caves, the jewels vanish, and a dark shadow is thrown over the whole line of wave. These water-sprites and fairies will, on rare occasions, unite for the protection of some mutual interest; moved either by enmity against some rude syren-despiser, or in a caprice of friendship for some fair daughter of earth's mould, and then the spell-bound shore cannot be approached, but their favour is as unstable as the elements.

Again ascending the cliffs, and leaving Garwick, the shore

to the north of Laxey Head is gradually lost to sight, and after some distance of up and down work, a descent is made to the beach of Laxey, a beautiful bathing-ground about ½ mile in extent. Here there are some houses, and a small harbour where vessels of 250 to 300 tons burden can enter with coals, &c., and take away the produce of the mines. Laxey Bay, as seen from the shore, presents a fine appearance, and is 3 miles across from Clay Head on the south to the point on the north called Carrick.

Walking up the glen for ½ mile, on the road by the side of the tramway, the hotels are reached. On leaving Laxey the glen is crossed at a bridge just above the washing works, and below the large wheel. The road then gradually inclines to the top of Laxey Head. Those who do not need refreshments at Laxey may cross the river near the bay, and follow an old road which ascends steeply to the top of Laxey Head, and there joins the new road. On again entering the open ground, the cliffs all round Laxey Head are seen to make a precipitous descent into the sea, and the view is entirely shut out to the north, and only Clay Head is seen to the south. When about 2 miles out of the town the coast is visible northwards to Maughold Head. After crossing Laxey Head Bulghum Bay appears below, and here the cliffs are so steep that perhaps the best plan now is to follow the wall until the road is entered. The tourist may continue on the road for a mile to the Dhoon granite quarries, and then ascend to the Dhoon mountain on the right; or he may descend to the Dhoon stream, from the south side, and visit the waterfalls, which are the largest and most beautiful on the island. These cascades are about ½ mile from the sea, and may be reached from the mouth of the stream by those who keep on the rough steep ground close to the coast.

On gaining the summit of the Dhoon mountain, which is often called Barony Hill, and stands on the north side of the glen, a fine view is had of North Barrule and the hills branching in the direction of Laxey. Clay Head and the tops of Bank's Howe and Douglas Head appear to the south, and Maughold Head is well displayed to the north. The Dhoon mountain has a steep descent into the sea, and when it is crossed the Cornah creek is entered: a secluded inlet with a small beach at the mouth of the river Cornah. Some distance up the stream is the Ballaglass Fall. There is a lovely view up the wide glen, rich in foliage, with North Barrule prominent at the head. On the beach are a few small boats used

by the natives for fishing and pleasure. A hut stands a few yards up the glen; and near it is a limekiln, apparently a very unlikely place; but the owners have been accustomed to bring limestone from Castletown by boat, and burn it here with peat from the mountains, mixed with coal, which they cart from Ramsey.

Ascending Ballaskey Howe, a wild cove is passed, and again Maughold Head comes in front, assuming curious fantastic shapes. A retrospective view includes the Cornah, Laxey, and Clay Heads, which form the coast into three well-shaped bays, and present a fine appearance. The coast now becomes comparatively low, but here and there the rocks are wild and contorted. Mooar creek is presently entered; it is wide, with a low, rocky shore, but without any high cliffs.

When on the north side of the creek, an iron-ore mine is passed, and the rocks begin to descend so sheer into the sea that the bold promontory of Maughold Head must be scaled. The summit commands an extensive prospect of the coast, stretching from Clay Head round Maughold Head and past Ramsey Bay and the sandy cliffs of Point Cranstal to the Point of Ayre. North Barrule is also a fine object; but the most lovely bits of scenery are obtained by looking down the perpendicular cliffs into the charming nooks at the traveller's feet. By diverging a few yards, Maughold church may be visited, and a road entered leading direct to Ramsey; but if the cliff line be kept, the famed well of St. Maughold and the iodine works and an old lead mine will be passed. When the lovely creeks of Port-y-Vullin and Port Lewaigue are left behind, a pleasant stroll along a sandy shore leads to Ramsey, where the river Sulby has to be crossed either at the bridge or the ferry, and a low sandy ridge is seen stretching along to Shellag Point, distant about 4 miles. The sands all the way are as firm and extensive as any on our coasts, and if the tide be out, the tourist may walk for miles along them without coming on a single bit of pebble, shell, or sea-weed. Looking back, Maughold Head, Albert Tower, North Barrule, and Snaefell are in sight.

At Shellag Point the sandy cliffs wear a picturesque aspect, and are most interesting to the geological student. They are composed from base to summit of layers of sand and rounded pebbles, similar to what is being formed at the present day in the adjoining ocean.

It is well to climb to the top of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, or Break-o'-Day hill, and there get a view of the plain, which,

with the exception of a little undulating tract of country surrounding the point where the spectator is standing, is perfectly level, and stretches from Ramsey to Point of Ayre, and for a great distance inland, and lies at the foot of the mountain range of North Barrule and Snaefell. The Point of Ayre lighthouse is a distinct object, and the whole of the Ramsey bay is visible, with the town in the centre. Steamships, merchant vessels, and fishing-boats are moving in every direction across the expanse of ocean, and in the distance are the Scotch and Cumbrian coasts. Curious it is to note an immense granite boulder, weighing many tons, which rests about a dozen yards from the top of the hill. It must have been brought to its present position by the agency of ice during the glacial period.

From this hill it is a pleasant walk along the tops of the cliffs, which are quite smooth, and covered with short grass, and tenanted by innumerable sea-fowl. When viewed from the edge of the precipice at different points, these cliffs present a charming appearance. The surrounding country is variegated here and there with farmsteads, many of which are embosomed in trees; but excepting these clusters close to the houses, there is scarcely a tree to be seen. The fences are 6 feet high, and composed of sand and soil, overgrown with grass and gorse.

Five miles from Ramsey the cliffs subside into a level tract, only 20 feet higher than the sea, and a shingly beach extends round the Point of Ayre. The land is cultivated to within ½ mile of the lighthouse, and then the soil is composed of sand and pebbles, overgrown with long coarse grass, called bent, which the Islanders gather, and use for thatching houses. Evidently within a period geologically recent it was covered by the waves. This is borne out by the fact that, in ancient deeds and maps relating to the Isle of Man, lakes and estuaries are mentioned where now exists dry land. If the sea were to recede a few feet more, there would appear above the water a sand-bank, which extends from near the Point of Ayre to the Bahama Bank, off Maughold Head. At times when the tide is low the breakers may be observed dashing over it, and the fishermen represent they can sometimes touch the bank with their oars; and it is said that some have been known to stand upon it. Farther distant is King William's Bank, so called from the Prince of Orange, who was nearly wrecked on it when on his way to the battle of the Boyne.

If our great geologists would visit this part of the Isle of

Man, we think they would see that what they now consider impossible and absurd is the actual fact, and the only natural order of the workings of nature, and that it is not the land which rises and sinks by the force of internal heat, but that it is the sea-level which changes. The writer advanced this theory in his 'Guide' to the English lakes, and the more he studies the subject the more fully is he convinced that he is right, and that that theory is the only true foundation for the science of geology.

The Point of Ayre lighthouse is seated on the plain at the northern extremity of the island. It is a noble-looking building 106 feet high, built of freestone, and was erected by the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners in 1818. The Rev. J. G. Cumming says, "It was at first close upon high-water mark, and has now a good piece of bank extending between it and the salt water." This would lead us to infer that the sea is leaving the land at a perceptible rate.* The light may be seen on an average about 20 miles, and in very fine weather 36 miles. It is a revolving catoptric light, and consists of fourteen parabolic reflectors. It revolves every two minutes, showing one minute a white light, and the other minute a red light. The lights visible on a clear night from this point are those of the lighthouses of the Mull of Galloway, Little Ross, and St. Bees, and the lighthouse ship close to Bahama Bank. The distance to the Mull of Galloway is 21 miles, to Burrow Head 16 miles, and to Whitehaven 28 miles. Two keepers and their families live on the spot, and visitors are allowed to see over the building free of charge. It may be reached with carriage from Ramsey, a distance of 7 miles.

To the south-west of the lighthouse the sandy grass-grown plain stretches monotonously for 4 or 5 miles, and the beach consists of sand and pebbles, sloping gradually into the sea; but it is beautiful to witness the long stretch of uneven lines of white foam caused by the clear transparent water dashing over the shore. If it were near any of the sea-side watering places it would be considered most splendid bathing-ground.

When the plain ends it is well to ascend the headland of

* The same writer, when speaking of the Douglas estuary, which formerly ran up to Port-e-Chee, says:—"It has been drained by an elevation which is probably the last affecting materially the physical condition of the island; and the tourist may find some reason perhaps for the supposition, that the movement then commenced has been quietly proceeding even down to the present time."

Blue Point, and walk along the cliffs. One spot, where there appears to be a hole in the cliff, is called by the natives "King Orry's Castle," or "Chashtal Ree Gorree." There is nothing to denote that any castle or fortification existed here, but according to tradition it was the point where that ancient Scandinavian warrior first landed on the island.

A few yards farther a small limekiln will be observed close to the shore. The farmers collect limestones from off the sands at low tides, generally after a storm, and burn them with coals carted from Ramsey. Most of the limestones are full of perfect fossils. Geologists will wonder where is the parent rock whence these stones come. Perhaps it is not far distant in the bed of the ocean, under the recent or pleistocene strata, which occupies the whole of the northern level portion of the island. Should search be made and limestone found under the pleistocene series, there is also just a bare possibility that above the limestone a bed of coal might be discovered. It is to be hoped that the insular government will ere long settle the doubt by having borings made in a few of the most likely places. Some of these limestone boulders may, however, have been imbedded in the sandy cliffs, which have already been washed away, having succumbed to the unceasing action of the waves.

Close to the sands there is no difficulty in crossing the Lhane Mooar river, the first stream met with since leaving Ramsey. Jurby Head is now in sight, with the same unvaried line of sandy coast stretching right to it. When it is reached there is found to be a small mound on the top, close to Jurby church, called Cronk Mooar, which commands an extensive view in every direction. The coasts of Cumberland and Scotland are in sight, also the mountain range stretching from Maughold Head to South Barrule; and Peel Hill, and Corrin's Tower are distinct objects. The ruins of Peel Castle, Cathedral, and Round Tower, present a picturesque appearance, and are rarely lost to view during the remainder of the journey along this part of the coast.

Close to Cronk Mooar is another of the many high mounds, called Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa.

For some distance beyond Jurby the cliffs have rather a bold aspect, with the usual sandy coast at their feet. They overlook most of the level country that extends to the foot of the hills, with churches, hamlets, and farmsteads scattered about in every direction; Ballaugh new church being a prominent object.

Close to Killane river, which is a mere streamlet, is another limekiln. The cliffs now almost disappear until the opening is passed, in which, a few hundred yards distant, stands the old parish church of Ballaugh.

At Orrisdale Head the cliffs are again bold, and present a fine appearance, whilst at their base are some excellent sands, upon which in summer may usually be seen scores of natives digging for sand-eels, a small fish which they boil and mix with butter and pepper.

The first small aperture to the south of Orrisdale Head is Glen Trunk, which contains a purling rill, and conducts to Bishop's Court. A few yards farther is Glen Balleira, and then a third and larger opening leading up Glen Wyllin. Kirk Michael is gained by walking ½ mile up the latter glen.

Half a mile beyond Glen Wyllin is Glen Mooar. The cliffs composed of sand and gravel, which have continued almost uninterruptedly all the way from Ramsey, with fine bathing-ground at their base, now vanish, and are succeeded by a picturesque and indented coast with rocks descending into the sea, and a shore strewn with boulders. The clay slate, of the same character as that which composed the bulk of the mountains on the island, suddenly appears a few yards south of Glen Mooar, with the sand and gravel of the pleistocene series resting upon it.

A few yards farther are caves and natural arches in the rocks, and if the tide be out, and the tourist succeed in passing through an arch, he may continue on the shore as far as Glen Cam; but here he must ascend the brow, or take up the Glen to the road, which is a few yards off.

The walk along the brow of the cliffs is rather fatiguing, on account of the uneven ground, but few who undertake it will regret the toil, for there are numerous peeps down fantastic rocks and pretty recesses, where the lover of nature will have presented to his gaze many of her wildest features. The geologist will be especially interested in one or two places in noting the rocks, contorted and sometimes vertical. As Peel is approached, the Castle and surrounding ruins are attractive objects; and the town of Peel, Peel Hill, Corrin's Tower, and South Barrule are also in sight.

At the White Strand, 1½ miles north of Peel, there is a patch of the old red sandstone, the rocks jutting into the sea; and close by may be discovered the remains of a bed of limestone resting on the sandstone. This, and the neighbourhood of Castletown, are the only places where the old red

sandstone is found on the island. A wild secluded creek and dark water-worn caves are passed, and then a point is reached which commands a view of the whole of Peel Bay, with the town, the picturesque ruins on St. Patrick's Isle, and the Peel Hill crowned with Corrin's Tower.

Descending to the shore, the Neb river may be crossed at the ferry close to the castle, or at a footbridge a short distance up the stream.

The Peel Hill has to be mounted, it being impossible to walk along the shore, the ground having a steep descent into the sea. During the climb there are beautiful views of the town of Peel with its mouldering ruins, and a wide extent of inland country watered by the Neb river. The traveller may continue the ascent to Corrin's Tower, which crowns the summit of the hill, 501 feet above the sea, and now serves as a landmark; but he will perhaps prefer continuing on the brow of the cliffs, with the sea-breakers in sight dashing amongst the rocks hundreds of feet below. A tramway leads to a slate quarry, and close to it, and not far from an old building, is St. Patrick's Well, famed in ancient times, and then much visited, but now in a neglected state. When beyond the well and tower, the south-western shore comes in sight, presenting a grand appearance with Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, Brada Head, and the Calf Isle rising sheer out of the water. The Stack rock is seen at the foot of the Calf Islet, and nearer to the spectator are the Niarbyl rocks, whilst inland stands South Barrule.

Continuing along the brow of the cliffs, many fine glimpses are had down into wild but lovely miniature creeks, with the sea dashing amongst rocks composed of hard clay slate, the old red sandstone and limestone not appearing on the coast at this side of Peel.

About 2 miles beyond the tower, the deep hollow of Glen Meay has to be crossed at the mouth of the stream which flows from South Barrule and Glen Rushen, and passes the Beckwith vein mine, where the water is discoloured by the lead-washings. Three-quarters of a mile from the sea is the Glen Meay waterfall. The stream comes tumbling down a rugged bed with high cliffs on either side, and is spanned by a small wooden footbridge close to the shore. In the pleasant little bay are a few boats used for fishing. The high ground to the left, which rises gradually to the Dalby and Carran hills, is well cultivated, and farmsteads are dotted here and there on the hill-sides. South Barrule is in the back ground,

and only occasionally seen. The houses at Dalby village are also prominent. The cliff-line, though not high, is very uneven between here and Dalby Point, and commands a good retrospective view as far as Contrary Head.

At Niarbyl Point the rocks are picturesque, and the shore to the south presents a remarkably wild and charming appearance. The Carran Hill, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, the Carnanes, Brada Head, and the Calf Islet are all visible, rising steeply out of the ocean, and forming, apparently, one grand bay, but which in reality they subdivide into smaller bays, presenting lines of great beauty. Many persons will consider this the most attractive part of the whole coast; and certainly there are few coasts anywhere which are wilder and more enchanting and lovely.

Nestling amongst the rocks, close to Niarbyl Point, are two secluded and pretty creeks, in one of which are two fishermen's huts, and in the other is a sandy beach suitable for bathing, at the mouth of the Lhag stream. It is to be regretted that there is not an hotel erected here, for it ought to be one of the most attractive places on the island.

The work which has to be done before Port Erin is reached looks rather formidable from this point, each separate height having to be scaled, owing to the sea, at both the ebb and flow of the tide, washing close to the base of the cliffs. There is, however, just sufficient slope to allow the pedestrian, who does not lack courage, to walk a few feet above the water; and such an excursion is very romantic and pleasant, and will never be regretted by any true lover of the wild and stupendous in nature.

Most persons will keep on the tops of the hills, and for this course it is advisable to ascend the Carran Hill by a rough cart-road which winds round the north side of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and passes over the table-land between that mountain and South Barrule, offering a fine prospect of Glen Rushen, with the central mountains in the back-ground; or descends to the south of the island by the side of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa.

On the top of the Carran Hill, South Barrule is in sight, and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa presents a noble appearance. After leaving the road, a rough walk amongst heather soon brings the traveller to the summit of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, 1448 feet above the sea. The prospect is extensive, and close to the feet of the spectator is the ocean, across which are seen the Mourne mountains in Ireland. To the south are the Car-

nanes, Brada Head, Mull Hills, and the Calf Islet, with a wide extent of level country in the direction of Castletown. In the opposite direction are South Barrule, Slieu Whallin, Corrin's Tower, and Snaefell with its neighbouring mountains.

After a descent, the Carnanes have to be ascended, and this is soon accomplished, over a few hundred yards of steep ground. When on the top the coast is seen to Contrary Head, with the heights of Corrin's Tower, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule. Beyond the level country are seen the Poolvash and Castletown bays, Langness Point, and the Calf Islet, whilst close at hand is Brada Head. By walking from the top to a point overlooking the sea a charming *coup d'œil* is obtained. Fleshwick Bay is at the traveller's feet, and a glimpse is caught of Port Erin. Brada Head presents a grand appearance, rising perpendicularly from the ocean, and at its base it forms two small semicircular bays. Advancing a few steps farther Port St. Mary and Port Erin are both seen, along with the Mull Hills and the Calf Islet.

A steep descent leads to Fleshwick Bay, which, though very small, is a wild and secluded nook. High hills rise steeply from the bay on either side. A road runs to the shore, where there are about half a dozen small boats, and a beach about 50 yards across composed of beautiful white rounded pebbles. There are no houses in the bay, but one or two farmsteads are a few hundred yards distant. On the north side are some fine picturesque rocks and caves, which have been formed by recent landslips. One rock is a regular stack, entirely surrounded by water. Close to the bay the sea has eaten into the rock for some distance, and formed a long deep cleft, which presents an extremely wild aspect, and is a favourite resort of the jackdaw and raven. These, along with the seagulls and other birds which frequent the coast, appear to be the only denizens of this romantic place.

Although Brada Head is only 766 feet above the sea, it presents from Fleshwick Bay so bluff and formidable an appearance that many will be inclined to evade the toil of the ascent, and follow the road to Port Erin. One mile and a quarter from Fleshwick Bay the road runs through Brada village, and then ½ mile farther Port Erin is reached.

Those, however, who ascend Brada Head will be amply repaid for the exertion. The best plan is to commence the climb at the first house from Fleshwick Bay. A good walker will accomplish the task in about thirty minutes. When

the top is reached, the mountain is observed to descend perpendicularly into the sea, and a view is obtained of the coast past Niarbyl Point, and as far as the Peel Hill and Corrin's Tower. The nearer heights of the Carnanes and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa look very grand, rising abruptly from the ocean, with large water-worn caves at their base. To the south are seen the Mull Hills and the Calf Islet, and innumerable fields and houses in the landscape ending in the bays and promontories around Castletown and Port St. Mary.

The traveller ought not on any account to omit obtaining vantage points for looking down the steep western side of the mountain into the deep blue sea, across the broad expanse of which are the mountains in Ireland. Some of these peeps are remarkably grand. Continuing along the summit, the Milner Tower, and a disused building attached to an old mine, appear in front, and romantic cliffs are observed, and at their base, close to the water, is a mine, which is now being worked.

Here, if the traveller stand at the edge of the cliffs, he will behold a wild weird-like scene close at his feet, and on his left the beautiful bay of Port Erin. Those who love to commune with nature in her various moods may do so to their hearts' content, and will be loath to leave a spot so charming. From the tower the view is very extensive, and at the edge of the bay is the clean and comfortable-looking village 1 mile distant, which is entered after a quick descent.

Port Erin is a charming spot, situated in a pretty bay, between Brada Head and the Mull Hills, and here the traveller will do well to rest awhile before resuming the excursion.

The Mull Hills may be reached from the breakwater, but perhaps it is best to ascend by the road from the village. During the walk a fine view is had of the sea around Castletown Bay, and Port St. Mary gradually comes in sight. When the summit is attained, which is 466 feet above the sea-level, the prospect is very good and extensive. There is a long stretch of level land, backed by Brada Head, the Carnanes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa and South Barrule. By bending to the right, until directly above the sea, a capital view is obtained of the Calf Islet. The one occupied farmhouse which it contains is hidden in a hollow, but two small empty buildings and a lighthouse are seen. The bold cliff of Brada Head, upon which are Milner Tower, and the offices connected with a lead mine, is a fine prominent object to the north.

When the point is gained where there is a view of Port Erin, the rocks jutting into the sea from the Mull Hills are very picturesque. After passing the ruins of an ancient landslip the southern part of the island is reached. The distance across to the Calf is 500 yards. The current in the Sound is very strong, and it is only in clear calm weather that the tourist can be taken across. It is at all times a grand sight to see the water on every hand dashing violently against the rocks. A farm outbuilding and an unoccupied hut are situated on the extremity of the main land; and the village of Craigneish is ½ mile distant, where a stranger may sometimes obtain a boatman to row him across to the Calf. The Calf is, however, generally visited by small boat from Port Erin, or Port St. Mary.

After passing the hut, the lighthouses on the Calf and the Chickens, and the rocks called Burrow and the Eye, come in sight, and presently, after a slight climb, the top of Spanish Head is gained. The waves are seen dashing in every direction and forming lines of spray. At the spectator's feet are deep abysses overhung by wild picturesque cliffs, with the sea lashing furiously below. If the day be fine, many times will the tourist throw himself on the heather and, in a listless mood, contemplate so wild and lovely a scene, all alive with its ever changing, ever sounding waters. In such places and at such times man often muses not unpleasantly, and in after-life the scene is reproduced on his mind, and tends to make him a happier and a better man, for "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

> "When scenes less beautiful attract my gaze,
> I shall recall thy quiet loveliness;
> When harsher tones are round me, I shall dream
> Of those mysterious notes, whose thrilling sound
> Peopled the solitude."

On rounding the first part of Spanish Head the tourist will not venture to approach the edge of the cliff, as it slopes steeply, and then descends perpendicularly to the sea. Some magnificent rocks and caves are passed, where the waves are seen surging in the depth, the whole combining and presenting a sublime spectacle. The famed rock, the 'Sugar Loaf," is observed at the north corner of one of these bays, the sea having entirely surrounded it and partitioned it off from the adjacent cliffs. In the waste gorse-clad land, in front of the one refreshment house on the hill, will be found

"The Chasms," those rents in the rock which are said by one writer to be "the greatest attraction in all the island."

When on Noggin Head an excellent prospect is obtained of Port St. Mary and Poolvash bays, Castletown bay and town, and the Langness promontory; also a large extent of the island, covered with dwellings, and stretching to the dark heath-covered summit of South Barrule.

Round Perwick Bay the rocks are very wild, and the sea rolls over them with great fury. From this point the tourist will walk round Kallow Point, either by the shore or along a road which leads over the hill, and he then quickly reaches Port St. Mary.

The coast now loses its wild, cliff-like character, owing to the absence of the slate rock, which does not again appear until we pass Derby Haven; the low southern part of the island being covered chiefly by sand and gravel, with here and there the limestone visible, the latter no doubt existing at no great depth over most of this area.

Leaving Port St. Mary, and passing the school, the Chapel bay is skirted by following a lane on the right which leads round Gansy Point, and then the Castletown road is entered at the smelt mill. The traveller will continue on this road, which runs close to the waves, and past Mount Gawne, a brewery, the Shore inn, and the mansion of Kentraugh, to Strandhall. Between the two latter places the limestone appears on the shore, and continues round by Poolvash, Scarlet Point, and Castletown, to Derby Haven.

From Strandhall, Castletown may be reached direct by following the road; but a pleasant stroll is had by branching to the right and going past Poolvash, and round Scarlet. At Castletown the river Silver Burn is crossed, and Derby Haven reached after passing Hango Hill, King William's College, and the Race Course. Those who will not have another opportunity of visiting Langness ought not to omit a walk round that peninsula, as it is most interesting in a geological point of view, and presents scenes eminently picturesque.

Leaving Derby Haven, with its neighbouring islet of St. Michael, containing a small chapel and fort, the traveller continues along the coast, past Ronaldsway, to the mouth of the Santon Burn, with a view in front of St. Ann's Head, and on the left of Brada Head, the Carnanes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule.

The Santon Burn, which is close to Cass-na-Hawin Head, may be crossed a few hundred yards farther up the glen, or

when the tide is out a passage may be found along the shore. The mouth of the ravine down which flows this stream is hemmed in by high banks covered with gorse and heather, but without trees; a spot which the Rev. Mr. Cumming mentions as being one of the most picturesque on the island. Though agreeing with him in this, we must dissent from his mode of accounting for the origin of the ravine. He says, "The valley down which the river runs into the sea is one of elevation, a great crack in the earth's crust in consequence of extreme tension across a saddle when the country was being elevated. Even an ordinary observer must mark how the salient points at one side of this lovely winding valley correspond to recesses on the opposite side of it; so that if the earth were to sink down again, we see at once that they would lock into each other, just (to compare small things with great) as the teeth in a rat-trap when the edges approximate. The earth here in opening her mouth has exhibited a set of teeth, compared with which those possessed by the most monstrous saurian that ever paddled in the secondary seas sink into utter insignificance." This is very fanciful, and at first sight plausible; but we prefer to attribute the formation of the ravine to the denuding agency of water, rather than to search for "salient points at one side corresponding to recesses on the opposite side," a rather fruitless and hopeless task.

All the way to St. Ann's Head the coast is observed to be rock-bound, with the water dashing at the base of moderately high cliffs of slate rock. A few yards beyond the Santon river, and the fine sandy creek of Saltrick, are some water-worn caves, and at one place there is a rock which has a romantic eye or archway running through it, and at high tide is surrounded by water. Good retrospective views are obtained of the rocky indented coast, with Derby Haven and Langness in the distance.

The next principal inlet is Port Greenwick or Grenaugh, a fine open bay, which branches inland for a few hundred yards. At its head are a sandy beach and a pretty private residence; and on each side are rocks and caves.

At St. Ann's Head the rocks are wild, and beautifully stratified. Here the view is lost of Derby Haven and Castle-town, but the shore to Douglas Head is visible, and on the latter point is observed the tower of the Head Hotel. The cliffs during the whole way are high, and the coast is rocky and indented. In one sense there is a sameness on the coast all the way from Derby Haven to Douglas, but in another

sense there is an infinite and pleasing variety, for no two rocks, creeks, or headlands are the same; and the waters of the ocean have a constant and ever changing motion, sending forth sounds as varying as are the positions, near or distant, high or low, of the traveller on the cliffs above. "Here are the favourite haunts of the sea-fowl; and when a storm has been spending its fury on these rugged cliffs with a heavy swell rolling in from the north-east, their wild screaming, mixed up with the roaring of the billows on the rocky caves and deep gullies, and the dash of the foaming surge upon the pinnacles of schist which stand out here and there into the sea, form a concert of discords wonderfully impressive and heart-stirring. And so again are we soothed into a kind of romantic melancholy when not a breath of air stirs the waters, and the only sound is that of the lap-lapping of the wave, and its faint echo against the sides of the picturesque cavern on the quiet influx of the tide, mixed with trickling of water from the roof and the splash of the little neighbouring cascade which comes tumbling down fifty or sixty feet, and mirrors a rainbow from the morning sun; and there is the gentle bleating of the sheep on the crag above, and the plaintive cry of the curlew, which has made its nest in some rocky cranny along the shore: and then to look down into the clear deep azure pools and watch the finny tribe there disporting themselves, and tempting lobsters and crabs peeping forth from their holes, and all the beautiful variety of algæ waving to and fro in the briny swell; where can we see these things in greater perfection than in Mona? Who that loves such scenes will not hasten to enjoy them here?"

After passing over one or two heights, the traveller will be pleased with a sight of the charming Bay of Port Soderick, where is a solitary hotel, pleasantly situated on the beach.

Ascending from this little haven, a view is had of the coast to Little Ness, the sea dashing wildly amongst the jutting rocks. After passing Little Ness, the rocks are in many places beautifully contorted and almost vertical. A wild rock-bound coast exists all the way to Douglas, with high cliffs, which are in places deeply rent. Soon after passing Pigeon's Cove, where is some grand rock scenery, Douglas Head is reached, and the tourist finishes his circuit of the isle, in all probability better in health, mind, and spirit for the outing.

MANX PROVERBS AND SAYINGS.

When the day comes, its counsel will come with it.
Every day has its night, every weal its woe.
We must take the horns with the hide.
A bad reaper never got a good sickle.
Better is a kind heart than a crafty head.
A wise man often conciliates his enemy.
Praise not the ford till you are safe over.
A drunken night makes a cloudy morning.
Two bad pays—pay beforehand, and no pay at all.
He who broods evil shall be overtaken by it.
The silent tongue is better than evil speaking.
Death never came without an excuse.
Better to go to bed supperless than to get up in debt.
It is not the man who has little that's poor,
But he who has all, yet pines after more.
When the hand ceases to give the tongue ceases to praise.
Every herring must hang by its own gill.
Do as they do in the Isle of Man:
How's that? They do as they can.
When gorse is out of blossom, kissing's out of fashion.
Two fagots will burn better than one.
You must summer and winter a stranger before you can form an opinion of him.
When one thief robs another thief, the de'il chuckles for joy.
When a man wants a wife, he wants but a wife;
But when he has got a wife, he wants a great deal.
A miserable bush is better than the open field.
A slow fire makes sweet malt.
There's much between saying and doing.
There's much lost between the hand and mouth.
Maybe the last dog is catching the hare.
After spring-tide, neap.
Poor once, poor for ever.
Learning is fine clothes for the rich man, and riches for the poor man.
The smaller the company the bigger the share.
When one poor man helps another poor man, God himself laughs.
Soon ripe, soon rotten.
Don't tell me what I was, but tell me what I am.

MINERALOGY.

"Nor to the surface of enlivened earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined:
But to the bowelled cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnished War
Gleams as the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain."

Thomson.

The mineralogical and metalliferous products of the Isle of Man are of so much importance, that a guide would be incomplete if a few pages were not devoted to the description of those minerals which have stamped the island as being one of the most productive metalliferous localities of the United Kingdom. The Isle of Man certainly offers opportunities to those who would wish to study mineralogy or metallurgy seldom to be met with, as the field of observation is so productive, and reduced to within such a small compass, as to render the difficulties, often great in other localities, extremely few. There are two methods of studying mineralogy—the one in a scientific light, and the other in what we may term a social form. The former has for its object not only the discovery of the various specimens themselves, but also their properties, the laws under which they occur, and their bearing and association with other objects. This method is compelled, therefore, in its total to introduce, as well as those minerals of more importance to man, others which may seem worthless and altogether unattractive. The second method busies itself only with those substances which are related to us habitually, considering only the use to which they may be applied. As the preceding method requires, as it were, from nature the

keys of the absolute world, the second only demands those belonging to the industrial part.

The first requirement of mineralogy is to learn to distinguish one mineral from another, not only by their colour, weight, and lustre, but by the aid of chemistry and crystallography. We find that when one mineral is heated it melts, that another remains infusible, that another will only be affected upon its edges, that some will evaporate, and that some will be affected by acids, whilst others will remain unaltered. Hardness, taste, transparency, and the optical properties of minerals are also of use in the distinguishing of species. In the following list I have endeavoured to meet the requirements of the scientific reader, and in these few introductory remarks the requirements of the unscientific. Mineralogy has unfortunately been studied less than any of the kindred departments of Natural History—more, I am afraid, from the want of teachers of the elementary part, than from any lack of interest on the subject.

Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S., a Manx gentleman, did more for the encouragement of science amongst his countrymen than any other, but he was so far advanced during his life that few of his friends were then enabled to follow him through his elaborate scientific treatises. Many of his papers were written upon the various geological and mineralogical features of his native island; and there is no doubt that it is partly through the attention he drew to the geological position of many of the rocks that the country at the present day occupies such a high position with regard to produce in the metallurgical world, and in regard to species in the scientific section.

Most of the minerals and their varieties are procured from the two principal mines, Great Laxey and Foxdale, so that a visit to these would in all probability insure to the tourist a rich harvest in the Manx specimens. The tourist who will follow with ardour the collecting of minerals will certainly realize in his own person that

> "Such experimentalists
> Exult in joys to grosser minds unknown,
> A wealth exhaustless, and a world their own."

Nature has not only given to minerals the most gorgeous tints, but has endowed them with a diversity of form which is truly marvellous. The well-known mineral calcite, which is found plentifully in a crystallized state in nearly all parts

of the island, is an example of the variety of form and endless modifications that can be assumed by a specimen. There are more than *five hundred* crystallized varieties of secondary forms of this abundant earthy mineral. In each of these forms can easily be traced relations of one system of combination to another system which combine, under their own distinct laws, harmoniously to produce almost numberless varieties. Each crystal of calcite, in fact, is composed of millions of particles of the same compound calcite, all possessing the one invariable form, viz. that of a rhombohedron, which by mechanical division might be procured to an indefinite extent. It is not beauty alone, therefore, which secures a permanent attention of the student of nature or tourist to minerals, but those wonderful crystallographical forms which is the true attraction of all mineralogists.

Limestone, which exists largely in the southern part, is a massive or granular variety of calcite, which when burnt produces what is commonly called quicklime. This limestone is quarried in the island to a great extent, especially the variety familiarly called "Poolvash black marble," from being situated on the shore of Poolvash Bay, near Balladoole. Many hundred tons per annum of the limestone of Ballahot and Port St. Mary are burnt into lime. At Scarlet nearly 2000 tons of this same mineral per annum were raised. By an old and peculiar statute it was enacted, that all inhabitants of the island who were in want of limestone might enter on his neighbour's lands and take away any quantity requisite for his own use, in consideration of paying the occupier a reasonable amount in satisfaction thereof; but unfortunately, as surface damage only was interpreted, the owner fared somewhat harshly.

Dolomite, so called in honour of the great geologist and traveller Dolomieu, a carbonate of lime and magnesia, is found plentifully, in remarkably fine rhombohedral crystals, at Great Laxey, associated with chalcopyrite and galena. When in a massive state this mineral forms what geologists term the magnesian limestone. It will thus be observed that the island produces earthy minerals of the greatest importance; but it is to a new division of substances—metals, whose main characters are essentially different from the earthy —that the island owes the principal part of its commercial prosperity.

There are no fewer than twenty-one mines working in the island, producing principally the ores of lead, copper, and

zinc. The former is of the greatest importance, the annual produce being more than 4500 tons. The lead ore of the Isle of Man is most valuable, principally through the enormous quantity of silver which it yields. A variety of galena from Foxdale, according to 'Chaloner's History,' is said to have contained more than 100 oz. per ton. The same author also says, when speaking of the produce of the southern part of the island, "No sort of minerals has been here found but ore of lead, at and near unto the seacrag, called Minehough, which hath been experimented by Captain Edward Christian (who was employed in command at sea by the East India Company and sometimes under King James in one of his royal ships; sometimes also lieutenant of this Isle, then receiver, and lastly major-general, a native of this country, and of the principal family there) to hold much silver. The veins of this mine, by its brightnesse, may plainly be descried in the rock towards the sea, but it seemeth not possible to be wrought, in regard the sea beats upon it constantly at high-water, unlesse it may be done by mining within the land; a tryall whereof were worth the undertaking in regard of the great benefit that possibly may ensue thereof."

Lead mining was commenced as early as the year 1292; for at that period one John Cowper, Earl of Buchan, obtained from Edward I. liberty to dig and search for galena in the Calf of Man (which may be regarded as part of the Brada district), to cover eight towers of his castle at Cruggleton, in Galloway. The Statute Book of the Isle of Man mentions various mining operations under the dates 1422, 1613, 1618, and 1630.

The principal mines are those of Laxey. They are situated on the banks of the Laxey river, about a mile above that village, and have been worked most successfully for many years by a company. The principal production of these mines with regard to quantity is blende, the sulphide of zinc, of which more than 5700 tons has been raised in a single year. Galena is then next, about 2300 tons having been annually raised; and, lastly, copper—about 100 tons. This ore is extracted from the chalcopyrite (copper pyrites). Laxey seems to have attracted particular attention about the beginning of the present century. Mr. Wood, writing in the year 1811, says that "a level had been begun about thirty years previously, but not regularly worked, being much incommoded with water. The vein wrought consisted of common brown blende, lead glance (galena), and occasion-

ally green carbonate of copper in a matrix chiefly of quartz; small portions of phosphate and of carbonate of lead were interspersed." He also states that his information was that the galena was of such a rich quality as to produce an assay of 180 oz. to the ton. The blende was for some time neglected, but latterly more attention has been paid to its working and dressing, and it has obtained a good price in the market. At a later period, a second level was driven into the hill about a quarter of a mile farther down the stream, and about 5 fathoms below the level of the former excavation, for the purpose of drainage, &c. At the present moment the mines are pierced in every direction with levels and shafts, the workings being most extensively carried on by the present company. The Foxdale mine, situated in the southern hills, is the next mine of importance in the island, the yearly return of lead being about 1500 tons.*

In concluding these observations, let me hope that those tourists who may somewhat benefit by them will, when returning home, carry with them the resolution of continuing the pursuit of the charming study of mineralogy and the metallurgical products of the earth; and that their ardour will not rest or relax until they have thoroughly made themselves masters of those elementary difficulties which must be encountered by all who would wish to thoroughly understand the goodness and wisdom of the Creator through his works.

In the following list there are no fewer than eighteen earthy, and fourteen metalliferous, minerals enumerated, all of which, to my knowledge, the Isle of Man produces.

BRYCE McMURDO-WRIGHT, Jun.,
F.R.Hist. Soc., &c.

* See statistics, page 237.

NON-METALLIC MINERALS.

Order I.—CARBON.

No. 1. **Graphite.** — Blacklead. Plumbago. Carburet of iron. Form, hexagonal. Cleavage, basal, perfect. In granular masses. Lustre, metallic. Colour, dark steel-gray. Opaque. Sectile. Soils paper.

Composition: Carbon mixed with iron, alumina, silicia, lime, &c.

Carbon	92·0
Iron	8·0
	100·0

This mineral, so valuable when found in quantity, was discovered by the Rev. Mr. Cumming at Beary, in the western part of the island. The quality pretty fair, but not to be compared with the celebrated Borrowdale, Cumberland variety. Its name is derived from the Greek *γράφω*, to write. It is erroneously called blacklead, as it contains no lead whatever.

Order II.—CARBONATES.

No. 2. **Calcite.**—Calcite, *Brooke and Miller.* Carbonate of lime, *Phillips.*

Rhombohedral. Fracture, conchoidal, but seldom observable, owing to easy cleavage. Transparent, translucent. Lustre, vitreous. Colour, white, yellow, &c. Streak, white. Brittle. Hardness, 3·0; specific gravity, 2·6 to 2·8.

Composition:

Carbonic acid	44·0
Lime	56·0
	100·0

Occurs plentifully, crystallized, at the Foxdale and Laxey lead mines, associated with chalcopyrite and dolomite. One of the most common minerals. When massive and compact, forms the variety marble or limestone, quarries of which are to be found at Poolvash and Balladoole. It is used also when in compact masses for making quicklime. Many

hundreds of tons for this purpose are quarried yearly at Ballahot and Port St. Mary.

No. 3. **Witherite.**—Witherite, *Phillips.* Carbonate of Barytes. Prismatic. Fracture, uneven. Streak, white. Translucent, sometimes transparent. Lustre, vitreous. Colour, white, inclining to gray. Brittle.

Hardness, 3·0 to 3·5; specific gravity, 4·2 to 4·3.

Composition:

Baryta	77·59
Carbonic acid	22·41
	100·00

Found in Foxdale lead mine. A very valuable commercial mineral when found in quantities, being extensively used for making paint, and in chemical works in the manufacture of plate glass. In France it is used also for making beet sugar. Unfortunately it is only met with sparingly on the island.

No. 4. **Dolomite.**—Dolomite, *Brooke and Miller.* Bitter-spar, *Phillips.* Brown spar and pearl spar are varieties.

Rhombohedral. Lustre, vitreous. Fracture, conchoidal. Semi-transparent to translucent. White, but often of a yellowish tint. Brittle.

Hardness, 3·5 to 4·5; specific gravity, 2·85 to 2·95.

Composition:

Carbonate of lime	54·35
Carbonate of magnesia ..	45·65
	100·00

This mineral occurs plentifully in very fine crystals, associated with chalcopyrite and blende at the Foxdale lead mines. It is perhaps the commonest mineral in the island, with the exception of the massive ores of galena and blende. A ferriferous variety may perhaps be met with, commonly called brown spar. Another variety, called pearl spar, is to be found at the same locality. It occurs in rhombohedrons with curved faces. This mineral, when massive or granular, forms the magnesian limestone of geologists, occurring in beds often of very great extent and thickness. Named after M. Dolomieu, the celebrated geologist and traveller.

No. 5. **Barytes.**—Baryte, *Brooke and Miller*. Heavy spar. Cawk, *of the miners*.

Prismatic. Fracture, conchoidal, but seldom observable. Transparent to translucent. Colourless, white, gray, brown, &c. Brittle.

Hardness, 3·0 to 3·5; specific gravity, 4·3 to 4·7.

Composition:

Baryta	65·63
Sulphuric acid	34·37
	100·00

A portion of the baryta is sometimes replaced by strontian. Foxdale and North Foxdale mines have produced this mineral, though in no quantity.

Order III.—SILICA AND SILICATES.

No. 6. **Quartz.**—Quartz, *Phlilips*. Quartz, *Hauy*. Berg-crystal. Rock crystal.

Rhombohedral. White the prevailing colour, although often yellow, red, pink, and black. Transparent to translucent. If two pieces be rubbed sharply together in the dark, a phosphorescent light and a faint empyreumatic odour are emitted. Exhibits double refraction.

Hardness, 7·0; specific gravity, 2·5 to 2·8.

Composition, when pure:

Silicon	48·04
Oxygen	51·96
	100·00

The commonest of all minerals, therefore holds a most prominent place in most collections. Met with in most parts of the island. An essential ingredient of granite and many other rocks.

No. 7. *Carnelian.*—Variety of quartz of a red, yellow, or brown colour in alternating layers. Is found as pebbles upon the beach at Peel Bay. It is not improbable that agate, onyx,

and chalcedony, all varieties of quartz, may be found in pebbles at the same locality.

No. 8. **Felspar.**—Felspar, *Brooke and Miller*. Orthoclase, *Dana*. Felspath, *Hausmann*.

Oblique. Fracture, conchoidal. Yellowish white, white, and sometimes flesh-red.

Hardness, 6·0; specific gravity, 2·53 to 2·58.

Composition:

Silica	64·6
Alumina	18·5
Potash	16·9
	100·0

This mineral has been found at Barrule (The Dhoon).

No. 9. **Labradorite.**—Labrador Felspar, *Phillips*.

Anorthic. Fracture, imperfect, conchoidal, uneven, splintery. Faintly translucent. Lustre, vitreous. Colour, gray. Streak, white. Brittle.

Hardness, 6·0; specific gravity, 2·7.

Composition:

Silica	52·9
Lime	12·3
Soda	4·5
Alumina	30·3
	100·0

This mineral, which often forms a constituent of hornblende and other rocks, is met with at Scarlet, in the south part of the island. The foreign variety from Labrador (hence its name) exhibits a play of colours unequalled in any other mineral, and is often used for mounting in jewellery.

No. 10. **Muscovite.**—Common mica. Mica, *Brooke and Miller*. Glimmer, *Haidinger*.

Oblique. Various shades of brown, yellow, gray; the colours, however, not usually deep. Streak, white to gray. Sectile.

Hardness, 2·0 to 3·0; specific gravity, 2·8 to 3·1.

Composition:

Silica	48·0
Alumina	39·8
Potash	12·2
	100·0

Often contains also water, lime, magnesia, iron, &c.

This is the mineral known as common mica, the glistening ingredient in the well-known rock granite. To be found at Barrule, in the Dhoon.

No. 11. **Olivine.**—Chrysolite, Phillips.

Prismatic. Fracture, conchoidal. Lustre, vitreous. Transparent, translucent. Colour, yellow, green, brown.

Hardness, 6·0 to 7·0; specific gravity, 3·3 to 3·5.

Composition:

Silica	41·19
Magnesia	50·27
Protoxide of iron	8·54
	100·00

Manganese and lime sometimes replace the magnesia.

Occurs disseminated and in small crystalline masses at Scarlet. The precious stone chrysolite is simply olivine; an ingredient also of some meteoric irons.

No. 12. **Augite.**—Augite, *Brooke and Miller*. Pyroxene, *Dana*. Augit, *Haidinger*.

Oblique. Fracture, uneven, conchoidal. Lustre, vitreous. Streak, white to gray. Brittle.

Hardness, 5·0 to 6·0; specific gravity, 3·2 to 3·5.

Composition:

Silica	55·62
Lime	25·72
Magnesia	18·66
	100·00

This mineral, which occurs in many trap rocks, is found at Scarlet, near Castletown.

No. 13. **Hornblende.**—Amphibole. Hornblende, *Phillips.* Oblique. Fracture, conchoidal, imperfect. Opaque. Lustre, vitreous. Colour, reddish black, and sometimes gray. Brittle.

Hardness, 5·0 to 6·0; specific gravity, 2·9 to 3·4.

Composition: The following is an analysis of a variety of hornblende resembling in external appearance the variety from this island. No analysis of the Manx species has yet been published to my knowledge:—

Silica	47·62
Alumina	7·38
Magnesia	14·81
Lime	12·69
Protoxide of iron	15·78
Protoxide of manganese ..	0·32
	98·60

Found at Derbyhaven, near Castletown.

No. 14. **Stilbite.**—Stilbite, *Brooke and Miller*, *Dana*, *Beudant.* Stilbit, *Haidinger.*

Prismatic (according to Breithaupt, oblique). White, also red, yellow, and brown. Translucent to transparent on the edges. Fracture, uneven. Brittle. Streak, white.

Hardness, 3·5 to 4·0; specific gravity, 2·1 to 2·2.

Composition:

Silica	57·98
Alumina	16·13
Lime	8·94
Water	16·95
	100·00

This mineral, according to notes made by Professor David Forbes, F.R.S., occurs at Scarlet.

No. 15. **Chlorite.**—Chlorite, *Phillips.* Talc chlorite (in part), *Hauy.*

Rhombohedral. Various shades of green, and greenish gray. Lustre, dull pearly. Translucent.

Hardness 1·5; specific gravity, 2·85.

Composition:

Silica	27·2
Alumina	23·1
Magnesia	13·4
Protoxide of iron	24·2
Water	12·1
	100·0

This mineral, which derives its name from the Greek χλωρὸς, green, is found at Cronk-y-Voddee.

No. 16. **Ottrelite.**—*Descloiseaux and D'Amour.* A mineral closely resembling chloritoid, a hydrous silicate of alumina, iron, and magnesia. Occurs, according to 'Mineralogists' Directory,' *Hall* (Edward Stanford), at Brada Head (South Manx mines).

METALLIC MINERALS.

Order I.—GOLD.

No. 17. **Gold.**

Cubic. Primary form, the octahedron. British gold does not often crystallize, but portions of planes of the dodecahedron and octahedron are visible in some of the Irish specimens. I have also observed distinct planes on some small nuggets found at Leadhills in Lanarkshire, Scotland.

Lustre, metallic. Gold, yellow. Soluble only in nitro-muriatic acid. No trace of cleavage. Very ductile and malleable.

Hardness, 2·5; specific gravity, 17·0 to 19·0.

Composition: Gold, but containing silver in different proportions, and sometimes traces of copper, iron, palladium, and rhodium. The ordinary gold contains from 0·16 to 16·0 per cent. of silver. The following is analysis of a specimen of gold from Wicklow in Ireland, by Mallet:

Gold	92·32
Silver	6·17
Iron	0·78
	99·27

The gold from the Isle of Man does not occur, as is usually the case, in quartz veins, but is to be gathered (certainly in very small portions) from the bed of the stream running from Barrule. Iron pyrites, galena, and many copper ores contain gold, and are then termed auriferous.

Order II.—IRON.

No. 18. **Iron.**—Native iron; meteoric iron.

Octahedral. Fracture, hackly. Surface, rough. Opaque. Steel-gray. Malleable and ductile. Fusible, but with difficulty, before the blowpipe.

Hardness, 4·5; specific gravity, 7·0 to 7·8.

Composition: Meteoric iron generally contains from 1 to 20 per cent. of nickel, besides a small percentage of other metals, as cobalt, manganese, tin, chromium; also phosphorus, common as a phosphuret, sulphur in sulphides, carbon in some instances, chlorine.

Meteoric irons or stones are of the greatest rarity in the British Isles, only twenty *having been stated* to have fallen since the year 1622. According to Greg and Lettsom's 'Manual of Mineralogy,' one is supposed to have fallen at Pulrose, in the Isle of Man. There is no account given of its fall, nor is it stated whether it was an iron or *stone;* but as the aforenamed gentlemen have placed it with the native irons, I thought it better to insert it in precisely the same order. No date is given of its fall, but as it is placed *after* one which fell 29th April, 1844, we can conclude it is since that date.

No. 19. **Hæmatite.**—Hæmatite. Kidney iron. Red iron ore.

Rhombohedral. Fracture, conchoidal to uneven. Brittle.

Hardness, 5·5 to 6·5; specific gravity, 5·19 to 5·23.

Composition:

Iron	70·0
Oxygen	30·0
	100·0

Hæmatite has been found and worked at three different Manx mines, viz. Ballagorra, Maughold Head, and Maughold Dhyrnane, on the north-east coast of the island. The produce has not, however, been so great as had been expected.

No. 20. **Limnite.**—Brown hæmatite; limonite, *Haidinger;* wood iron ore.

Opaque. Lustre, imperfect, silky, glistening, and dull. Streak, yellowish brown.

Hardness, 5·0 to 5·5; specific gravity, 3·4 to 3·95.

Composition:

Peroxide of iron	85·6
Water	14·4
	100·0

This mineral—a variety of hæmatite—occurs at Maughold Head. It will be noticed it is not so hard as the true hæmatite, and that the specific gravity is much less.

No. 21. **Titanoferrite.**—Titanioferrite, *Chapman Min.*, 1843. Titaneisen.

Rhombohedral. Lustre, submetallic. Iron-black. Opaque. Streak, submetallic. Influences slightly the magnetic needle.

Hardness, 5·0 to 6·0; specific gravity, 4·5 to 5·0.

Composition:

Titanic acid	10·0
Sesquioxide of iron	88·5
Protoxide of iron	1·5
Protoxide of manganese ..	trace.
	100·0

This mineral is a variety of menaccanite, a titaniferous iron, and occurs about a mile south of Peel.

No. 22. **Vivianite.**—Phosphate of iron, *Phillips.*

Oblique. Translucent. Sectile. Indigo-blue to blackish-green.

Hardness, 2·0; specific gravity, 2·6 to 2·7.

Composition:

Protoxide of iron	42·38
Phosphoric acid	28·69
Water	28·93
	100·00

This mineral is found incrusting fossil bones and horns at Ballaugh. It also is to be found in many of the peat-bogs in

the vicinity of the same village. When the variety is particularly earthy, it is white when dug up, but becomes blue on exposure to the atmosphere. Named after J. G. Vivian, Esq.

No. 23. **Pyrites.**—Iron pyrites, *Phillips.*

Cubic. Fracture, uneven or conchoidal. Brass-yellow, sometimes inclining to gold-yellow. Streak, brownish-black. Opaque. Emits sparks if struck with steel.

Hardness, 6·0 to 6·5; specific gravity, 4·9 to 5·1.

Composition:

Iron	45·75
Sulphur	54·25
	100·00

This mineral occurs in almost every kind of rock and formation, generally crystallized or disseminated. It can be procured at the Foxdale lead mines in tolerable good crystals.

Order III.—MANGANESE.

No. 24. **Manganite.**—Gray oxide of manganese, *Phillips.* Manganit, *Haidinger* and *v. Kobell.*

Prismatic. Opaque. Lustre, imperfect. Metallic. Dark steel-gray to iron-black. Rather brittle.

Hardness, 3·5 to 4·0; specific gravity, 4·3 to 4·4.

Composition:

Oxide of manganese ..	89·90
Water	10·10
	100·00

This metal has been found at Kirk Maughold (?). It is used for discharging the brown and green tints of glass, and for obtaining chlorine.

Order IV.—COPPER.

No. 25. **Chrysocolla.**—Chrysocolla, *Phillips*, silicate of copper.

Amorphous. Fracture, conchoidal. Opaque, translucent on the edges. Lustre, resinous. Colour, emerald green to blue. Streak, greenish-white. Slightly brittle.

Hardness, 2·0 to 3·0; specific gravity, 2·1.

Composition:

Oxide of copper	45·2
Silica	34·3
Water	20·5
	100·0

The percentage of water varies greatly in this mineral.

Found in a massive incrusting state at the Brada Head mines.

No. 26. **Polytelite.**—Polytelite, *of Forbes, but not of Glocker.*

Argentiferous tetrahedrite. Freibergite.

Cubic. Cleavage, octahedral (imperfect). Fracture, conchoidal.

Hardness, 3·0 to 4·0; specific gravity, 4·95.

Analysis by David Forbes, Esq., F.R.S.:

Sulphur	27·48
Antimony	24·85
Copper	22·62
Iron	4·80
Zinc	4·65
Silver	13·57
Lead	1·43
Quartz	0·34
	99·74

* This mineral, which is an argentiferous variety of tetrahedrite, has been found at the Foxdale Lead Mines, and described lately in the 'Phil. Mag.,' IV., xxxiv. 350, by D. Forbes, Esq., who calls it polytelite, though not the true polytelite discovered by Glocker, by whom this name was first introduced.

No. 27. **Chalcopyrite.**—Towanite, *Brooke and Miller.* Copper pyrites, *Phillips.*

Pyramidal. Cleavage, tolerably perfect. Slightly brittle. Brass and gold-yellow; when massive, very liable to tarnish. Opaque. Lustre, metallic. Streak, greenish-black.

* 'Supplement to Manual of Mineralogy,' by J. D. Dana, p. 804.

Hardness, 3·5 to 4·0; specific gravity, 4·1 to 4·3.
Composition:

Copper	30·15
Iron	32·37
Sulphur	35·34
	97·86

Copper pyrites occur in very beautiful crystals of a gold-yellow colour at Dhoon and the Laxey lead mines associated with dolomite and blende. Nearly all the copper produced in the United Kingdom is extracted from this ore. There are no less than four mines in the island which produce this metal, viz. Brada, Great Laxey, Maughold Head, and Snaefell. Great Laxey is the only mine, however, which yields good crystallized specimens, such as would interest a mineralogist.

Order V.—MOLYBDENUM.

No. 28. **Molybdenite.**—Sulphuret of molybdena, *Phillips.* Molybdenite, *Haidinger.*

Rhombohedral and hexagonal. Commonly foliated, or in scales. Cleavage, perfect. Opaque. Lead-gray. Lustre, metallic.

Hardness, 1·0 to 1·5; specific gravity, 4·4 to 4·8.
Composition:

Molybdenum	59·13
Sulphur	40·87
	100·00

This metal has been found at the Dhoon.

Order VI.—ANTIMONY.

No. 29. **Antimonite.**—Sulphuret of antimony, *Phillips,* Antimonite, *Brooke and Miller.*

Prismatic. Cleavage, brilliant. Fracture, conchoidal, small, and imperfect. Opaque. Lustre, metallic. Lead-gray. Sectile.

Hardness, 2·0; specific gravity, 4·6 to 4·7.
Composition:

Antimony	72·88
Sulphur	27·12
	100·00

This mineral, according to Catalogue of Mineral Localities, by Townshend M. Hall, Esq., F.G.S., is found at Dalby, near Peel.

Order VII.—LEAD.

No. 30. **Pyromorphite.**—Phosphate of lead.
Rhombohedral. Fracture, uneven, conchoidal. Colour, yellow, and different shades of brown. Streak, white. Translucent to opaque.
Hardness, 3·5; specific gravity, 6·9 to 7·0.
Composition:

Phosphoric acid	15·79
Oxide of lead	73·91
Chlorine	2·62
Lead	7·68
	100·00

This ore is found sparingly at Laxey mines. In many localities this—what is termed "coloured ore"—is worked for the lead, yielding about 30 per cent. of galena.

No. 31. **Galena.**—Galena, *Brooke and Miller*. Galenit, *von Kobell*. Glanz, *Haidinger*.
Cubic. The cube and combination of the cube and octahedron are the prevailing forms. Lustre, metallic. Opaque. Colour and streak, lead-gray. Fracture, conchoidal, but, owing to the easiness with which it cleaves, very difficult to obtain. Often tarnished.
Hardness, 2·5; specific gravity, 7·4 to 7·6.
Composition:

Lead	86·55
Sulphur	13·45
	100·00

Sometimes contains trace of iron, and nearly always a small percentage of silver and gold.

This metal, which yields the lead ore of commerce, is the most valuable and plentiful of the Manx ores.

In a crystallized state, associated with dolomite and copper pyrites, it is found at the Laxey and Foxdale mines. Perhaps the largest crystals of galena ever found have been discovered at these mines. They are generally of the cubo-octahedron form, and have been met with measuring as much as ten inches across. The form of the cube, octahedron, and dodecahedron are also met with.

In a massive state it is worked for at no less than nineteen mines in the island.* The Manx galena contains a very large percentage of silver, especially the variety procured from Foxdale, where the percentage of silver, according to 'Chaloner's History,' is said to amount in some parts to upwards of 100 ounces (?) per ton of lead ore. In the year 1871 no less than 4645 tons 5 cwt. of lead ore were returned as produced from the island, yielding 3334 tons 12 cwt. of pure lead, and *one hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred and thirty-one ounces of silver.*

Order VIII.—ZINC.

No. 32. **Blende.**—Blende, *Phillips, Haidinger.* Sulphuret of zinc.

Cubic. Fracture, conchoidal. Opaque. Lustre, adamantine. Colour, black, reddish-brown, and brown. Brittle.

Hardness, 3·5 to 4·0. Specific gravity, 3·9 to 4·2.

Composition:

Zinc	67·08
Sulphur	32·97
	100·00

This mineral occurs beautifully crystallized at Laxey lead mines, associated with chalcopyrite and dolomite. It is met with in no less than seven mines, which produce over 5500 tons per annum, value about 18,800*l.*

Note.—Besides the minerals recounted in the foregoing list, umber and rottenstone are found at Patrick, Malew, and Arbory mines.

* See statistics, p. 239.

PRODUCTS OF METALLIFEROUS MINES OF THE ISLE OF MAN, OF YEAR 1871.*

Copper.

Mines.	Copper Ore.			Copper.				Value.		
	tons	cwt.	qrs.	tons	cwt.	qrs.	lb.	£	s.	d.
Great Laxey ..	100	0	0	5	10	0	0	330	0	0
Rushen	80	2	2	6	8	0	0	356	8	4
Brada	87	0	0	6	6	0	17	387	6	0
Total	267	2	2	18	4	0	17	£1,073	14	4

Lead.

Mines.	Lead Ore.		Lead.		Silver.
	tons	cwt.	tons	cwt.	oz.
Arbory and Rushen ..	70	2	52	10	..
Ballacorkish	107	0	72	0	1,679
Brada	65	0	47	10	200
Foxdale	1,670	10	1,135	0	75,032
„ North	..		..		..
Laxey, Great	2,300	0	1,705	0	98,221
„ „ North ..	159	0	120	0	1,137
„ North	40	0	30	0	362
Maughold	120	0	90	0	..
Michael Ore	48	15	36	12	..
Rushen	65	0	46	0	..
Snaefell	..		..		..
Total	4,645	7	3,334	12	176,631

* 'Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom,' by Robert Hunt, Esq., F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records.

Zinc.

Mines.	Quantity.	Value.
	tons cwt. qrs.	£ s. d.
Great Laxey	5,718 5 0	18,827 9 9
Ballacorkish	50 0 0	187 10 0
Total	5,768 5 0	£19,014 19 9

Umber and Rotten Stone.

Mines.	Quantity.	Value.
	tons cwt. qrs.	£ s. d.
Patrick, Malew, Arbory — Umber and Rotten Stone ..	172 13 3	421 8 0

Iron.

Mines.	Variety.	Quantity.	Value.
		tons cwt.	£ s. d.
Foxdale	Spathose Iron	75 0	37 10 0
Ballagorra	No returns.		
Maughold Head			
„ Dhyrnane ..			
Total	..	75 0	£37 10 0

METALLIFEROUS MINES OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

L = *Lead*; Z = *Zinc*; C = *Copper*; U = *Umber*.

No.	Name of Mine.	Minerals raised.	Situation.
1	Abbey Lands ..	L and Z	Onchan.
2	Ballacorkish ..	L and Z	Rushen.
3	Baldwin	L	Baldwin.
4	Brada	L and C	Brada Head.
5	East Snaefell ..	L	East of Snaefell.
6	Falcon Cliff	L and Z	Rushen.
7	Foxdale	L	Southern Hills.
8	„ North ..	L	„
9	Great Laxey ..	L, C, and Z	North Eastern Hills.
10	„ North Laxey	L and Z	„ „
11	Glenroy	L	Central Hills.
12	Glenaldyn	L	Northern Hills.
13	Laxey, North ..	L	„
14	Maughold Head ..	C	Maughold Head, Eastern Coast.
15	„	L and Z	„
16	Malew	U and L	Southern Hills.
17	Arbory and Rushen		
18	Ohio	L	Baldwin.
19	Rennie Laxey ..	L	East Coast.
20	Snaefell	L and C	East of Snaefell.
21	„ East ..	L	„

BRYCE M. WRIGHT, JUN.

GEOLOGY.

The geology of the Isle of Man is very simple, but extremely interesting, and presents many features connected with the change in the relative level of sea and land, which deserve special attention; and being situated midway between England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, it also enables us satisfactorily to connect those countries into one geological whole. Probably there is no country better adapted for solving what is, perhaps, the most important scientific problem of the day—viz. whether the changes in the relative level of sea and land are the result of subterranean fires, or merely the action of water brought about by a never-ceasing change in the level of the ocean.

The entire skeleton, as it were, of the island, from the foundation to the tops of the highest mountains, consists of slate-rock, known to geologists as the Silurian, a name given to it by the late Sir Roderick Murchison when he had studied and classified it in that part of Wales, and some of the contiguous counties of England, which once constituted the kingdom of the *Silures*, a tribe of ancient Britons.

This rock is the same as that which forms almost the whole of the mountains of the neighbouring countries, and in all probability at one time it was of vast extent and enormous thickness, covering all or a great part of the British Isles, being many thousands of feet thick, and extending across the German Ocean to the continent of Europe; for we now find it embracing a large tract of Norway and Sweden.

It is composed of clay-slate, green-slate, and porphyry.* The clay-slate was no doubt originally deposited as mud at the bottom of an ocean. In the Lake district of England it is known as the Skiddaw slate, taking its name from the principal mountain composed of it. A few fossils, such as graptolites and trilobites, have been found imbedded in the loose parts. Either during its formation, or soon after, and while it yet remained under the ocean, it was in places

* When distinct crystals of one or more minerals are scattered through an earthy or compact base, the rock is termed a porphyry.

disturbed by submarine volcanoes, which, at successive periods of shorter or longer duration, sent forth vast masses of lava, which flowed over the bed of the ocean and covered the clay-slate. The lava was in all probability composed of the clay-slate in a state of fusion, and often it fell in a state of ash, sometimes of very minute particles like dust, at other times of angular and larger pieces. The volcanic matter now composes about two-thirds of the mountains of the English Lake district, and is called green-slate and porphyry, the other heights being composed principally of the Skiddaw or clay-slate.

The Government have not yet extended their geological survey to the Isle of Man, and no private person (not even the late Rev. J. G. Cumming, who worked many years amongst the strata on the island) has yet mapped and studied these Silurian rocks sufficiently well to enable us to say what are clay-slate or merely an aqueous deposit, and what the green-slate or the result of submarine lava. From my own observations when travelling to and fro on the island, I was led to think that almost the whole of the slate-rock was the clay-slate; but in places there may be patches of the green-slate, although if there be it does not necessarily follow that volcanoes existed here, for the lava and ash might have come from volcanoes situated far away.

Mr. Cumming tells us, that around Castletown, at Langness and Scarlet, are many dykes of porphyritic greenstone, and he argues that in the immediate neighbourhood there was a volcano; but if such rocks really exist there, their parent source may be many miles distant, and they may have flowed here as streams of lava in the bed of an ancient ocean.

All the lead, copper, and iron found in the Isle of Man are obtained from mines in the Silurian rocks, and in two places, viz., in Foxdale, at the foot of South Barrule, and at the Dhoon, a few miles north of Laxey, are hills or bosses of granite.

The minerals are found in veins, having filled the fissures of the rocks, and were in all likelihood formed by the waters of the sea, which filtered through the openings and filled them gradually with metallic matter held in partial solution. The presence of iron ore tends to show that at one time the slate-rocks were covered with sandstone, and thus the waters of the ocean became saturated with red oxide of iron, and deposited the ore in the same manner that the stalagmites and stalactites of limestone caverns are formed.

It has been almost the universal belief of geologists that granite is the most primitive rock on the globe, and that it has been pushed through the superincumbent strata by the force of subterranean fires; but this theory appears likely soon to be exploded, and to be superseded by one which accounts for the formation of the granites principally by water and crystallization, and to take from that rock the proud pre-eminence of being the most ancient and the parent of all others.

Geology being a science of modern origin, and having been studied principally in the British Isles, our first geologists naturally fell into the error of supposing that the order of superposition which was met with in the strata of Great Britain would be applicable to the whole crust of the globe; and finding granite in places beneath the oldest British strata, the Cambrian and Silurian, they at once jumped to the conclusion that it was at one time the only rock existing on the globe, and now underlies all others.

A wider experience has shown that this is not the case, and that with time and strata in geology, the same as with distances and stars in astronomy, it is utterly impossible for us to arrive at the beginning. The oldest rocks at present known, the Laurentian, are found to be composed principally of limestone and to contain fossils, so that it was undoubtedly formed in an ocean which teemed with life, and was probably surrounded by continents covered with vegetation and tenanted by innumerable kinds of animals. The quiet and never ceasing operations of nature were undoubtedly the same then as now, and the continents, like those existing at the present day, had been formed at the bottom of an ocean by the disintegration of others previously existing.

Whether man has lived on the globe during these innumerable ages we may perhaps never ascertain, for as almost all rocks have been formed under the sea, the preservation of the bones of animals is very rare; but nothing that we know would preclude the possibility of his having existed during those far-off times, for in recent years his remains have been found in strata which must have been formed hundreds of thousands of years.

Before leaving the Silurian rocks it is well to remind the reader that the highest mountains in the Isle of Man, such as Snaefell and the Barrules, may be regarded as mere pigmies compared with what they were originally, and that where the lowlands now are perhaps stood mountains of slate-

rock many thousands of feet high. We know not what time elapsed between the deposition of the slate as mud, lava, and ash, at the bottom of the ocean, and the deposit of what we find next in order, viz., the Devonian, or old red sandstone; but in all likelihood there was a long period of time, and the slate underwent great denudation, for the sandstone rests unconformably upon it.

The old red sandstone is so named because it underlies the coal measure, whilst another sandstone, called the new red, is above the coal. The old red is sometimes called Devonian, as it occupies a large part of the area of Devonshire. A patch of it is found close to Peel, and extends a mile and a half along the shore north of the town. Most of the houses at Peel are built with it. It is also seen in the south of the island, near Ballasalla and Derby Haven, and as a conglomerate on the peninsula of Langness. At the latter place it presents a beautiful and picturesque appearance, being composed of boulders of all sizes, and it rests on the upturned edges of the slates. Near Peel it is said to attain a thickness of about 300 feet, but in the south of the island of not more than 60 feet. It probably underlies most of the limestone in the neighbourhood of Castletown, and it may exist under the tertiary formations in the north of the island. Possibly at one time it covered the whole of the slate rocks, and most of it was afterwards washed away.

Above the old red sandstone is the carboniferous or mountain limestone. It surrounds the Castletown and Derby Haven Bays, and appears at Port St. Mary, Strandhall, and around Ballasalla; and it evidently exists over most of the southern area, but is covered by the tertiary sand and gravel. A small quantity is also found in the old red sandstone near Peel, but most of it there appears to have been burnt for mortar in olden times. It may exist under the tertiary formations, in the north of the island, and in all probability it does, for after a storm boulders of limestone are washed up all along the coast between Peel and the Point of Ayre, from which we naturally conclude a bed of limestone is under the waves, and not far from land, and this bed may extend some distance inland. Although we should expect to find it resting on the old red sandstone, it may rest on the slate in some places, for the sandstone might be washed away before the limestone was deposited, or even in limited areas the sandstone might never have existed. In some places it contains a large number of fossils. Near Ballasalla, Castletown,

and Port St. Mary it is largely quarried and burnt for farming and building purposes. At Poolvash it assumes the character of a black marble, from which are made chimney-pieces, flagging, &c.

Unfortunately for the prosperity of the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, as a manufacturing people, there is, after the limestone, a sudden break in the geological deposition of the strata, and we meet with nothing more except the sand and gravel of the tertiary or pleistocene period, the most recent of geological formations. Had the order been complete, the next deposit would have been the coal, and then the new red sandstone, and above those the chalk. Whether these ever existed on the island is uncertain; they may have been here, and afterwards washed away. Many searches have been instituted for coal, but all have been fruitless; and even now borings are being made near Derby Haven, and others are likely soon to be opened near the point of Ayre. Most of these attempts are very foolish, and mere waste of money. Those which have been conducted near Peel, and the one now proceeding at Derby Haven, may be placed in this category, and also an attempt near Kirk Michael by a mining agent, who happened to pick up on the shore a small piece of coal, which had evidently been washed from a wreck. We are afraid there is not the smallest bed of coal on the island; but if there be, it certainly will lie under the tertiary formation on the north, and not below the limestone, old red sandstone, or the slate-rock. After passing through the sands and gravels, any one of those three might be met with, and to search farther down for the precious mineral would be fruitless.

The pleistocene accumulations cover almost the whole of the lower portions of the island, and on the northern area they are extremely well developed—perhaps better than in any other part of Great Britain. They may, for aught we know, have been spread over the mountainous districts, but now they are not found more than 500 feet above the sea-level. They consist of sand, gravel, rounded pebbles, and boulders of almost every kind of rock, many of which must have been brought great distances, and from other countries. In all probability the carrying power was ice, for in the sands are found shells now only existing in Arctic seas; and it is acknowledged by *savans* that, at a period geologically recent, the whole of Northern Europe was covered with ice, and large icebergs, laden with boulders from the mountains, floated in all the neighbouring seas. Large glaciers also descended the moun-

tains, and they must have existed on the Isle of Man, for large blocks of the Dhoon and Foxdale granites are spread over many parts of the island, more especially the Foxdale granite, which is scattered over most of the southern area, and is found on the Peel Hill, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and the western side of South Barrule. How it was carried to the latter place from a lower level is uncertain, and has given rise to much discussion; but I think the difficulty is solved if it be granted that glaciers might descend from higher mountains, and be forced up the eastern side of South Barrule, and across the ridge to the western side. It must also be taken into account that the granite mountain would originally be much larger than at present.

Many readers will have been startled at the ideas which I have advanced when referring to the Silurian rocks and the granites, and probably they will have had a difficulty in making them agree with the theory at present believed in by our greatest geologists—viz., that the islands and continents over the whole globe rise and sink, at irregular intervals of time, by the agency of internal heat.

Without ignoring the effects of volcanoes and earthquakes, I maintain that the result of their action is infinitesimal when compared with the effect produced by the unceasing change wrought by the waters of the ocean. It has been stated that there is nothing so stable as the sea, and nothing so unstable as the land, whereas I believe the opposite is the case, and that there is nothing more stable than the land, and nothing more unstable than the sea.

In my 'Guide Book to the English Lake District' I advanced a theory which, after much thought on the subject, I believe in more thoroughly than ever, and it goes to the very root of the science of geology. It is this, that the changes in the relative level of sea and land are caused by the never-ceasing change in the level of the ocean, and not by the rising and sinking of land by internal heat. The following quotation from my 'Lake Guide' will explain how this can be brought about.

"It would seem that although the ocean currents might, by scooping out the bed of the sea, and depositing the matter in other parts, alter the relative level of earth and water, they could not alter the original level of the sea, and no mountains or continents could appear. But when we take into account the all-important fact that the earth is a round body, we presently find that we might have mountains and

continents as high as those at present existing. Whilst reasoning on this subject, we must not forget that relatively the greatest irregularities on the earth's surface are not more than a speck on an orange.

"For the sake of illustration let us suppose the outer crust of the globe perfectly smooth, and covered with an ocean 1000 feet deep. It is clear that the heat from the sun would cause currents in the water which would scoop out from one part of the bed and deposit in other parts. If the whole of the ocean in the southern hemisphere were, from this cause, to become 2000 feet deep, the earthy matter thus removed would be deposited in the northern hemisphere, and the whole of the latter half of the globe would be dry land. The water would first leave the north pole and gradually sink to the equator. If, during this operation, currents also existed in the northern hemisphere, mountains and valleys would be left; and here and there inland seas might exist, apparently below the sea-level. In this way we should have all the inequalities that we find on the surface of the globe; deep valleys and high mountains in the sea corresponding with those on land. A never-ceasing change going on throughout the globe, the water gradually leaving one continent and overflowing another. When land appeared above the water it would have all the irregularities of surface caused by currents, tides, and innumerable other agencies. In fact, given a globe, an ocean, heat from the sun, and immeasurable periods of time, almost everything revealed by geology is easily and quite naturally explained.

"It thus appears that the principal irregularities on the surface of the earth may have been caused without the agency of subterranean heat; but it is necessary, in order to establish the theory, to show that the contortions of strata do not require for their origin any upheaving force.

"It is obvious, that if the Lake District were now to be sunk under the sea, with mountain precipices and slopes of every imaginable shape, and after having deposited upon it volcanic matter, lime, chalk, sandstone, or any other material, the waters should again subside, after currents had in places washed away and formed precipices in the new deposit, the geologist would observe that the new strata would be infinitely contorted, and lie at every possible angle. Supposing a deposit of sandstone on Skiddaw and in the Derwent valley, it would slope down the mountain-side at every angle from one degree to ninety. In the valley

and near the foot of the mountain it would be horizontal. If the whole valley were filled up to the height of the highest part of Skiddaw, then it would also lie over the summit in a horizontal layer. Supposing that the top of the mountain was again exposed to view by part of the deposit being washed away, it would appear as though the mountain had been upheaved and thrust through the sandstone, and the latter would show signs of having been tilted by that apparent movement, although in reality it was tranquilly deposited on the side of the mountain. In this way, by taking into account an infinite variety of changes, may the inclination of strata be explained without requiring the agency of an upheaving force."

Some persons will jump to the conclusion, that whether the changes are brought about by fire or by water, the result is the same; but such is not the case. By fire we should have primitive unstratified rocks pushed up from the interior, and the stratified resting upon them; whereas by the agency of water we know of no primitive unstratified rock; but beneath the oldest rocks known to us we must expect there exists another series of still older stratified rocks. By this reasoning, if we could pierce through our Silurian slate mountains, we might meet with layers of sand, lime, and coal, and all strata known to us; and, therefore, if this theory be correct, it is of vast importance that it should be understood and acknowledged.

It must not be supposed that the existence of central fires is ignored. Doubtless they exist under the crust of the earth, like the rivers above, and are, perhaps, supplied by old stratified rocks which here and there they emit as ashes or streams of lava on land or in the bottom of the ocean; but their effect is so small as hardly to be worth considering when weighed against that of the unceasing currents, tides, and waves of the ocean.

I have dwelt more on this subject than will appear to many advisable in a guide-book, but the subject is so vast, and carries us back such countless ages, that it is utterly impossible for man, even by the aid of his imaginative faculty, to grasp the science in its entirety; and if we bring to the study contracted ideas, we shall not be able to arrive at the truth. Another reason why I have dwelt on this topic is that the Isle of Man appears to me peculiarly adapted for the consideration of these changes in the level of sea and land.

There is evidence all around the island that the ocean is now, and has been for centuries, leaving the land at a perceptible rate, and that in past ages it has alternately advanced and receded. Old maps of the island, published in the sixteenth century, exhibit lakes and estuaries which now no longer exist. In the level tract between Jurby, Ballaugh, and Ramsey there were three or four lakes, one of which contained an island with an ecclesiastical house built upon it; and in old deeds we find grants of the fishery to different persons by the kings and lords of Man. The district around Jurby Church was in ancient times surrounded by water, and called St. Patrick's Isle, and it was here that the famous Manx King "Orry" is said to have landed, having sailed up the Lhane river with his fleet, where now it is impossible to take a boat of any description. Between Douglas and Peel, at the foot of Greeba mountain, are said to have been found anchors, and now there is a spot called Port-e-Candos, near an existing morass, the remains of an ancient lake; whilst near Douglas is Port-e-Chee and ground called "The Lake," all tending to prove the truth of the tradition of the natives, that a few centuries ago the sea flowed in this valley much farther inland than at present. All round the coast are caves and sea beaches which have been formed when the sea was at a higher relative level. The moat encompassing Castle Rushen, at Castletown, which was made in the tenth century, was manifestly supplied with water by the adjoining river, but is now much too high for that to be done. That the water is still leaving the land is clear from the fact that the light-house on the Point of Ayre, which was built in 1818, and was at first close upon high-water mark, has now a good piece of bank extending between it and the salt water. We have also been informed by old people at Douglas that they notice the sea does not now reach so near the cliffs as it did when they were young.

Though the sea appears to be receding, and to have receded for centuries past, it must have taken an opposite course and overflowed the land within a period geologically recent; for in the peat bogs of the tract called the Curragh, near Ballaugh, on the north of the island, and at Ballacraine, near St. John's, in the south, have been found the bones and horns of the animal known as the Irish elk; one specimen, a perfect skeleton, which was found near Ballaugh, is now in the museum of the University of Edinburgh, having been presented by the Duke of Athol. Also near the same spot, and

in many other parts of the island, large trunks of trees both upright and prostrate have been found beneath the turf bogs. In Strandhall Bay may be seen at low water stumps of trees, evidently in the position in which they grew; the remains of an ancient forest which must have been covered by the sea for centuries, and is now again beginning to be exposed and left by the water. The very day I was writing this I was on a visit to some friends at St. Bees, in Cumberland, and there accidentally discovered a similar forest on the sands, at low water, hundreds of yards distant from the cliffs.

These facts tend to prove that at a time comparatively recent the Irish Sea was dry land, and the Isle of Man was joined to the neighbouring countries; these changes I maintain are brought about by the sea advancing and receding, and thus changing its level, and not by the rising and sinking of the land; and I venture to hope that when the Isle of Man receives the attention at the hands of geologists which it deserves, it will go far towards proving the correctness of my theory.

BOTANY.

FLOWERING PLANTS.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	Time of Flowering.
RANUNCULACEÆ.			
Anemone nemorosa .	Wood anemone . .	Baldwin Growdale (glens generally) .	Spring.
Ranunculus aquatilis .	Water ranunculus .	Port Soderick . . .	Summer.
„ hederaceus	Ivy „ .	Common in ponds and wet ditches . . .	„
„ flammula	Spear „ .	In ditches and wet places	„
„ ficaria .	Lesser celandine . .	Everywhere . . .	Spring.
„ acris . .	Buttercups . . .	Meadows	Summer.
„ repens .	Creeping ranunculus .	„	„
„ bulbosus .	Bulbous „ .	„	„
Caltha palustris . .	Marsh marigold . .	Port Soderick, Governor's Bridge . . .	Spring.
Aquilegia vulgaris . .	Common columbine .	Growdale	Summer.
PAPAVERACEÆ.			
Papaver rhæas . . .	Field poppy . . .	Corn-fields	Summer.
„ dubium . .	Longheaded poppy .	Poolvash	„
Glaucium luteum . .	Horned poppy. . .	„	„
CRUCIFERÆ.			
Cardamine prætensis .	Bittercress, Cuckoo-flower	Common (damp meadows)	Summer.
Brassica monensis .	Isle of Man cabbage .	Castle Mona . . .	„
Cochlearia officinalis .	Scurvy grass . . .	Sea coast	„
RESEDACEÆ.			
Reseda luteola . . .	Dyer's rocket . . .	Poolvash	Summer.
VIOLACEÆ.			
Viola palustris . . .	Marsh violet . . .	Moist & boggy places .	Early summ
„ Canina . . .	Dog „ . . .	Dry hedges (common).	„ „
„ var. pumila	Dwarf „ . . .	Cliffs by sea . . .	„ „
„ „ var. stanina	Narrow-leaved violet.	Cliffs near Growdale .	Summer.
„ tricolor . . .	Pansy	Fields	„

FLOWERING PLANTS.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	Time of Flowering.
POLYGALACEÆ.			
Polygala vulgaris . .	Milkwort	Dry pastures . . .	All summer.
CARYOPHYLLEÆ.			
Stellaria media . . .	Chickweed	Roadsides, fields . .	Summer.
„ holostea . .	Stitchwort	„	„
„ graminea . .	Lesser stitchwort . .	Hedges	„
„ uliginosa . .	Bog starwort . . .	Ditches	„
LINACEÆ.			
Linum angustifolium .	Pale flax	Head beyond Derby Castle	Summer.
„ catharticum .	Cathartic flax . . .	Hedges and pastures .	„
MALVACEÆ.			
Lavatera arborea . .	Sea lavatera . . .	Rushen	Summer.
Malva sylvestris . .	Common mallow . .	Roadsides	„
„ moschata . .	Musk „ . .	Field beyond Derby Castle	„
GERANIACEÆ.			
Geranium robertianum	Herb Robert . . .	Growdale	Summer.
Rodium cicutarium .	Common erodium .	Castle Mona grounds .	„
Oxalis acetosella . .	Wood sorrel . . .	Woods (common) . .	„
PAPILIONACEÆ.			
Ulex europeus . . .	Furze, gorse . . .	Hedges (common) . .	Summer.
„ nanus . . .	Dwarf furze . . .	Cliffs by sea & heaths .	„
Cytisus scoparius . .	Common broom . .	Hedges	Early summer.
Ononis arvensis . .	Restharrow . . .	Poolvash, Ramsey . .	Summer and autumn.
Trifolium arvense . .	Hare's-foot clover .	Cliffs at Onchan Harbour	Summer and autumn.
„ repens . .	Dutch clover . . .	Roadsides	All summer.
„ procumbens	Hop clover . . .	Dry pastures . . .	„
„ minus . .	Lesser clover . . .	Pastures and roadsides.	„
Anthyllis vulneraria .	Kidney vetch . . .	Onchan Harbour, cliffs by sea generally .	Summer.
Astragalus hypoglottis	Purple astragal . .	Poolvash	„
Vicia sylvatica . . .	Wood vetch . . .	Glenmeay	„

FLOWERING PLANTS.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	Time of Flowering.
ROSACEÆ.			
Potentilla fragariastrum	Strawberry-leaved potentil	Hedges by roadside	Spring.
Potentilla reptans	Cinquefoil	Meadows and hedges around Douglas: Poolvash	Summer.
„ tormentilla	Tormentil	Hedges (everywhere)	„
Tormentilla reptans	Creeping tormentil	Sunny hedges	„
Potentilla anserina	Silver-weed	Roadsides	„
„ comarum	Marsh potentil	Bogs	„
Rosa pimpinellifolia	Burnet rose	Hedges and bushy heaths	„
„ canina	Dog rose	Hedges (everywhere)	
„ rubiginosa	Sweetbriar	Governor's Road	Early summer
Pyrus malus	Apple	Ballahutchin	Spring.
SAXIFRAGACEÆ.			
Chrysosplenium oppositifolium	Golden saxifrage	Growdale and shady glens generally	Spring.
Saxifraga geum	Kidney saxifrage	Mount Murray, probably planted at some time	Summer.
DROSERACEÆ.			
Drosera rotundifolia	Common Sundew	Bogs, Port Soderick, and Growdale	Summer.
UMBELLIFERÆ.			
Sanicula europæa	Wood sanicle	Growdale ravine	Summer.
Eryngium maritimum	Sea holly	Ballaugh shore, Ramsey	„
Ænanthe crocata	Hemlock œnanth	Common by rivers and ditches	„
Crithmum maritimum	Sea samphire	Cliffs past Growdale	„
Scandix pectens	Shepherd's needle	Around Castletown	„
CAPRIFOLIACEÆ.			
Lonicera periclymenum	Honeysuckle	Hedges	Late summer
Sambucus nigra	Elder	Common	Early summe
COMPOSITÆ.			
Solidago virga aurea	Goldenrod	Growdale, &c.	Late summer
Hieracium pilosella	Mouse-ear hawkweed	Hedgebanks	
ERICACEÆ.			
Vaccinium myrtillus	Bilberry	Most mountains	Spring.
Erica vulgaris	Ling	Hilly washes	Summer.
„ tetralix	Cross-leaved heath	Damp heaths	Summer.

FLOWERING PLANTS.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	Time of Flowering.
PRIMULACEÆ.			
imula vulgaris	Primrose	Hedges and open woods	Spring.
„ veris	Cowslip.	Mount Murray, originally planted.	„
„ elatior	Oxslip		
molus valerandi	Brookweed.	Onchan Harbour	Late in summer.
nguicala vulgaris	Butterwort	Growdale	Summer.
„ lusitanica	Pale butterwort	Head south of Growdale Bay	
GENTIANACEÆ.			
ntiana campestris	Field Gentian	Mount Murray	Autumn.
ythrea centaurium	Centaury	Dry pastures	Summer.
enyanthes trifoliata	Buckbean	Bogs, common	Early summer.
BORAGINEÆ.			
hium vulgare	Vipers bugloss	Coldclay	Summer.
mphytum officinale.	Comfrey	East Baldwin	„
SOLANACEÆ.			
oscyamus niger	Henbane	Poolvash, Derby Haven, Peel Castle	Summer.
anum nigrum	Black Solanum	Derby Haven	„
SCROPHULARINEÆ.			
rbascum thapsus	Great mullein	Ballaclucas, Glenmeay	
aria vulgaris	Toad flax	Castletown Road	Summer.
italis purpurea	Foxglove	Common	Spring and summer.
inanthus crista-galli	Common rattle	By most river-sides	Summer.
LABIATÆ.			
peta glechoma	Ground ivy	Onchan Harbour, Growdale (common)	Spring.
tellaria minor	Lesser skullcap	Growdale; beyond Derby Castle	Summer.
ga reptans	Creeping bugle	By hedgesides	Early summer.
URTICACEÆ.			
ietaria officinalis	Wall pellitory	Poolvash	Summer.

FLOWERING PLANTS.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	Time of Flowering.
AMENTACEÆ.			
Alnus glutinosa	The alder	Damp woods and by rivers	Early spring.
Betula alba	Common birch	Woods	Spring.
Corylus avellana	The hazel	Growdale, Port Soderick, Strang	Early spring.
Fagus sylvatica	The beech	Kirk Braddan (woods generally)	Spring.
Quercus robur	The oak	Woods	„
AROIDEÆ.			
Arum maculatum	Wake-robin	Pulrose	Spring.
IRIDEÆ.			
Iris pseudacorus	Yellow flag	Meadows and bogs	Summer.
AMARYLLIDEÆ.			
Narcissus pseudonarcissus	Daffodil.	Marown	Spring.
LILIACEÆ.			
Scilla verna	Spring squill	Heads by the sea	Spring.
„ nutans	Blue bell	Woods and shady places	„
Narthecium ossifragum	Bog asphodel	Growdale: most boggy places	Summer.
JUNCACEÆ.			
Luzula pilosa	Hairy woodrush	Vale above Governor's Bridge	Spring.
„ sylvatica	Great woodrush	Growdale, East Baldwin	Summer.
„ campestris	Field „	Dry pastures, hedge sides, &c.	Spring.

FERNS.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	Time of Flowering.
	POLYPODIÆ.		
ypodium vulgare .	Common polypody .	Common (walls, rocks, trunks of trees) . .	Summer and autumn.
idium aculeatum, ar. lobatum . . .	Prickly shield fern .	Castletown Road . .	Summer.
idium aculeatum, ar. intermedium .	,, ,, .	Pulrose, Castletown Road	,,
idium aculeatum, ar. angulare . .	,, ,, .	Road to Abbeylands .	,,
hrodium oreopteris	Mountain buckler fern	Growdale (common most parts) . . .	Summer and autumn.
,, filix-mas.	Male buckler fern. .	Most glens	,, ,,
,, spinulosum, ar. dilatatum . .	Prickly buckler fern .	Shady woods . . .	,, ,,
hrodium spinulo- um, var. dumetorum	,, ,, .	Mount Murray . . .	Summer.
lenium ruta-mararia	Wall rue	Peel Road, Castletown.	Whole season.
,, trichomanes	Maidenhair spleenwort	St. Trinions, Kirk Braddan (on monument), Garwick, Marown .	Summer.
,, marinum .	Sea spleenwort . .	Caves and clefts in rocks by the coast .	,,
,, adiantum-nigrum .	Black spleenwort . .	Union Mills Bridges, Jackdaw's Cliff, Craig Willy's Hill	,,
,, filix-fœmina	Lady fern	Growdale (shady valleys)	,,
,, ceterach .	Common ceterach . .	Bridge at Union Mills.	Summer and autumn.
opendrium vulgare	Hart's-tongue . . .	Bridge near halfway house to Laxey; occasionally under shady fences	Whole season.
is aquilina . . .	Common brake . ,	Mountains and woods (common) . . .	Autumn.
otogramme crispa .	Parsley fern . . .	South Barrule, West Baldwin	Summer.
hnum boreale . .	Northern hard fern .	Woods, hedges, and heaths (common) .	Late summer and autumn.
ntum capillus ven-ris	Maidenhair fern . .	Glenmeay	All summer.
henophllum Wil-ni	Wilson's filmy fern .	Injebreck	Autumn.
	OSMUNDEÆ.		
unda regalis . .	Flowering fern . .	Growdale and coast between there and Onchan Harbour. .	Summer and autumn.

FERNS.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	Time of Flowering.
OPHIOGLOSSEÆ.			
Botrychium lunaria .	Moonwort	Mount Murray, West Baldwin	Early summer
LYCOPODIEÆ.			
Lycopodium clavatum	Common club moss .	Mountain N.N.E. of Injebreck	Summer and autumn.
„ alpinum .	Savin-leaved club moss	„ „	Summer.
„ selago .	Fir club moss . . .	„ „	Summer and autumn.
MARSILEÆ.			
Equisetum telmateja .	Great Water horse-tail	Bogs and ditches . .	Early spring
„ arvense .	Field „	Fields and gardens. .	Spring.
„ sylvaticum	Branched wood „	Vale above Governor's Bridge, Ballacottier .	Spring and summer.
„ limosum .	Smooth naked „	Pulrose (ditches and bogs, common) . .	Summer.

MOSSES.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	When in Frui
Bryum punctatum. .	Dotted thyme thread moss	Growdale	Spring.
„ ligulatum . .	Long-leaved thyme thread moss . .	Castle Mona . . .	„
„ argenteum . .	Silvery thread moss .	Ballaquayle Road . .	Autumn.
„ hornum . .	Swan's neck thread moss	Growdale (shady woods)	Spring.
„ palustre . .	Marsh thread moss .	Growdale	June.
„ capillare . .	Greater Matted thread moss	Castletown Road . .	Spring.
Bartramia fontana . .	Fountain apple moss .	Growdale (in fruit, Injebreck)	Summer.
„ arcuata . .	Curve-stalked apple moss	Growdale (not in fruit)	Winter.
„ pomiformis.	Common apple moss .	Laxey Road, Castleward Road	April.
Dicranum falcatum .	Sickle-leaved fork moss	South Barrule, Injebreck	June.
„ subulatum .	Awl-leaved „	Castleward, Injebreck .	Autumn.
„ undulatum .	Waved-leaved „	Soderick	„

MOSSES.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	When in Fruit.
num heteromallum	Silky-leaved fork moss	Castleward	Autumn.
crispum . .	Curl-leaved „	Governor's Road . .	November.
adiantoides .	Adiantum-like „	Growdale	Spring.
scoparium .	Broom „	„	August.
bryoides. .	Pinnate-leaved „	„	Winter.
taxifolium .	Yew-leaved „	Castletown Road, Growdale	„
squarrosum (fruit rare)	Drooping-leaved „	Growdale, Injebreck .	Late summer.
varium . .	Variable „	Growdale	Winter.
ria hygrometrica .	Cord moss	Wall tops	Spring.
nalis antipyretica	Great water moss . .	Castleward, Pulrose (river).	Summer.
„ squamosa .	Alpine „ . .	Union Mills (river) .	„
nostonum truncatum	Blunt-fruited beardless moss . . .	Simpson's Cliff . . .	Winter.
nostonum pyriforme	Pear-shaped beardless moss	„ „ . . .	Spring.
um undulatum .	Waved feather moss .	Growdale Glen . . .	„
trichomanoides	Blunt fern-like feather moss	Strang Road, E. Baldwin	March.
denticulatum	Sharp fern-like feather moss	Growdale Ravine . .	Late summer.
stramineum .	Straw-like feather moss	Injebreck (no fruit) .	..
purum . .	Neat meadow feather moss	Hedge banks . . .	Winter.
plumosum .	Rusty feather moss .	Growdale Glen . . .	October.
sericeum . .	Silky „ .	Kirk Braddan, Laxey Rd., Castletown Rd.	Winter and Spring.
lutescens . .	Rough-stalked yellow feather moss . .	Growdale Lane . . .	Spring.
alopecurum .	Foxtail feather moss .	Growdale Ravine . .	Winter.
„ (new variety)	„ „ .	Laxey	„
proliferum .	Proliferous „ .	Growdale Glen . . .	„
prolongum .	Very long „ .	Waterworks Glen, below Governor's Bridge	„
rutabulum .	Rough-stalked feather moss	Growdale ; Castletown Road	„
ruscifolium .	Long-beaked water feather moss. . .	Castletown Road, Growdale (river) . . .	„
loreum . .	Rambling mountain feather moss . .	Injebreck, Growdale .	„
triquetrum .	Triquetrous feather moss	Castletown Road . .	Early winter.
squarrosum .	Drooping-leaved feather moss . . .	Growdale	Winter.
uncinatum .	Sickle-leaved feather moss	Castletown Road . .	Summer.
scorpioides .	Scorpion feather moss	Growdale (not in fruit)	..
cuprissiforme	Cypress-leaved feather moss	Growdale	Winter.

MOSSES.

Botanical Name.	Common Name.	Habitat.	When in F
Hypnum commutatum	Curled fern feather moss	Soderick	Spring.
Hookeria lucens . .	Shining Hookeria . .	Vale above Governor's Bridge, Growdale .	,,
Polytrichum undulatum	Undulated hair moss .	Shady woods and hedges	,,
,, piliferum.	Bristle-pointed hair moss	West Baldwin . . .	,,
,, juniperinum	Juniper-leaved hair moss	,, ,, . . .	,,
,, commune	Common hair moss .	Common in damp sandy places	Summer.
,, urnigerum	Urn-bearing hair moss	Mountain west of Injebreck	November
,, aloides .	Dwarf long-headed hair moss . . .	Common in hedges .	Winter.
,, ,, var. Dicksoni .	..	South Barrule . . .	January.
,, nanum .	Dwarf round-headed hair moss . . .	Common sandy banks .	Winter.
,, ,, var. longisetum	..	Soderick.	,,
Sphagnum acutifolium	Slender bog moss . .	Growdale	Early sum.
,, cymbifolium	Blunt-leaved bog moss	Injebreck	July.
,, squarrosum	Spreading-leaved bog moss	Growdale	Summer.
Trichostomum heterostichum	Hoary fringe moss .	Walls	Spring.
Weissia crispula . .	Curled Weissia . .	Soderick	May, Jun
,, contraversa .	Green-cushioned Weissia	,, ...	Spring.

G. A. Hol

ZOOLOGY.

THE Isle of Man is free from venomous reptiles, which, according to tradition, is to be attributed to the influence of St. Patrick, who in like manner is said to have rid Ireland of their presence. The reason of their non-existence in those countries is an interesting subject of inquiry, and may perhaps be accounted for by certain geological considerations, or in the nature of the soil.

Foxes, badgers, moles, and otters, are now unknown in Man, but the name "Foxdale," an extensive mining village between Castletown and Peel, and "Cronk Shynnagh," the name of an estate in the parish of Arbory, signifying in the Manx language "Fox Hill," or the "Hill of the Fox," would imply that Reynard at one time was a denizen of the island.

There have been found near Ballaugh, and at other places, fossil bones of the Irish elk and the red deer; and although the former must have been extinct here for many ages, the latter appears to have been plentiful in historical times, for the old laws have reference to them, and they are frequently represented on the Runic crosses scattered over the isle. Sacheverell, writing in 1702, says: "There are small quantities of red deer on the mountains, and the Earl of Derby has lately sent over some fallow deer into the Calf, which is a very pleasant island; and, with the exception of trees, has all the beauty and variety of any park I ever saw."

Rabbits are plentiful on the Calf Islet, and old authors tell us that hares of large size and fatter than in any other country formerly existed in Man; but now they are scarce, owing perhaps to the want of cover, and there are few rabbits on the main island, although at one time there were large numbers, especially in the district near the Point of Ayre.

In ancient times wild swine, called "purrs," were common, and also goats, but now the purrs are extinct; and although goats may here and there be found at the farmhouses, they are yearly becoming more rare.

The Manx "Loaghtyn" sheep, which were so much

esteemed by Manxmen for their wool, are now few in number, and appear destined to become extinct, and superseded by a larger and more mixed breed. They are hardy little creatures, of mean appearance, with a high back, narrow ribs, and tails somewhat resembling that of a goat. In the whole breed a general distinctive mark is said to appear in a brownish coloured patch on the back of the neck. The same breed of sheep appears in the Hebrides and in Iceland, from which it may be inferred that they are of Norwegian origin.

The cuckoo yearly visits the island, and most of the small birds are found here; whilst all around the coast are innumerable sea-fowl and wild pigeons. Magpies also have been introduced in late years, and greatly multiplied. An Irish crow of a gray or lead colour is found, though the true English crow is scarce.

Almost all the Manx historians speak of a bird called the puffin (the sea-parrot, or colterneb), which formerly appears to have frequented the Calf Islet in much larger numbers than at the present day. Waldron says, "It is of a gray colour, with a white breast, somewhat bigger than a tame pigeon, and is good food to be eat fresh, only is too fat, and has something of a fishy taste; but is excellent when potted or pickled, and will last good for a whole year and vie with anchovies. They breed in great quantities in the holes of the rocks and in rabbit burrows. They both fly and swim, and dive in the water like ducks. The best time for taking them is the latter end of July and the beginning of August."

In former ages the Isle of Man was famous for its breed of falcons, and they are still to be found in the more retired and inaccessible precipices. That noble bird, the peregrine falcon, so esteemed of old when hawking was in fashion, breeds in the cliffs of Maughold Head, and in the rocks of Brada Head and the Calf Islet. The Manx hawks, like those of Norway, from whence they were first imported, were for strength and flight the most famous in the world. Sir John Stanley received a grant of the Isle of Man from Henry IV., "to be held of the King, his heirs, and successors, by the service of a cast of falcons, payable on the coronation-day of each Sovereign respectively; and in order that the royal pastime of the Kings and Lords of Man, of *heron hawking*, should be preserved, the following enactment was passed in 1581: 'If any person go to the houghs where the hawks do breed to take the young hawks, or their eggs, he is to be presented to the Great Inquest, and punished at the discretion of the

Lord of the Island.'" To rob the heron's nest was likewise a high crime, as thereby a penalty of 10*l.* was incurred—a no small sum in those days.

Pheasants, grouse, heath or moor-fowl, and black game, if they ever existed, are now extinct, although still retained in the latest Game Act.

Plover, lapwings, wild geese, wild ducks, widgeon, and teal, although mostly only transient visitors during the storms of winter, are here considered game.

Partridges are still found, though scarce.

The tailless Manx cat, called by the natives a "stubbin," and by the English a "rumpy," is a great curiosity, and inquired after by almost every visitor to the island. It is peculiar to the Isle of Man, and shows no traces of the caudal vertebræ, and merely a rudimental substitute for them. As a mouser it is preferred to all others of its kind. Tradition says that the first rumpy cat seen on the island was immediately after the shipwreck of one of the Spanish Armada at Spanish Head, near the Calf Islet. Others speak of it as the genuine aboriginal cat of the place. Mr. Train, the Manx historian, says, that from observations on the structure and habits of a specimen in his possession, he had little doubt on his mind of its being a *mule*, or crossed between the cat and the rabbit. There are also rumpy poultry here, and when travelling in the out of the way districts, we curiously enough met with genuine rumpy pigs and rumpy dogs. Many of the Manx cats are annually carried away as curiosities by visitors.

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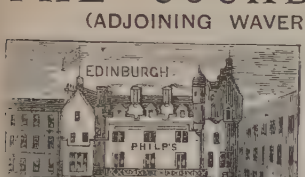

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